This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

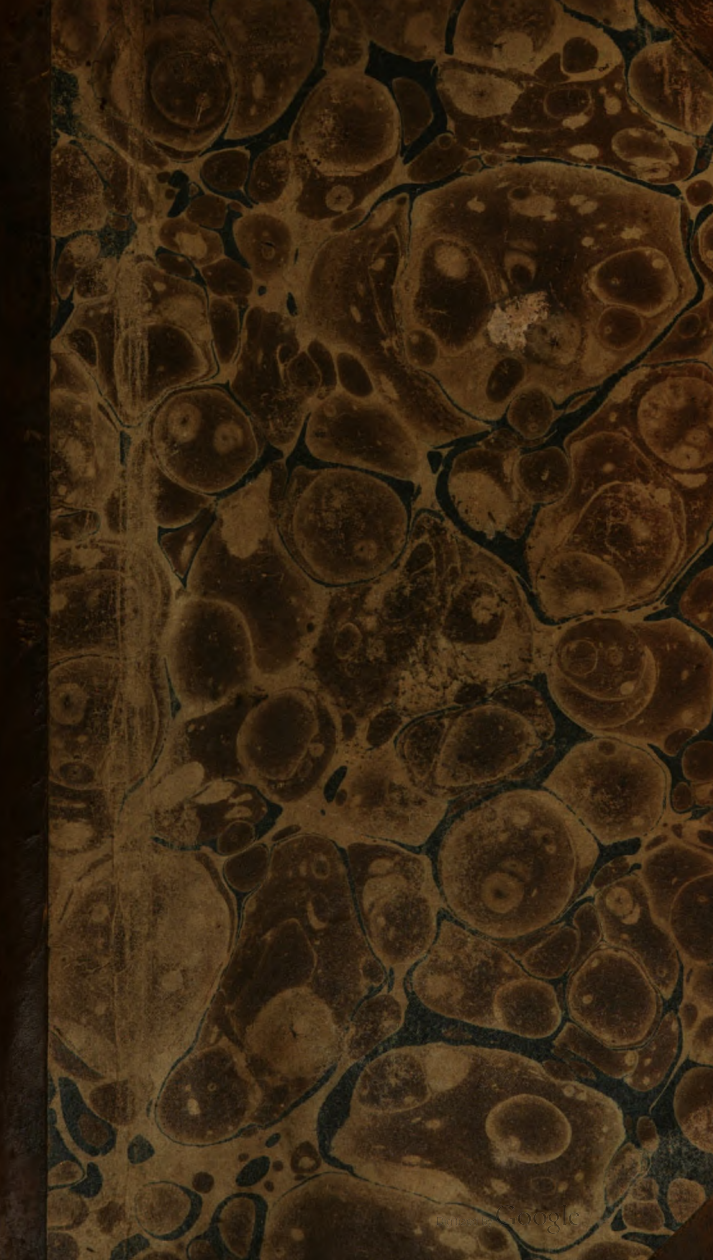
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

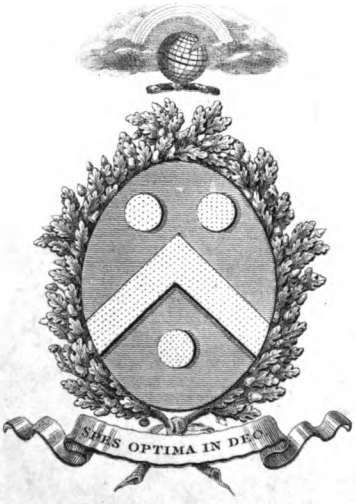
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Hope Ellas 186.



John Thomas Hope.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The original Edition of the Sentinel was printed by J. Cooper at the Globe Paternoster Row. Some of these were written by George Keats. Nos 5, 12 & 18 were written by George Steevens whose Initials reversed are subscribed in a Letter of his to the Editor See No 5. The rest were written by the Reverend Doct. Franklin. See Notes page 182. They were printed in folio price 2 each

Digitized by Google

THE

CENTINEL.

Si qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra Deorum.
HOR.

VOL. I.

BODLEIANA

The SECOND EDITION.

DUBLIN:

Printed by JAMES HOEY, Junior, at the *Mercury* in *Skinner-Row*. MDCCLVIII.

Digitized by Google

AD

MÆCENATEM.

MÆCENAS, ATAVIS EDITE REGIBUS,
O & PRÆSIDIUM & DULCE DECUS MEUM.
HOR.

[Anglice]

TO

The Right Honourable

PHILIP STANHOPE,

Earl of CHESTERFIELD,

THIS WORK

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY

His affectionate Friend,

And most obedient Servant,

The CENTINEL.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TRANSLATION

OF THE

Mottos and *Quotations*.

GENERAL MOTTO, in the Title.

I Promiſe faithfully to guard the ſtate,
The Gods, the Temples, and Imperial Seat.

The quotation from Horace in the Dedication.

O thou, whoſe birth illuſtrious ſprings,
From fair Britannia's ancient kings,
Hail STANHOPE, to whoſe guardian name
I owe my being and my fame.

NUMB.

1 And, 'ere the riſing Sun diſplays his light,
I call for tablets, papers, pens;——and write.

2 Riches to all, and ev'ry one ſhe promiſes;
But in her mind ſhe otherwiſe intends.

3 Who is this hero, this our godlike gueſt?

4 ——The phantom bore
His head aloft, a plumy creſt he wore:
This hand appear'd a ſhining ſword to wield,
And that ſuſtain'd an imitated ſhield:
He ſpoke with empty words, in vaunting ſtrain
And like the chief, came tow'ring o'er the plain.

5 If there be any uſe in confeſſing faults, I acknowledge myſelf guilty.

6 The direful ſource of all his future woes.

7 ——Still following in a ring
The months freſh labours to the peaſants bring.

8 There

NUMB.

8 There is nothing ſillier than an ill-tim'd laugh.

9 Now all the ſoldiers to their poſts are flown;
And in their turns, ſucceſſive guard the town.

10 Canſt thou, in reaſon, hope, a bawd ſo known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?

11 But what from Nature's commoners you buy,
Through the thin robe ſtands naked to the eye.

12 The very fountain of ſweets is ſometimes productive of bitterneſs.

The quotation from Fontaine.

The temple of HYMEN was aſſigned her for a habitation.

13 He hath ſeen the manners of many men.

14 What place on earth with charming *Baiæ* vies?

15 I am prepared to anſwer.

The Quotation.

Who ſhall guard the guards themſelves?

16 Again ſhall ſavage beaſts theſe hills poſſeſs!
And fell Barbarians wanton with ſucceſs!
Scatter our city's flaming ruins wide,
Or through her ſtreets in vengeful triumph ride,
And her great founder's hallow'd aſhes ſpurn,
That ſleep uninjur'd in their ſacred urn.

17 All love not lowly ſhrubs and rural plains.

18 Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or knowing it purſue.

19 How raſhly do we oppreſs ourſelves by laws!

20 Turns his laſt thoughts on Argos as he dies.

21 From a mad poet, whoſoe'er is wiſe,
As from a leproſy or jaundice flies;
Religious madneſs in its zealous ſtrain,
Nor the wild frenzy of a moon-ſtruck brain,
Are half ſo dreadful.———

23 Ev'ry deſperate blockhead dares to write.

Digitized by Google

NUMB.

24 War is the moſt eligible.

26 ———A new ſervant offers,
Promiſing things wonderful and great.

27 We ſeek what we ſhould ſhun.

29 Who talks true Greatneſs?

The quotation from Horace.

O thou, Queen of Verſe.

30 Your name, oh! nymph, or oh! fair goddeſs, ſay?
A goddeſs, ſure, or ſiſter of the Day,
You draw your breath from ſome immortal line,
Your looks are heav'nly, and your voice divine:
O! eaſe our toils, whoe'er thou art. ———

31 We two [letters] are all for this day.

32 But whence are you, what country claims your birth?
And what have you to ſeek on Gallic earth?

35 Sonorous trifles.

36 DICK, would you know, if I ſhould change my life,
What kind of girl I'd chuſe to make my wife?
I would not have her be ſo fond to ſay
Yes, at firſt daſh; nor dwell too long on *nay*:
Theſe two extremes I hate; then let her be
'Twixt both; nor too hard hearted, nor too free.

Another Verſion.

You aſk, dear WILL, what we diſdain,
What girls our fancy pleaſe:
We like not thoſe give too much pain,
Nor thoſe we win with eaſe:
For thoſe our paſſions ſtarve, and theſe will cloy:
The middle only gives the greateſt joy.

37 The dying Swan ſings his own funeral elegy.

38 What will the maſters do, when thus the ſervants dare?

39 Ye ſubterraneous Gods? whoſe awful ſway,
The gliding ghoſts and ſilent ſhades obey;

O Chaos

NUMB.

O Chaos hour! and Phlegethon profound!
Whose solemn empire stretches wide around;
Give me, ye great tremendous pow'rs, to tell
Of scenes and wonders in the depths of hell.

40 Mix a short folly with thy labour'd strain;
'Tis joyous folly that unbends the mind.

41 My friends, attend while I a dream relate,
Deliver'd by a divine vision.

42 Discipline and water-gruel, a whip and a dark room.

43 Magistracy, like a sword, is given to some, wherewith to kill the commonwealth.

44 She fed within her breast a flame unseen.

45 In what esteem's the art of punning held?

46 Cease with your words my tender breast to move,
Nor injure her whom you profess to love.

47 As in a mirror.

48 When ALEXANDER first beheld the face
Of the great *Cynic*, in that narrow space;
His own condition thus he did lament:
How much more happy thou, that art content
To live within this little hole, than I
Who after Empire, that vain quarry fly.

The Quotation.

Dare to be poor: accept our homely food
Which feasts a King; and emulate a God.

49 He that would stand in brass as fixt as fate,
Be nam'd the father of the state,
Let him restrain this brutal rage.

50 Happy in their error.

52 Light minds are taken with little things.

54 Through many shapes we often find one that will hit ourselves.

55 A noisy tongue and babbling breath
Shall teize and talk my child to death.

But

Digitized by Google

NUMB.

But if he would avert his fate,
When he arrives at man's eſtate,
Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
Your folks long-winded in haranguing.

Dr. DUNKIN.

Quotation from Horace.

The Clown ſtands waiting by the river ſide
For that to paſs, which will for ever glide.

57 What Strolling Player would engage
For vile applauſe, to mount a country ſtage,
Who at a royal theatre could gain renown,
And, without mummery, bear away the crown.

58 ———

The quotation from Virgil.

See where the Patriot ſhines, whoſe prudent care
Preſerves his country by protracted war.

59 The Creatures will endeavour to ape their betters.

60 The Tigreſs ſwells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her ſpots on ev'ry ſide.

61 One ſtory is good till another is told.

62 Thick ſhines, with tender troops, the pompous plain.

63 We are a nation of Players.

64 To crimes they owe their Gardens.

65 But ſtranger virtues yet in ſtreams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind.

66 Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve
To friendſhip, friendſhip ripen'd into love.

67 Endure and conquer, live for better fate.

THE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

CENTINEL.

No. 1. *Thurſday, January 6th,* 1757.

Prius orto
Sole VIGIL *calamum & chartas et ſcrinia poſco.*
HOR.

WHILE thoſe who ſtand at the helm of affairs in the commonwealth, are employed in taking neceſſary precautions to fruſtrate the deſigns formed by the external foes of the nation; the CENTINEL, like a true patriot, voluntarily undertakes to prevent any ſurprize from our domeſtic, and perhaps more dangerous enemies. The care of alarming the coaſt in caſe of a French invaſion, he leaves to more mechanical Centries, whoſe ſphere of vigilance never extends beyond twenty yards of the poſts at which they are ſtationed; who are taught to challenge paſſengers, like the magpye in Porridge-alley,*

* An alley in London, where a remarkable magpye, belonging to an eating-houſe, generally hangs at the door.

Digitized by Google

without knowing the meaning of the words they pronounce, and when impelled in a particular manner, ſtrike by clock-work like the ſavages at St. Dunſtan's church.* His perception is more refined and ſentimental, his organs are more independent. He propoſes to watch the progreſs of the human mind; to keep the paſſions within the bounds of temperance, ſo as to prevent their intoxication or irregularity; or ſhould his authority prove ineffectual, at leaſt, to give timely warning at the approach of vice, folly, and impertinence.

THE public (it is hoped) will not wrong the dignity and importance of this office, by comparing the CENTINEL with thoſe machines in red, that ſtand like lacquered ſtatues, at certain diſtances around St. James's park; nor with the leſs ferocious watchmen, who are hired to ſleep nightly in the ſtreets: his rank is more eminent, and his office of much greater conſequence to mankind: even as it is more honourable to guard the human heart, than to protect the ducks upon the canal; and of more momentous concern to preſerve univerſal tranquility of mind, than to keep the king's peace.

HOW the centinels of theſe days have fallen off in point of reputation, we ſhall not at preſent enquire. Among the Greeks, a centinel, a keeper, and a guardian were ſynonimous terms: the Romans always choſe the moſt brave, truſty and intelligent ſoldiers for their *vigiles* and *ſpeculatores*; and, indeed, if we conſider that the ſafety of the whole army depended in an eſpecial manner upon their care, fidelity and vigilance, we cannot wonder at the prudence of thoſe ſenſible nations. The caſe is ſo much altered in theſe days, that the people cry aloud with the ſheep in the fable, "who ſhall defend us "from ſuch guardians? We keep them in pay, and they "keep us in terror." Our CENTINEL differs from thoſe gentlemen *toto cælo*, both in office, talent and inclination: his aims (as we have already obſerved) are wholly beneficent; inſtead of threatening, he will ſoothe; inſtead

* Two images of Savages, placed in a nich in the front of St. Dunſtan's-church, Fleet-ſtreet, London; they ſtrike upon two bells the quarters between every hour.

Digitized by Google

inſtead of fleecing, he will entertain his fellow ſubjects. He does not even claim the priviledge which Horace grants to an epic poet, that of nodding ſometimes; a centinel forfeits his character, if he preſumes to nod. His eyes and ears ſhall always be open to every intereſting occurrence in the world of taſte, pleaſure and humanity; and theſe organs he poſſeſſes in great perfection. His viſion extends to an hundred miles all around this metropolis. He can ſpy every party at Bath, and judge of every bett at Newmarket. Such is the peculiar conformation of his pupil, that he perceives objects at midnight as well as at noon. He can with great ſafety to his perſon, contemplate all the riots in Covent-garden; diſcern each elopement, and be an eye witneſs of every aſſignation whether *ſub dio*, or *ſub tecto*, in park or bignio, in hamlet or hackney coach. Nor is he leſs admirable in his faculty of hearing. He can ſtand at Charing-croſs, and be ſenſible of a whiſper in Groſvenor-ſquare; he can even at that diſtance, diſtinguiſh an Hibernian enamorato ſaying ſoft things to my lady, from a Swiſs valet making love to her maid. He knows the cadence of ſcandal from the twang of political diſputation; the creaking of a man's ſlipper, from the ruſtling of a woman's petticoat; he can detect the falſeneſs of a die, from the ratling of the box; and by the emphaſis of an oath, diſcover the quality of the ſwearer, whether pronounced by a chairman or a colonel, a carman or a ſenator, a peer or a gambler, diſtinct or united in the ſame perſon. Such a nice diſtinguiſher of ſounds, cannot but be a connoiſſeur in muſic, the profeſſors of which he will take under his protection, from the celebrated Mingotti, who warbles Italian ſtrains, in the king's theatre, to Iriſh Moll, who nightly howls *Ellen-a-roon* in the ſtreets for the entertainment of her countrymen. He claims the ſame pre-eminence in the allied ſenſes of ſmell and taſte. By the ſagacity of his noſe, he is qualified to ſcent out thoſe ſubjects of flavour, which will yield the moſt ſavoury entertainment to the public; and to avoid all ſuch as are ſtale or poiſonous, as well as thoſe that emit the leaſt odour of mortality. With reſpect to his guſtatory talent, he pretends to analize the

Digitized by Google

moſt compound ſauces, with the tip of his tongue; nay, even to chew and ſwallow the moſt noxious ingredients without any danger to his palate or conſtitution; therein rivaling the famous Powel the fire-eater, who challenges all the world to vie with him in ſupping a meſs of ſoup compounded of burning brimſtone and kindled charcoal.

Poſſeſſed of theſe extraordinary qualifications, the CENTINEL hopes he ſhall be found a diſpenſer of the moſt agreeable intelligence. Such intelligence as will amuſe the fancy, meliorate the heart, and improve the underſtanding. Maſter as he is of the ſcience of wit, he will take care to play it off to the beſt advantage, ſo as to dazzle and delight, yet not ſo keen as to injure the weak head of the gentle reader. It ſhall ſhine like the genial ſun, not flaſh like the baneful lightning; and ſhould a cloud of dullneſs ever intervene, the public may take it for granted, that a veil is purpoſely interpoſed for the benefit of ſuch as might otherwiſe be blinded by an unintermitting ſtream of meridian ſplendor.

Nevertheleſs, as he cannot employ his attention on different objects at the ſame time, he has enliſted a number of ſubordinate centries, and ſtationed them at different poſts to give notice of every extraordinary incident. One frequents female routs and card-aſſemblies, where he ſometimes meets with an old brother of the muſter-roll in embroidery: a ſecond has found means to be admitted as one of the knights of *Arthur*'s * round table, where ſuch exploits are atchieved, and ſuch inchantments prevail, as the old Britiſh worthy never performed, nor his friend Merlin ever deviſed. A third acts as protector of a noted brothel, having received particular orders to deal gently with ſuch delicate Bucks as might ſuffer in their healths and ſpirits by rough uſage; and to record the noble deeds of thoſe nocturnal heroes. A fourth diſguiſed in a plain ſuit of cloaths full-trimmed, with a walking-ſword and three-tailed perriwig, gravely harangues on taſte and phyſic at Batſon's: † a fifth mingles in criticiſm

* The celebrated gaming chocolate-houſe, formerly kept by one White, now by one Arthur, in St. James's ſtreet, London.

† A coffee-houſe, oppoſite the Royal Exchange, in Corn-hill, London; frequented moſtly by phyſicians.

Digitized by Google

criticism at the Bedford,‡ in the form of an attorney's clerk; and a sixth lectures on politics at the Smyrna,‖ in the dress and dialect of an antiquated Scotch tutor. The CENTINEL has likewise engaged in his service those tall gentlemen of the cloth, who at our theatres appear upon the stage in clean spatterdashes, nodding-caps, and burnished arms, seeming to support the wooden ornaments of the *Proscenium*, and adding a terrific grandeur to the drama. They are instructed to superintend the representation with a critical eye; to make a faithful report of the excellencies and demerits of each performer: and when they perceive any actor wilfully deviate from nature, either by soaring to bombast, or sinking to grimace and buffoonery; their duty is to acquaint me immediately with the names of such delinquents, that effectual means may be made use of to recall them to that standard which they have so treacherously deserted.

In a word, the CENTINEL steps forth the friend of human nature: the champion of religion and morality, in defence of which he will shed the last drop of his ink: the promoter of charity and universal benevolence; the dispenser of mirth and good humour; the patron of genius and learning. Actuated by these principles, he must of course declare himself the implacable foe of irreligion, fraud and violence. He will give no quarter to envy, malice and ingratitude: avarice he will treat with scorn; punish dullness with neglect, and chastise folly with ridicule.

In this laudable pursuit he hopes to meet with a considerable number of auxiliaries who will relieve him upon his post occasionally, or at least furnish him with important hints of advice, from different parts of the kingdom. Any detached essay, whether humorous or moral; any spirited criticism on books, men or things; any poetical morsel, either ode, elegy, epigram or epistle, which may have exercised the genius of a young academician at the university, or dropped from the fancy of some gay student

‡ A coffee-house, in the Piazza, Covent-garden; one of the principal rendezvous of authors, critics, players, &c.

‖ A polite coffee-house in Pall-mall, London.

Digitized by Google

in the temple, shall be welcome to a place in this paper such an agreeable respite to the ever wakeful CENTINEL, will be received with all due acknowledgement, if conveyed under cover to his publisher.

No. 2. *Thursday, January 13th,* 1757.

Παντας μεν ῾ρ ἐλπει, και ὑπισχεται ανδρι ἑκαστω,
Αγγελιας προιεισα, νοος δε οι αλλα μενοινα. HOM.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

AS the nature of the office, which you have assumed, obliges you to warn mankind of every approaching danger, to detect fraud and treachery, and to take into your custody every open or secret violator of law and justice, I shall make no excuse to you for this early application, but proceed without farther preface to lay before you my present unhappy circumstances. The injuries, which I have lately received from an ungrateful female, will, I doubt not, demand your pity, and call for your indignation. I am, sir, in the last year of my apprenticeship to an eminent tradesman, and by my honesty and application to business was in a fair way of succeeding in the world, when an accident happened which has at once put an end to all my views and expectations, and left me the unhappy victim of disappointment and despair. You must know, sir, that about a twelvemonth since, a young lady, who from some disgust had removed from the court end of the town, fixed in the city, and took lodgings in our neighbourhood; her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, together with the report which had been spread of her great riches, drew about her, as you may imagine, a croud of admirers, amongst whom, being of an amorous constitution, I was soon listed; the sweetness of her smiles, and the affability of her behaviour were indeed so enchanting that it was impossible to resist her; I fell an immediate sacrifice to her charms, the possession of which I sought with all the eagerness and

and ſolicitude of a true innamorato: my vows were received with diſtinguiſhed marks of approbation, my vanity was ſoothed by compliance, and my ambition flattered by hope; the lady went in ſhort ſo far as to promiſe me her hand, with ten thouſand pounds into the bargain. Thus happy in the hopes of ſpending my life in the boſom of plenty and proſperity, and elated with ſo fair a proſpect of ſucceſs, I ſcrupled not to make her preſent after preſent, exhauſted my own little coffers, and ſometimes made free with my maſter's, borrowed, begged and ſtole freſh incenſe to offer up at the ſhrine of my beloved goddeſs, who, I doubted not, would ſoon repay me by herſelf and all that ſhe poſſeſſed. Imagine then, Mr. Centinel, if it is poſſible to imagine, what was my ſituation of mind, when on the fatal 23d of December, I received a note from her to inform me that I could not poſſibly be admitted to her preſence any more, becauſe ſhe was particularly engaged, that as to my promiſes ſhe might have made me, I was a fool to believe them, as ſhe had never any intention to ſerve me; that ſhe was obliged to me for my preſents, part of which ſhould be returned, and the reſt kept for my ſake, wiſhed me happy in another wife, but was herſelf obliged to honour to give her hand to an exchange broker.

Thus ended my unfortunate amour. I have ſince heard (which is all my poor comfort) that I am but one amongſt ſome thouſands whom ſhe has treated in this manner; that ſhe is an arrant coquette, and has been long ſince branded for a jilt, a character in my opinion much worſe than that of a common ſtrumpet. I ſhall only add, that I expect by means of your paper, at leaſt to have the money returned which I fooliſhly expended in repeated preſents to her during my courtſhip, I ſhall otherwiſe moſt certainly expoſe her name and place of abode in all the public papers, which will afford ſome malignant ſatisfaction to the much injured, and abuſed

CHEAPSIDE, Jan. 9, 1757. SIMON HOPELESS.

Though my unhappy correſpondent is like other true lovers, ſo tender of his miſtreſs's reputation as induſtriouſly to conceal her name and place of abode, my readers will

will not I apprehend, by this time, want my assistance to inform them, that the last place which this faithless damsel inhabited, and where Mr. Hopeless made his addresses to her, can be no other than *Guild-hall*,* and that her real name is FORTUNE: that identical lady, who from age to age has laughed at and deluded mankind; even that very coquette so exactly described by old Homer in the motto to this paper; that capricious and ungrateful goddess who hath been always employed in destroying the magnificent structures raised by her own votaries, and smiling, like her darling Alexander, at the ruins which she has made.

To my friend Hopeless I shall only observe, that according to the Spanish proverb, *Muchos van por lana, y buelven tresquilados*, many go to seek for wool, and return shorn; and if a multiplicity of fellow-sufferers can afford consolation to the afflicted, he hath no reason to be unhappy. How many are there in this great metropolis, whose imaginary chariots rolled on the lottery-wheels, now reduced perhaps, to a foundered gelding, or the miserable solace of a one-horse chair! How many are perhaps at this hour lamenting the absence of objects which they never saw, and the loss of fortunes which they never possessed! I cannot indeed without concern, behold the avenues to the temple of riches at this disastrous crisis, thus over-run with the thorns and briars of disquietude and disappointment: nor can I reflect without regret, that so plain and direct a road to happiness as a state lottery, should not at the same time be a safe and easy one. It is, to say the truth, to the last degree provoking and unreasonable, that among all those bold adventurers who had the courage to hazard their fortunes for the good of their country, so very few should meet with their deserved reward. What a variety of disconsolate females might I enumerate, who with lady Townly, had dreamed of winning thousands, and are now waked without a shilling! How many promises have been made by the generous and humane, which now can never be performed; how many pious resolutions have been taken which can never be fulfilled! I am myself

* Where the lottery is usually drawn.

Digitized by Google

myſelf acquainted with an old gentleman not worth much above four thouſand pounds a year, who if fortune had favoured him with either of the two great prizes, would infallibly have made his neice happy in a new top-knot; and am credibly informed, that a certain dignified clergyman had graciouſly purpoſed to have raiſed one of his curate's ſalaries to twenty-five pounds per annum, had not a note from Wilſon and Co.* with the unexpected news of a blank, at once put a ſtop to theſe his charitable intentions.

I could indulge myſelf in many more deep and uſeful reflections on this melancholy ſubject, but that the ſmall limits of this paper oblige me to conclude it with an excellent fable from the celebrated La Motte, which, with a little variation from the original, is as follows.

" Jupiter (ſays he) about three thouſand years " ago, being one day in a good humour, ſignified to " his truſty Mercury, his gracious intention to gratify " the avarice of mankind by a lottery. The price of " each ticket was to be a ſacrifice: and that, like the " public-ſpirited Mr. Henriquez,† it might take in ad- " venturers of every rank, nation and degree, altars, " by way of lottery-offices, were erected throughout " the world, where every thing was accepted; bulls, " goats, ſheep, pigeons, even cakes and honey-combs " were not refuſed: every creature was to have a chance, " and what was ſtill more inviting, every one was ſure " of a prize. The great benefits indeed, ſuch as wit, " beauty, riches, power, pleaſure, &c. were to be the " happy lot of a few; but the blanks themſelves, if " ſuch they might be called, were very deſirable, and " contained *hopes* of various kinds. The great prize, " or ten thouſand pounds was WISDOM; the gods them- " ſelves were permitted, like modern brokers, to ſtand " the chance of tickets which they could not put off, " and became adventurers: the lottery was ſoon filled: " Deſtiny, whoſe blindneſs ſeemed to promiſe impart- " iality, was appointed to perform the blue-coat boy's " office,

* Proprietors of a lottery office in London.

† A mad projector in London, who is conſtantly voiding ſchemes ſurich the government, which generally prove abortive.

Digitized by Google

" office, and Mercury promoted to that of ſecretary, " to write down the numbers as they came out of the " wheel, with the chances annexed to them. The " drawing came on: hopes like twenty pound prizes, " flew about in abundance: now and then turned out a " fortunate lover, a ſucceſsful monarch, or, what was " ſtill more rare, a happy huſband, or a good poet. " At length WISDOM the great prize came up, and to " whom ſhould it fall but to the goddeſs Minerva! No " ſooner was the rumour ſpread on earth that the lucky " chance was in poſſeſſion of the fortunate Pallas, than " Jupiter, the grand projector, became the immediate " object of univerſal ſatire, and was openly accuſed by " all, of partiality to his favourite daughter.

" Jupiter, however (ſays the fabuliſt) ſoon thought " on a method to make up this breach between him " and mankind: in the room of WISDOM, which was " to have been the property of one, he gave them " FOLLY, which he divided among them all; the con- " ſequence of which was (as he had foreſeen) that every " one was contented; and from that time to this day, " the moſt *fooliſh* always looks with admiration on " himſelf, as the *wiſeſt* among the ſons of men."

No. 3. *Thurſday, January 20th,* 1757.

Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes? VIRG.

IT is humourouſly obſerved by my immediate predeceſſor and brother-centinel, the ingenious Mr. Fitz-Adam, that people, who do not write themſelves, have a ſtrange curioſity to ſee a *live author*. Now as this curioſity cannot ſo eaſily be gratified till we are credibly informed whether any private gentleman is an author or not, no pains are ſpared by the curious and inquiſitive in the acquiſition of ſo important and neceſſary a diſcovery: when a new paper therefore makes its appearance, the *marplots* of the age are upon the rack of doubt and uncertainty;

Digitized by Google

uncertainty, till effectual means are found to point out the writer of it; a hue and cry is immediately raised in the literary world, and search-warrants issued out to apprehend the criminal. Happy is it for the poor author, if by a timely retreat to his garret, and the incorruptible secrecy of his publisher, he can elude the vigilance of his pursuers, and continue his honest labours in the service of this country, without the danger of being censured and exposed for it.

Of this extraordinary care and assiduity in the search after truth, I have within this fortnight past been myself a melancholy witness; having heard this alarming question, *who is this* CENTINEL? echoed from mouth to mouth in half the coffee-houses in town; asked, with the utmost eagerness and solicitude, and as frequently answered with an equal degree of confidence and presumption.

On the first advertisement of it, my friends at the *Smyrna*, on the bare information of my title, were unanimously of opinion that it was a political engine to be played off by the new ministry, who they very rationally supposed were the patrons and directors of it. Mr. P. had indeed been heard by some of them to drop a hint of this nature in their last conversation with him; the name of CENTINEL could be given by none but colonel T; lord C. had promised them his assistance, and the celebrated doctor S. was intrusted with the conduct and management of it. But, alas! how weak are the determinations, and how fallible the judgments of man! what became (as Mr. Bayes says) of their *suppose's*, when to their great surprise and disappointment, my first paper put an end to their conjectures, and gave, not the *lie circumstantial*, but the *lie direct* to every one of their assertions?

Providence, says an excellent moral writer, would never have created us with passions that could not be gratified: as some men therefore are formed with an insatiable thirst after knowledge, others are equally able and desirous to communicate it. Whoever has frequented the places of public resort in this great metropolis, cannot but call to mind a set of busy and indefatigable mortals daily to be met with, whom I would distinguish by

Digitized by Google

by the name of *univerſaliſts*, whoſe merit it is to know every thing and every body, and who are, at the ſame time ſo obliging as to tell every thing to every body elſe. If a new play is in rehearſal, the *univerſaliſt* is a boſom friend of the author, has reviſed and corrected his work, and knows much of the beauties, generally much more of the faults of the performance. If a Magazine or a Review comes out, he acquaints you with the names of all thoſe who are concerned in it, and conveys to you in a whiſper the particular hand that is viſible in every article. The *univerſaliſt* dines every day with men of the firſt rank in learning, and belongs to a club of the moſt celebrated wits of the age; is never without a manuſcript ode, or a tragedy in embryo, which he carries in his pocket for the inſpection of his particulars; and is always giving you ſome obſcure hints of a conſiderable work, which, he informs you, will ſoon *make a burſt* in the world, and revive the decaying luſtre of the *belles lettres*.

Such is the hard lot of mankind, that in wit as well as in trade, thoſe who have neither ſtock nor credit of their own, muſt frequently be obliged to live upon thoſe who have enough of both. The man of eminence in his profeſſion therefore is always attended by a ſet of particular acquaintance whom he never converſed with, and a number of intimate friends whom he never ſaw. Not to know *him*, as Milton ſays, argues *yourſelf* unknown. While the Spectator was in faſhion, you could not meet a Witling in the ſtreet who would not take care to inform you, that he had juſt returned from dinner with Steele; breakfaſted that morning with Parnell and Gay, and was engaged to Button's with Addiſon at ſeven. This ingenious method of borrowing, or rather ſtealing half an hour's conſequence and importance, ſo frequent in the laſt age, is like other arts much improved in our own. All thoſe who have a name, are extremely well known to thoſe who have none; and when a man is arrived at a certain rank in literature, if he does not chuſe to ſay any thing, it will be ſaid for him; and if he does not write any thing, it may be written for him. He will be viſited every day by a thouſand people, though he ſees nobody; and

Digitized by Google

and whilſt he imagines that ſcarce one in a million ever ſet eyes on him, will be minutely deſcribed, and exactly pointed out by half the world.

At the time when the great doctor Middleton was the reigning topic of converſation, I had the good fortune to fall in company with a gentleman, who had, it ſeems, been his conſtant companion, his *amicus omnium horarum* for many years in the univerſity: he communicated to us ſeveral curious and entertaining anecdotes concerning his friend, and concluded by obſerving, that the doctor was undoubtedly as handſome a man as any in England; and it was a thouſand pities he was grown ſo corpulent as ſcarce ever to be able to ſtir out of his chamber. The doctor was both envied and pitied by the company, and luckily for his friend the relator, it was not till ſome weeks after that I had the opportunity, by a viſit to Cambridge, of ſeeing that celebrated writer; who to my great ſurprize, proved to be, perhaps, one of the leaneſt, and moſt certainly (with all due deference to his memory) one of the homelieſt men I ever ſaw.

Such inſtances of the candour and veracity of true friendſhip, would doubtleſs incite a man of any ambition to make himſelf *famous* as ſoon as poſſible, that he might increaſe the ſmall number of his friends, and enlarge the narrow circle of his acquaintance. From men of ſuch extenſive knowledge as the *univerſaliſts*, one cannot indeed *hope*, and from men of ſuch ſtrict adherents to truth as the doctor's friend, one would not *wiſh* to conceal any thing. Notwithſtanding which manifeſt advantages, together with many others that might be enumerated, I am ſtill obſtinately reſolved to continue as long as I can behind the curtain, and to brood over my growing fame with ſelf-complacency and inward ſatisfaction. The time will infallibly come, when I ſhall behold rival authors contending for the name of CENTINEL, like the Grecian cities for the birth of Homer: when the proper period is arrived, I ſhall ſtep forth, as Ulyſſes did among the ſuitors, and by diſcovering myſelf, ſilence all their pretenſions; ſeize my goddeſs Fame, like another Penelope, and bear her off in triumph.

Digitized by Google

Pope long ago complained in tolerable good metre, that

Ev'ry coxcomb knew him by his ſtile.

It doth not therefore raiſe my wonder, much leſs my concern, to find this paper attributed by many to the author or authors of the WORLD. Of this report I ſhall (to uſe a favourite phraſe among my brother authors) take care to *avail myſelf*, till I ſee a neceſſity to contradict it; and in the mean time to convince my readers that I am maſter of more notes than one; or, in other words, that I can put on the dreſs and appearance of more writers than Mr. Adam Fitz-Adam. I would not have them ſurpriſed, if my next paper ſhould be a RAMBLER; my next an ADVENTURER; and my next a CONNOISSEUR. I ſhall at leaſt by this means ſecure to myſelf three weeks applauſe from the admirers of theſe my cotemporaries, by introducing them to their old acquaintance: and if the CENTINEL can afford as much inſtruction and entertainment to the public as thoſe deſervedly approved writers, he can have no reaſon to fear that his labours will paſs unobſerved, or unrewarded.

---

‡ *The letter ſigned* ✝ *came to hand, and ſhall be inſerted the firſt opportunity.*

*** *The* Centinel *is obliged to his correſpondent* S. G. *and will take his letter and the ſubject of it into conſideration as ſoon as poſſible.*

† *The letter ſigned* R. *cannot be inſerted in this paper.*

No. 4. *Thurſday, January 27th,* 1757.

——Clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimulat capitis, dat inania verba,
Dat ſine mente ſonum, greſſuſque effingit euntis.

VIRG.

TO impede virtue by miſrepreſentation, and blacken innocence by calumny, has been the clandeſtine employment of vice in every age and nation; and though the

Digitized by Google

the hand of time hath endeavoured to denude the forgeries of falſhood, and the pen of ſatire hath been drawn in the cauſe of truth and integrity; yet have their united forces proved inſufficient to retard the celerity of ſcandal, or to ſtop the current of detraction. One would almoſt be inclined to imagine that there was an evil principle in our nature, exciting every man to conſider his neighbour's wiſdom as a reproach of his own folly, and his neighbour's exaltation as an obſtacle to his own happineſs. Hence ariſe the burnings of envy, the malice of compariſon, and the bickerings of animoſity; to this we muſt in a great meaſure attribute the ſupplantation of merit, the progreſs of folly, and the retrogreſſion of wiſdom and knowledge. The celebrity of one writer draws after it the abuſe and aſperſion of a thouſand; and the beauty of one diſtinguiſhed female, calls forth all the arrows of cenſure, and gives vent to all the poiſon of malevolence; the perſpicacious eye of envy is continually looking through the wrong end of the perſpective, to magnify every blemiſh, and diminiſh every perfection: no incitements are left to animate, langour or encourage virtue; to diſentangle ſophiſtry, or inveſtigate truth; whilſt the great and good are only rendered more miſerable by their accompliſhments, and incur a puniſhment, where they had deſerved a reward.

Such were my laſt night's meditations on the hard lot of mankind, when ſitting in my elbow chair, I indulged the dark ſuggeſtions of melancholy, and gave ear to the dictates of experience, lamenting evils which I could not remove, and probing wounds which I could not heal; when that ſleep, which I had long in vain ſolicited, at length inſenſibly ſtole upon me, and conveyed me in a moment to thoſe ideal regions, where imagination wanders without reſtraint, and reaſon reſigns her ſceptre into the hands of fancy: I found myſelf on a ſudden tranſported to a fair and ſpacious plain, where I ſaw at a diſtance two armies, who ſeemed prepared for action, and on the point of engagement with each other; for a while I ſtood undetermined whether I ſhould proceed to the field of battle, or retire to ſome place of ſafety, when a celeſtial form, with looks of ſweetneſs and

Digitized by Google

complacency, approached towards me; brother Centinel, said he, and smiled, I read your uncertainty, and know your doubts; behold in me the genius of instruction, I am come to calm thy fears, and to remove thy ignorance; know then, the place thou seest before thee, is the spot appointed to determine the fate of mankind in this decisive day, between the rival powers of TRUTH and FALSHOOD, who have been long contending for the empire of the world; come with me to yonder eminence, whence thou mayest view the conflict unhurt and undiscovered; follow me and be safe. I obeyed with chearfulness the commands of my heavenly guide, who conducted me to the promised asylum, which hung immediately over the field of battle, whence I could with ease perceive the disposition of the armies, and be an eye-witness of every motion.

The forces of TRUTH were commanded by those illustrious generals, Merit, Learning and Time, who were joined by two powerful female allies, Modesty and Beauty; those of FALSHOOD were led on by Calumny, Ignorance and Malice: Envy and Detraction were employed as *aid de camps*, and were, as I afterwards found, of infinite service in the engagement: and now

——————*together rush'd*
Both battles main with ruinous assault
And unextinguishable rage.

The first attack which I beheld, was FALSHOOD's right wing under the conduct of Calumny, bearing down on the left wing of TRUTH, commanded by Merit, who by dint of courage and conduct, kept the field for some time, and seemed but to imbibe fresh spirit from the spears of the enemy that fell blunted to the ground, which Calumny observing, by the advice of Experience, changed her weapons, and ordered her troops to make use of poisoned arrows, which fell in such frequent and irresistible showers, that they were forced to give way, and yield to superior force. Time, who was in the rear, advanced immediately to the assistance of Merit, and endeavoured to rally his distressed friends, but was too slow in his motions to counteract the vigilance and activity of his adversary.

I could

Digitized by Google

I could not but observe upon this occasion, that the success of FALSHOOD was in a great measure owing to the assistance of Ridicule, who from a subaltern in the service of Calumny, had lately raised himself by art and chicanery to a distinguished rank in the army: his troops also, like those of his general, made use of poisoned arrows, which they shot in the manner of the Parthians, so that they seemed to fly from the enemy while they attacked him.

In the midst of the battle I remarked with a mixture of surprise and indignation, a warrior, who by the splendor of his dress and the gaiety of his appearance, seemed no inconsiderable personage; who several times, to my great astonishment, deserted from TRUTH to FALSHOOD, and again from FALSHOOD to TRUTH; shifting sides almost every moment, and who yet was received by each with an equal degree of satisfaction: the name of this swiss-like hero I found on enquiry to be Wit. I soon learned that he had more of Thersites than of Ajax in his composition; and served rather to divert and entertain both armies, than to be of any real consequence or importance to either.

From this ridiculous object my attention was now call'd off to another part of the field, to mark the bold and successful attacks of Learning on Ignorance, whom he would have put to flight with the utmost facility, but that he listened to the dictates of Pride, and pushed his victory too far; the fatal consequence of which was, that ambushes were laid for him by the enemy, which he fell into with precipitation, and could not escape from without difficulty and danger.

Though the two amazons, Modesty and Beauty, most heartily engaged in the defence of their beloved monarch, I could not help observing that the former was greatly deficient in conduct, and the latter failed in point of courage; so that their forces were easily subdued by Impudence and Malice: their defeat had indeed gone nigh to bring on a general overthrow, and determined the victory in favour of FALSHOOD, had not Virtue arrived most seasonably to the relief of TRUTH with a considerable reinforcement. At his approach every cheek

Digitized by Google

was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with delight: Merit rallied his scattered troops, even Modesty grew bold under his auspices; Beauty smiled with fresh charms, and Learning took the field once more with reanimated vigour. Integrity, who had the first command under this new ally, had brought with him a quantity of shields, proof against the fears of Malice, and impenetrable by the arrows of Calumny; with these the army of TRUTH was soon equipped, and renewed the battle with fresh ardour and redoubled courage. FALSHOOD began now in her turn to despair; her forces retreated on every side, and Victory was just on the point of declaring herself the patroness of TRUTH, when the half-subdued combatant, by the advice of Cunning, whom she always consulted, took a dangerous and desperate resolution, which proved but too successful. She cloathed herself in the habit of TRUTH, assumed her air, gesture and discourse, and coming to the enemy's camp, insinuated herself into the hearts of the soldiery, and seduced the whole army over to her own territories; where it was some time before the captives discovered the fraud, and found themselves the deluded victims of Treachery and Dissimulation. The cries made by the unhappy prisoners on a sudden awaked me, to lament once more the undeserved fate of TRUTH, thus doomed to fall a sacrifice to the stratagems of FALSHOOD, who has the insolence to boast her perpetual triumphs over the united efforts of Learning, Merit and Virtue.

No. 5. *Thursday, February 3d,* 1757.

Confiteor, si quid prodest delicta fateri. OVID.

SUCH is my regard for the fair sex, that where their interest and happiness are concerned, I shall always look upon it as my duty to wave every other consideration. I shall therefore postpone the essay which I had prepared

Digitized by Google

prepared for this day, to make room for the insertion of the following letter, which is written with such an air of truth and sincerity, as cannot fail to recommend it to every unprejudiced reader; it contains the simple and undisguised dictates of a feeling and generous heart, willing to make amends for past errors by an acknowledgment of them, to convey instruction by example, and whilst it laments the innocence and misfortunes of one, to prevent the guilt and misery of thousands.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

IF penitence can lay claim to pardon, and to confess our crimes is any kind of atonement for them, the following true narrative may plead in my behalf to an injured woman, reconcile me to myself, and restore that tranquility of mind which I have so lately forfeited by my own folly and indiscretion.

You must know, Mr. CENTINEL, that I am the son of an honest tradesman, was by him brought up at a public school; and from thence sent to the university; soon after my arrival there, a gentleman came down with his family to enter his son, who had been my schoolfellow, at one of the colleges; they sent for me, and desired I would shew them the university; a request which I readily complied with, as it gratified my vanity in being seen with his daughter, a young lady of great beauty and fortune, advantages which often supply the want of every other real good, but served in her only to adorn the superior qualities of her mind, and set off the charms of virtue. I strove to make their time as agreeable as possible, by that assiduity which never fails to please, and all those little services which are sure to conciliate affection; I waited on my fair visitor, as you may imagine, with more than ordinary diligence, gratified her curiosity by the sight of every thing that I thought worthy of her attention, and endeavoured by being useful, to make myself agreeable; I succeeded so well in short with the whole family, that when they left the place I received a pressing invitation from the father, to spend a week with them in London, accordingly I waited on them, and

was

was received with great politeness; the morning we chiefly spent in diversions within doors, and in the evening went to the play: this gave me an opportunity of frequent interviews with the young lady, in which I could not help paying that tribute of praise to her accomplishments which I knew she deserved, and which I imagined she expected; I spoke the language of love, without feeling the power of it, and insensibly raised a passion in her breast, which was as yet a stranger to my own. Little did I indeed at that time imagine, that with an intention merely to amuse, I was laying snares to deceive, and that whilst I thought myself only playing the innocent part of a fine gentleman, I was undermining the peace of an amiable woman, and destroying the future happiness of a whole innocent family.

When I took my leave, my friends told me they would not consent to part with me so soon, unless I would promise on the first leisure I had to return, with which proposal I readily acquiesced: as I had no great desire to change a scene of gaiety and pleasure for the gloom of a college, the reflection on it threw a melancholy on my features, which the lady attributed to a different cause: I fetched a deep sigh at parting, and retired from her with a silent sorrow, which I afterwards found had left a stronger impression on her heart, than all the fine things I had said, and confirmed her in the opinion she had conceived of my inviolable attachment to her. I returned to the university, where my attention was soon called off to other views, and my thoughts fix'd on objects of a very different nature: nor should I perhaps from that hour have called to mind the now forgotten fair one, had not a letter which I received from her about three months afterwards, greatly surprised and disturbed me; "she would not (she there informed "me) have broken through the prescribed forms of her "sex, but that as she well knew my designs were honour-"able, and nothing but my own diffidence had con-"cealed them, she looked on herself as bound in honour "to let me know that they would be acceptable to her; "that it would appear like affectation in her to suppose I "had meant merely to flatter and amuse her; and as

"she

Digitized by Google

" she had spared me the confusion of first mentioning " this, she hoped I would soon come to a more clear " explanation." In a postscript she added, " that her " father was a man who had, what we call, seen the " world, was determined to marry her at all events " up to her rank, and chose rather to see her splendidly " miserable, than obscurely happy; that unless I saved " her she was ruined, and that a short time must deter- " mine her fate."

I need not tell you how I was confounded, to find myself involved in an intrigue, before I had so much as once thought seriously upon it; I therefore answered her in the most submissive manner I could, represented to her that it would be the highest ingratitude in me to marry the daughter of a man who had shewn me such uncommon civilities, without his consent; besides that the disparity of our fortunes must be an unsurmountable obstacle to a thinking person, that she might one day or other reproach me with breach of trust herself, or insult me on account of that very inequality which she now seemed to disregard, that in such a case the desire of pleasing must sink into the fear of offending, and thus put an end to all her visionary schemes of lasting happiness: that I was sorry she had so much mistook my behaviour, as to attribute that to love which was but the effect of gallantry: I then talked to her of a priest and marriage in the language of Lothario, and concluded by advising her for both our sakes to think no more of it.

This you may imagine was an answer, which, whilst my hand wrote it my heart very severely reproached me for; I could not but tacitly blame myself for that particular regard and attachment to her, which I had formerly express'd, and was not determined whether I should not make a little serious love to her the very next opportunity; when in the midst of these reflections I received the following letter, which best can tell the story of her misfortune, and expose the weakness of my past conduct.

" 'Tis over, and I am a slave! yet the only hour that " I can call my own, I give to you; the only one that " a husband's authority has not a right to interrupt: to

" sum

" sum up all my miseries in a word, know, my father " has this morning given me up to sorrow and Mr.——. " Alas! what delusive visions of felicity did not your " flattering tongue once give me leave to form! such as " no turn of fortune can again recal—I tremble to think " what a husband's rage may not inflict, when he finds, " instead of the happiness he expected, so poor an enter- " tainment as love compelled will afford him; it is im- " possible for two different masters to share one poor " heart: with me he might enjoy as much the unwilling " victim to brutal violence, and have as warm a return " of fondness from the sheeted dead. But what am I " saying, and to whom? to him who has robbed me of " my peace! Can he now dry up those tears which him- " self alone could bid to flow? or can he heal those " wounds which himself has made? But the worst is " past; all the passions that have racked me since I re- " ceived your last are hush'd, and what little spirit " remains will soon give way to the silent-eating sorrow " that must follow this. Think, that you have robbed " me of, what not all my fortune can purchase for me, " nor the whole world beside hath power to bestow. " Ever since I was taught to form a wish, it was that " of being a happy mother and a tender wife: I may " now have a child whom his father's vices will exclude " from that excess of fondness which I should otherwise " have poured over it; and you know too well his cha- " racter to hope any alteration in him; and yet this " man, my religion henceforward bids me to be true to, " and obey. Farewel! and know, however I condemn " your conduct, that would my brother, jealous of his " honour as he is, this moment revenge me, I had " rather forgive than resent it: live then, and be happy; " and may that happiness never be suspended a moment " by the remembrance of her whom your falshood has " made for ever miserable."

If your heart has not already informed you what I felt on this, it will be needless to tell you how severely I now accuse my own weak conduct; nor can I soon forgive myself the wanton sacrifice of youth, innocence, beauty and virtue, to fashionable levity, and polite perfidiousness.

Digitized by Google

perfidiousneſs. 'Tis I that have given the wound inflicted by her father a deeper ſmart, though it is himſelf who has made that miſery laſting: but it would be a uſeful leſſon, Mr. Centinel, if laid down by ſuch a pen as yours, to warn all young gentlemen, my fellow profligates, never to expreſs a particular regard where they have not ſerious thoughts of love; and to teach parents whom heaven has bleſt with dutiful children, rather to make them happy than great, nor violate thoſe hearts which they have only a right to guide.

I am, ſir,

Yours, &c. S. G.

My correſpondent's letter needs neither comment nor illuſtration; as every man who reads it muſt be convinced, that, to raiſe hopes on purpoſe to depreſs them, and build up confidence with a deſign to betray it, is a mark not of the frailty, as it is too often called, but of the baſeneſs and depravity of human nature. Cuſtom is indeed too apt to change appearances, and make us conſider that as trivial which is in itſelf unpardonable: but ſurely to deſtroy peace and tranquility, and by the vileſt arts put an end to innocence and virtue, in the eye of juſtice, muſt be murther; and whilſt he who refuſes to diſcharge a promiſſary note for a few guineas, is condemned as a thief and a robber, I ſee no reaſon why the man who gives a bond for happineſs to a virtuous woman and afterwards denies the contract, ſhould not be thought worthy of equal puniſhment, and become the object of equal deteſtation.

No. 6. *Thurſday, February* 10*th*, 1757.

——————μυρι' Αχαιοις αλγε' εθηκε. HOM.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

AS you have invited all the obſerving part of your countrymen into your ſervice by way of auxiliaries, I will, without farther apology, lay before you ſuch intelligence

intelligence as hath been put in my power by a poſt of great vigilance and attention.

You muſt know I am one of that ſpecies of CENTINELS, whom our nation has honoured with the name of TUTORS; perſons commiſſioned by indulgent parents to ſuperintend the conduct of their ſons, during their reſidence at the univerſity, and travels in foreign parts. A ſlender fortune, which was exhauſted by the time I had taken my batchelor of art's degree, rendered it neceſſary for me to engage in this capacity; and the intereſt of a relation in London ſoon procured me admiſſion into a family of conſiderable rank. The neceſſary preliminaries being ſettled, I was introduced to young CLODIO, who was juſt arrived from a famous boarding-ſchool, in order to proceed to Oxford, for the benefit of academical improvement. I could eaſily perceive at the firſt interview, that I was no very welcome acquaintance to my young ſpark, whoſe imagination had probably annexed the ſeverity of a ſchoolmaſter to the character of every other inſtructor. But his countenance brightened up ſurpriſingly, when, a few days afterwards, her ladyſhip in maſter's hearing told me, ſhe would have CLODY mind his book, but was in ſome pain about his eyes, which like his father's were naturally weak. She had obſerved, ſhe ſaid, from a viſit paid the family by a fellow of college, that your men of learning are awkward, diſagreeable creatures, and totally unfit for polite company. She would therefore recommend it to her child to take all the diverſions he could; by which means he might poſſibly eſcape the ruſt which is ſo apt to be contracted within thoſe learned ſeminaries. As I had, during my own ſtay at the univerſity, ſeen a ready proficiency in moſt young gentlemen with reſpect to the practice here pointed out, I could not for my life diſcern the neceſſity of this advice; but I contented myſelf with aſſuring her ladyſhip, that I ſhould ſtudy every thing that might be for her ſon's advantage.

It was not long before I had reaſon to be convinced how little occaſion there was for apprehending that any prejudice might befal my PUPIL's viſual faculty by intenſe reading; for, what with pretences of illneſs, and what

Digitized by Google

with letters to mamma, intreating her permiſſion to come and ſee his country couſins every time they made an excurſion to town, he had been adroit enough to eſcape the confinement of ſchools at leaſt two thirds of the year; by which means, he was ſo far from having contracted a reliſh for ſtudy, that he was almoſt an entire ſtranger to the firſt rudiments of learning.

He was now arrived at an age when it is faſhionable for young gentlemen to ſpend a couple of years or ſo at college, and to college we went. You may be ſure I took an early opportunity to recommend a cloſe application to literature, and to repreſent to him how much his future character would depend upon his preſent behaviour. But, by the force of a penetrating genius, he ſoon diſcovered my notions to be abſolutely ridiculous, and the reſult of a grovelling, contracted ſpirit. He ſaw that, if he immured himſelf among quartos and folios, he ſhould get the reputation of a PLODDING ANIMAL, grow as muſty as a very FELLOW, and draw upon himſelf the contempt of all the CHOICE SPIRITS of the place. A full ſwing was therefore given to the gaiety of his heart. Inſtead of appropriating any part of the day to the purpoſes of knowledge, he filled up his time with the important buſineſs of billiards, hunting matches, cards and drinking-bouts. He would diſpatch a tour to London or Bath, and back again in twenty-four hours, and piqued himſelf upon planning and executing more amazing SCHEMES, than had entered into the head of any ſtudent upon record.

But, as ſome malicious planet is always at work to interrupt human felicity, CLODIO was arreſted in the career of his glory by an unlucky diſtemper, contracted in the courſe of his peregrinations. Before I knew of this diſaſter, I had by letter given a gentle intimation to his father of the dangers my pupil was likely to be involved in by his extravagancies. Upon which the old gentleman took an opportunity to ſlip privately to Oxford; and unfortunately for CLODIO, entered his room at a time when he was ſitting muffled up in his morning gown and night-cap, and ſurrounded with a vaſt number of phials and gallipots. This unexpected encounter

Digitized by Google

was the means of introducing a change in our syſtem. It was reſolved that, for the future, we ſhould not reſide at college any part of the year, but what was barely neceſſary to keep the term. The reſt of our time was devoted to be ſpent in London, under the old gentleman's immediate inſpection.

From this time I ſhall paſs over our academical adventures, as being little more than repetitions of what I have mentioned; with this difference, that as our time was ſhorter, our ſchemes were carried on with greater vigour and alacrity. In London, whatever difference there might be in point of climate, I found none in CLODIO's diſpoſition. Upon our firſt arrival there he was initiated into the honourable order of BUCKS and BLOODS, of which ſocieties he approved himſelf an unexceptionable member. Theſe heroes introduced him into innumerable frolics; in the courſe of which many a harmleſs watchman, and many a peaceable conſtable have felt the proweſs of my pupil's arm. Now and then indeed, all his gallantry could not defend him from a viſit to the round houſe or compter: but, as the keepers of thoſe diſtreſsful manſions are not perſons of the moſt inflexible tempers, a ſum of money, which I had always the honour of negotiating, never failed to releaſe the captive to his entire ſatisfaction.

It would tire your patience, Mr. CENTINEL, if I ſhould recount all the riots he has occaſioned, the drawers he has beat, the maid ſervants he has debauched, and the miſtreſſes he has kept. Suffice it to tell you, that by the time his friends thought him old enough to go abroad, he was with great eclat equipped by his taylor (for little of my furniture had he admitted) for the tour of Europe.

As CLODIO, by never troubling his head with any language but his own, was unprovided with the proper key of travelling, I was in hopes his very ignorance would have kept him within ſome bounds, and ſuffer me at leaſt to reap the advantage of careful obſervation. But a fool that is born for great enterprizes ſurmounts every obſtacle. If he was not capable of converſing upon an equal footing with the Bucks of France and Italy, he made up for it by an

Digitized by Google

an inviolable attachment to those of his own country whom he found in those parts upon the same expedition as himself. We had not been a month beyond seas before a ghostly father to a certain nunnery surprized him in the apartment of a fair inhabitant of that sacred retreat. CLODIO started up, cock'd a loaded pistol he had luckily carried along with him, and swore that whoever offered to interrupt his passage should be dispatched to the other world in the saying of a pater-noster. The good ecclesiastic, startled at this ferocious appearance, was obliged to stand aside, and my pupil arrived safe at his lodgings. As no time was lost, I changed clothes with him immediately, set him upon his horse, and bid him make the best of his way out of his most christian majesty's dominions. Well it was that I took this precaution; for in less than a quarter of an hour the house was beset, and I was taken into custody as the intriguing delinquent, but obtained my liberty, by appearing upon examination, to be innocent of the charge.

Thus we bid adieu to France; but as if fortune had directed her whole artillery against us, we were plunged into new difficulties in every region we entered. Before we had traversed Italy, my pupil was five times in the hands of justice for disturbances at plays, masquerades, or ridottos; and once we both very narrowly escaped the torture of the inquisition, by his being overheard to ridicule the sackcloth and bare feet of a Capuchin.

You may imagine I grew uneasy under these repeated vexations. I hurried him over the rest of the grand tour as fast as possible, and he is at length arrived safe in London; having imported a vast quantity of foreign fopperies, neat and unmixed with any good qualities. Despairing of being able to effect a change in so excentric a genius, I now deliver him up into the hands of the CENTINEL, from whose authority I question not but he will meet with the most equitable animadversion.

Y.

The animadversions desired by my correspondent (if the short limits of this paper permitted me to make any) would fall not on the young gentleman, to whom I apprehend they would be entirely useless, but on the good

Digitized by Google

lady his mother, to whose plenary indulgence he seems so deeply indebted. At present I have only room to observe, that nothing can be more ridiculous than the office of my brother Centinel, who was hired to be a witness of passions, which he had not the power to controul; conduct, which he had not the authority to alter; and follies, which he could not prevent; to which I shall beg leave to add, that parents have no right to complain of the bitterness of the waters, when they themselves have poisoned the fountain.

No. 7. *Thursday, February 17th,* 1757.

Redit labor actus in orbem,
Atq; in se sua per vestigia volvitur. VIRG.

IF Virgil had lived in this age, he could not have more exactly described the present fashionable round of folly, than in the words which I have prefixed as a motto to this paper: it is indeed a labyrinth of mutual error, and a maze of ridiculous perplexity, where we run after one another till we are fatigued and disappointed, and then are absurdly angry and displeased that we cannot find a clue to extricate ourselves from it; we hurry over the task of existence like school-boys, with the utmost expedition, and seem to make it the business of our days to get rid of them as fast as we can. The feast of nature palls upon our appetite for want of variety, and with all the dainties that she can afford us, we grow sick of the entertainment before it is finished, and rise from it rather tired than satisfied.

Were I inclined to philosophize before modern fine gentlemen and ladies, I would consider life as but a larger RANELAGH, where, as soon as we enter, we are struck with admiration at the beauty and magnificence of the structure: the novelty and gaiety of every thing about us gives us a kind of tumultuous pleasure, which is doubled by ignorance, and heightened by participation: noise

Digitized by Google

noiſe and buſtle amuſe and divert us for a little time; but after we have taken a few rounds, viewed the ſame objects perpetually offering themſelves to our ſight, and liſtening to the ſame ſounds conſtantly vibrating on our ear, the whole edifice ſeems gradually and inſenſibly to loſe its charms; we begin to wiſh ourſelves at home again, and ſo drop off one after another without ceremony. At parting indeed, we are apt to ſhew ſome little uneaſineſs, and are moſt of us very loth to quit the place, though heartily fatigued and ſick of every thing in it.

If this be in reality a proper image and repreſentation of our condition; if the little round of human pleaſures is ſo limited and confined, nothing can certainly be more abſurd than for every man to endeavour ſtill to contract the circle; to walk within the narrow path of one poor gratification, when there is room left for him to expatiate in a wider field of happineſs, and a more extenſive range of pleaſure.

Variety we know is the great end of human wiſhes, and the very eſſence of human felicity; every enjoyment nauſeates by repetition, and cloys by ſatiety; even health, as the poet tells us, for want of change, is a diſeaſe. Hence it ariſes, that the perfections, the poſſeſſions, the every thing, in ſhort, of everybody elſe is always better than our own; and yet ſo coy is this univerſally adored goddeſs VARIETY, and ſo unpropitious to her votaries, that one half of them cannot find her, nor the other diſcover her to any uſeful or neceſſary purpoſe.

The faſhionable part of the world is ſo confined in their idea of pleaſure, that they very ſeldom enjoy any; and in a very ſhort ſpace of time grow weary of themſelves, and every thing about them.

To ſuch I would recommend the behaviour of my worthy friend NED FLUTTER, who, though no ſcholar, has, I believe, as much true philoſophy as is to be found in the two univerſities. NED has hitherto ſo contrived, as never to be tired of any thing, and to inſure happineſs by the conſtant and diligent avoidance of ſatiety; for which purpoſe he never drinks the ſame liquor, goes to

Digitized by Google

the ſame club, or keeps the ſame company two nights together. Ned eats and ſwears one day, faſts and prays the next; keeps a pack of dogs that he may not be too fond of his horſe, and a brace of miſtreſſes that he may not grow ſick of his wife. Two pipes of an evening had like to have made him tired of ſmoaking; he has now therefore taken to *chew*, and has lately ordered (which is no bad device) his favourite maxim *ne* QUID *nimis*, to be engraved on his tobacco box.

If the people of quality of this nation, would imitate my friend NED'S example, they might, for aught I know, be as happy as himſelf: in the mean time, whilſt they aſſociate with none but themſelves, I am not in the leaſt ſurpriſed to find them tired of their company. And whilſt they have no idea of a pleaſure, but what is to be found in an opera or a playhouſe, a court or an aſſembly, I ſhall not wonder to find them extremely miſerable; nor greatly pity them when they are ſo.

As Good, however, doth ſometimes ſpring from Evil, I am not certain whether the univerſal languor and diſcontent which ariſes from fruition, may not be attended with uſeful conſequences: and whether the ſatiety ſo much complained of, may not one day make us wiſer and better. Men may become virtuous only for the ſake of variety, and fall in love with ſomething uſeful, after they have been heartily tired of vice, folly and impertinence.

It might therefore, perhaps be no bad method to promote faſting, by luxury; and prevent the increaſe of vice, by the full indulgence in it.

If I had a ſon, from whoſe paſſion for play, I had reaſon to fear the worſt conſequences, inſtead of diſſuading him from it, I would conſign him over to the care of Mr. Arthur, with poſitive orders not to let him leave the gaming-table for the enſuing half year; at the expiration of which term, I ſhould expect to find him without the leaſt propenſity to that vice; nor am I certain whether he would bear the ſight of a pack of cards, or a pair of dice ever after.

If

Digitized by Google

If I had any ſuſpicion of his being infected with the preſent epidemical diſtemper called the Θεατρομάνια, or madneſs after the theatre, ſo rife amongſt us; inſtead of reading lectures to him out of Collier's book againſt the ſtage, I would oblige him to freeze at Covent-garden, and ſweat at Drury-lane alternately for ſixty-five nights, without intermiſſion, after which time, I humbly apprehend he would not willingly part with three farthings, to either manager, to purchaſe the liberty of the houſe.

In the ſame manner, if he was a ſot, I would confine him to the cellar: if he was a book-worm, I would keep him for a twelvemonth in my library; and if he was an uxorious huſband, I would lock him up for ſix months in his wife's bed-chamber.

Thus is it poſſible even by vice to promote the intereſts of virtue, and from the poiſon itſelf to extract a ſalutary and efficacious antidote againſt it.

Homer tells us a remarkable ſtory, not eaſily reconcilable to modern gallantry, of his hero Ulyſſes, who refuſed immortality and a goddeſs, for death and a wife: *vetulam ſuam* (ſays Tully) *immortalitati*. I ſhall cloſe my paper with a ſolution of this ænigma, which has long puzzled, and which, for the ſake of my reader's memory I have cloathed in Hudibraſtics.

The WISDOM of *ULYSSES*.

SOME folks aver, it mighty odd is,
Ulyſſes *ſhould deſpiſe a goddeſs,*
When, (*as 'tis by the poet ſung*)
The wife was old, the miſtreſs young;
To lye within Calypſo's *arms,*
And revel in immortal charms;
Sure wiſer heads than he, they ſay,
To ſuch temptations might give way;
And had he been like other Men,
'Twould have gone hard with faithful PEN;
But he, good man, wou'd never roam,
So well he lov'd his dame at home.

How we poor fools of modern ages
Miſtake the aims of antient ſages!

And

Digitized by Google

And with moſt charitable blindneſs,
Take all this cunning for mere kindneſs!
Cou'd we but think that, to be free
Is to be happy; cou'd we ſee
What we by ſad experience prove,
How hard it is to always love;
How long the pain, how ſhort the bliſs is,
We ſhou'd not think it ſtrange, Ulyſſes
Shou'd treat a goddeſs with diſdain,
And eagerly run home again:

The ſubtle fox well knew his wife
Would only laſt him during life;
But if Calypſo *had enjoy'd him,*
'Tis ten to one ſhe wou'd have cloy'd him;
No death cou'd part, no fate cou'd ſever,
That was for ever and for ever.
'Twas this that made the wiſe man chooſe
The proffer'd bleſſing to refuſe;
This made him ſeek an eaſy life,
Content to bear that load, a wife,
Till gracious Heav'n ſhou'd ſet him free;
Preferring death and liberty,
To chains and immortality.

No. 8. *Thurſday, February 24th,* 1757.

Riſu inepto res ineptior nulla eſt. MART.

THE unbounded freedom and licentiouſneſs of RAILLERY and RIDICULE is become of late years ſo faſhionable amongſt us, and hath already been attended with ſuch fatal and deſtructive conſequences, as to give a reaſonable alarm to all the friends of VIRTUE. Writers have roſe up within this laſt century, who have endeavoured to blend and confound the colours of good and evil, to laugh us out of our religion, and undermine the very foundations of morality. The character of the

SCOFFER

Digitized by Google

SCOFFER hath by an unaccountable favour and indulgence met, not only with pardon, but approbation, and hath therefore been almoſt univerſally ſought after, and admired. RIDICULE hath been called (and this for no other reaſon but becauſe Lord SHAFTSBURY told us ſo) the TEST OF TRUTH, and, as ſuch, has been applied indiſcriminately to every ſubject, for the moſt part without that examination which it always demands, and that contempt and abhorrence which it ſo highly deſerves.

In oppoſition to all the puny followers of SHAFTSBURY and BOLINGBROKE, all the laughing moraliſts of the laſt age, and all the ſneering ſatyriſts of this, I ſhall not ſcruple to declare, that I look on RIDICULE as an oppreſſive and arbitrary tyrant, who like death throws down all diſtinction; blind to the charms of VIRTUE, and deaf to the complaints of TRUTH; a bloody MOLOCH who delights in human ſacrifice, who loves to feed on the fleſh of the poor, and to drink the tears of the afflicted; who doubles the weight of poverty by ſcorn and laughter, and throws the poiſon of contempt into the cup of diſtreſs, to embitter the draught.

TRUTH, ſays the SHAFTSBURIANS, cannot poſſibly be an object of RIDICULE, and therefore cannot ſuffer by it: to which the anſwer is extremely obvious: TRUTH naked and undiſguiſed, cannot, we will acknowledge with them, be ridiculed; but TRUTH, like every thing elſe, may be miſrepreſented: it is the buſineſs of RIDICULE therefore to diſguiſe her; to dreſs her up in a ſtrange and fantaſtic habit, and when this is artfully performed, it is no wonder that the croud ſhould ſmile at her deformity.

The nobleſt philoſopher, and the beſt moraliſt in the heathen world, the great and immortal *Socrates* fell a ſacrifice to this pernicious talent: RIDICULE firſt miſrepreſented, and afterwards deſtroyed him: the deluded multitude condemned him, not for what he *was*, but for what he *appeared* to be, an enemy to the religion of his country.

The

Digitized by Google

The folly and depravity of mankind will always furniſh out a ſufficient fund for RIDICULE; and when we conſider how vaſt and ſpacious a field the little ſcene of human life affords for malice and ill-nature, we ſhall not ſo much wonder to ſee the lover of RIDICULE rejoicing in it. Here he has always an opportunity of gratifying his pride, and ſatiating his malevolence: from the frailties and abſurdities of others, he forms a wreath to adorn his own brow; gathers together with all his art, the failings and imperfections of others, and offers them up a ſacrifice to ſelf-love. The loweſt and moſt abandoned of mankind can ridicule the moſt exalted beings; thoſe who never could boaſt of their own perfection,

Nor raiſe their thoughts beyond the earth they tread,
Even theſe can cenſure, theſe can dare deride
A BACON'S *av'rice, or a* TULLY'S *pride.*

It were well indeed for mankind, if RIDICULE would confine itſelf to the frailties and imperfections of human nature, and not extend its baleful influence over the few good qualities and perfections of it: but there is not perhaps a virtue to be named, which may not by the medium through which it is ſeen, be diſtorted into a vice. The glaſs of RIDICULE reflects things not only dark, but falſely alſo; it always diſcolours the objects before it ventures to repreſent them to us. The pureſt metal by a mixture of baſe alloy, ſhall ſeem changed to the meaneſt. RIDICULE in the ſame manner will cloath prudence in the garb of avarice, call courage raſhneſs, and brand good-nature with the name of prodigality: will laugh at the compaſſionate man for his weakneſs, the ſerious man for his preciſeneſs, and the pious man for his hypocriſy.

MODESTY is one of VIRTUE's beſt ſupports; and it is obſervable, that wherever this amiable quality is moſt eminently conſpicuous, RIDICULE is always ready to attack and overthrow it. The man of wit and humour is never ſo happy as when he can raiſe the bluſh of ingenuous merit, or ſtamp the marks of deformity and guilt

Digitized by Google

guilt on the features of innocence and beauty. Thus may our very perfections conſpire to render us both unhappy and contemptible

The lover of RIDICULE will no doubt plead in defence of it; that his deſign is to reclaim and reform mankind; that he is liſted in the ſervice of VIRTUE, and engaged in the cauſe of TRUTH: but I will venture to aſſure him, that the allies he boaſts of, diſclaim his friendſhip, and deſpiſe his aſſiſtance. TRUTH deſires no ſuch ſoldier to fight under his banner; VIRTUE wants no ſuch advocate to plead for her. As it is generally exerciſed, it is too great a puniſhment for ſmall faults, too light and inconſiderable for great ones: the little foibles and blemiſhes of a character deſerve rather pity than contempt; the more attrocious crimes call for hatred and abhorrence. Thus we ſee, that in one caſe, the medicine operates too powerfully, and in the other is of no effect.

I might take this opportunity to add, that RIDICULE is not always contented with ravaging and deſtroying the works of man, but boldly and impiouſly attacks thoſe of God; enters even into the ſanctuary, and profanes the temple of the moſt high. A late noble writer has made uſe of it to aſperſe the characters, and deſtroy the validity of the writers of both the old and new Teſtament; and to change the ſolemn truths of Chriſtianity, into matter of mirth and laughter. The books of *Moſes* are called by him fables and tales, fit only for the amuſement of children; and St. *Paul* is treated by him as an enthuſiaſt, an ideot, and an avowed enemy to that religion which he profeſſed. One would not ſurely imagine that there was any thing in Chriſtianity ſo ludicrous as to move laughter, or excite contempt; but on the contrary, that the nature of its precepts, and its own intrinſic excellence would, at leaſt, have ſecured it from ſuch indignities.

Nothing gives us a higher opinion of thoſe antient Heathens whom our modern bigots are ſo apt to deſpiſe, than that air of piety and devotion which runs through all their writings; and though the Pagan theology was full

Digitized by Google

full of abſurdities and inconſiſtencies, which the more refined ſpirits among their poets and philoſophers muſt doubtleſs have ſeen through and contemned: yet ſuch was their reſpect and veneration for the eſtabliſhed religion of their country, ſuch their regard to decency and ſeriouſneſs, ſuch their modeſty and diffidence in an affair of ſo much weight and importance, that we very ſeldom meet with jeſt or ridicule on ſubjects which they held thus ſacred and reſpectable.

The privilege of publickly laughing at religion, and the profeſſion of it, of making the laws of God, and the great concerns of eternity, the object of mirth and ridicule, was reſerved for more enlightened ages; and denied the more pious Heathens to reflect diſgrace and ignominy on the chriſtian æra.

It hath indeed been the fate of the beſt and pureſt religion in the world, to become the jeſt of fools, and not only, with it's divine founder, to be ſcourged and perſecuted, but with him to be mocked and ſpit at, trampled on and deſpiſed. But to conſider the dreadful conſequences of RIDICULE on this occaſion, will better become the Divine than the Eſſayiſt, to him therefore I ſhall refer it, and conclude this paper by obſerving, that after all the undeſerved encomiums ſo laviſhly beſtowed on this child of wit and malice ſo univerſally approved and admired, I know of no ſervice the pernicious talent of RIDICULE can be of, unleſs it be to raiſe the bluſh of MODESTY, and put VIRTUE out of countenance; to enhance the miſeries of the wretched, and poiſon the feaſt of happineſs; to inſult man, and affront God; to make us in ſhort hateful to our fellow-creatures, uneaſy to ourſelves, and highly diſpleaſing to the Almighty.

---

† *The letter ſign'd* VIRGINIUS *came to hand.*

Digitized by Google

No. 9. *Thurſday, March 3d,* 1757.

Excubat, exercetque vices, quod cuique tuendum eſt.
VIRG.

AFTER having exhibited ſome ſpecimens of my moral and intellectual faculties, in divers little eſſays on different ſubjects, which have been favourably received by the public, I ſhall now endeavour to entertain my readers with a variety of intelligence which I have either gathered from my own perception, or received from my ſubordinate centries, ſtationed in different parts of this metropolis.

In the firſt place, I muſt give the corporation of Bath to underſtand that I have watched their waters, and, notwithſtanding the late experiments of ſome ingenious chymiſts, I do, from repeated obſervations aver, that they are ſeldom or never entirely free from brimſtone. I likewiſe know, from undoubted authority, that the ſaid waters owe great part of their reputation to the energic endeavours of many honeſt gentlemen from Ireland, who reſort to that place for their diverſion, and out of mere charity take pains to mend the breed of the Britiſh nation. The art of gaming has been for ſome time paſt at a very low ebb in this retreat of the *beau monde:* what between the preſſing act, the accidents of the road, and the vigilance of the civil magiſtrate, the confederacy is reduced to a miſerable remnant. Standing upon an eminence in the neighbourhood of London, and extending my far-ſhooting viſion towards the celebrated wells in Somerſetſhire, I could perceive no eminent artiſt in actual operation; ſome pillage was gleaned by a lank Teutonian, a decayed templar, and an half-witted apothecary; but, the reapers were not equal to the harveſt. I beheld, not without particular pleaſure, my old acquaintance Ajax ſauntering upon the ſouth parade,

Digitized by Google

with all the marks of internal peace and satisfaction; this venerable veteran was once a hero of the first rank in the world of adventure; and like his namesake in the Iliad, could throw with more force and dexterity, than any two modern pretenders; he seemed to enjoy the laurels he had gained, and far from weeping like Alexander, because he could not conquer another world, he appears contented with a comfortable share of this, which is already in his possession. I was particularly pleased to see with what reverence and respect he was treated by all the people of sentiment and fashion; he retires like an *emeritus professor*, and puts me in mind of *Entellus* in the Æneid, that old warrior of athletic memory, who in his old age, demolished the bully *Dares*, knocked down an ox, and assumed the motto, "*hic victor cestus ortemque repono.*"

I should have made further remarks upon this scene of gallantry and amusement, had not my attention been diverted by a whispering dialogue, which intruded itself on my hearing from the purlieus of Bond-street: turning my eyes to that quarter, I perceived the sprightly Cleanthe in close conference with the gay Lorenzo: it was now the dusk of the evening, they stood in the porch together, and by that part of the discourse which I overheard, it too plainly appeared that he had persuaded her to abandon her family; she knew he was a libertine, captious, inconstant and loose in his morals; but she loved his person, over-rated her own beauty and discretion, and resolved to trust herself in his hands, on the strength of a vain promise which he had no intention to perform; but providence interposed in a hard shower; Lorenzo going in quest of an hackney coach, was apprehended by a constable for a riot on the preceeding night, and Cleanthe escaped impending ruin.

The following report has been made by one of my deputies, who attends all the card assemblies at the court end of the town.

"February 14, *half an hour past eleven.* Present at "a rout at lady RUSTLE's—Small company, not ex- "ceeding two hundred—Engaged at whist with her "ladyship—Played deep—Obliged to have all my eyes "about

Digitized by Google

" about me—Converſation turned upon a divorce, ſued " for by a certain gentleman againſt his wife—Lady " RUSTLE very ſevere upon the vicious inclinations of " ſuch bold huſſies—I told her ſuch diſcourſe was the " only unfaſhionable thing about her ladyſhip—Mr. " GLIMPSE who ſat oppoſite to her, ſeemed to approve " of her remarks with extraordinary warmth—Mrs. " GLIMPSE, my partner, ſmiled with a languiſhing " eye upon colonel STRUMBALO, who ſtood behind " my chair—Perceived her ladyſhip at work under the " table—Slipped my hand ſoftly into her lap, and con- " veyed to my own pocket the nine of diamonds and " the incloſed billet."

" *Inchanting creature!*

" *A thouſand years are elapſed ſince our laſt part-* " *ing—Leave the cold arms of a dull, inſipid, lifeleſs* " *huſband, and fly to the embrace of your adorer,*

" STREPHON."

" *A coach will be in waiting at* " *the uſual time and place.*"

The knights of the round table have been for ſome time in cloſe divan upon the fate of Admiral Byng*. " Child Rowland to the dark tower came—he ſmelled " the blood of a Britiſh man." The betts run upon his falling backwards or forwards, to the right or to the left, upon receiving the ſtroke of juſtice. There is ſomething truly myſterious and antique in the deliberations of theſe worthies. One of the moſt ſolemn rites in the religion of the Druids, was the human ſacrifice; when the ſacred blow was ſtruck, thoſe venerable flamens prognoſticated good or evil from the convulſions of the victim, and the ſtreaming of his blood. The knights of the round table ſeem to inherit the ſuperſtition of their fathers. There is even a ſtrong affinity between their order and the Druidical inſtitution. They too, conſiſt of lawgivers and bards; they perform rites that are concealed from the vulgar: their betts are ſo many pretences to preſcience; they delight in human ſacrifice, and cut down their oaks with a golden ſickle.

* Admiral Byng was ſhot, Tueſday, March 15th, 1757.

Digitized by Google

My intelligencer at the *Smyrna* modeſtly repreſents, that his ſurtout is become threadbare, and ſollicits a change of apparel, together with an augmentation to his appointment, as he pays an extraordinary price for his coffee*. He ſays the politicians have been very quiet in their lucubrations, and unanimous in their meaſures, ſince the laſt diſpute they were obliged to maintain with a furious interloper, who appeared with a long ſword and a black tye perriwig. That projector had formed a new ſyſtem of his own, and was ſo choleric in his altercation, that they were afraid of cultivating his acquaintance. Finding them averſe to his notions, he ſoon abandoned the place, and attached himſelf to another ſociety. Within theſe few months, however, they have affected a wonderful alteration among the princes of Europe. His P——— majeſty who was lately a tyrant, a Machiavel, a fool and a bully, without any ſolid foundation of courage or power, is now univerſally acknowledged the greateſt, the beſt, the moſt powerful and heroic prince in Chriſtendom. The empreſs queen, who t'other day could eat him at a breakfaſt, he can now ſwallow at one mouthful; and the Ruſſians who were formerly honoured as bears, are at preſent deſpiſed as badgers.

My clerk at the *Bedford*, has taken notes of ſome judicious hints on theatrical pieces, thrown out by the hypercritics of the place. The petty juries of criticiſm, have brought in their verdict *damned ſtuff*, againſt all the productions of the ſeaſon; and the committee of taſte has reported, that except Mr. Patrick Macmahony and Tim Sillabub, all the writers of the preſent age, are grubs and raſcals.

At *Batſon's*, the debates have lately turned on a very curious caſe in phyſeology; two phyſicians being called to a conſultation, differed in opinion, and after ſome acrimonious expreſſions, one made application to the other's noſe. The paſſive doctor diſcovered no emotion at this aſſault, and thence the aggreſſor concluded that the noſe was one of thoſe parts in the human fabric, which had neither *ſenſibility* nor *irritability*. The queſtion

* Coffee, at the SMYRNA, is three-pence a diſh; at moſt other coffee-houſes in London it is but two-pence.

Digitized by Google

queſtion gave riſe to a very warm diſpute which had like to have introduced a ſett of experiments that might have proved deciſive. One of the diſputants inſiſted upon its being a ſenſible organ, and to illuſtrate his aſſertion ſneezed in the face of his antagoniſt, who ſaid he did not value his argument a pinch of ſnuff. A third ſaid he would not pretend to affirm that every doctor's noſe was a ſenſible feature; but, he could ſmell a rat, and believed this affair would ſtink in the noſtrils of the whole faculty. The debates were interrupted by a peace-officer, who gave the aſſailant to underſtand, that doctor Twattle had procured a warrant againſt him for an aſſualt and battery, and that he (the conſtable) had got ſcent of him in conſequence of the plaintiff's directions.

The Centinels from the theatre in Covent-garden, have petitioned for a double allowance of geneva, on account of the coldneſs of the weather and the thinneſs of the audience.

No. 10. *Thurſday, March 10th,* 1757.

——Expectas ut tradat honeſtos
Aut alios mores quam quos habet? JUVEN.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

IT has been remarked by one of your predeceſſors, that the prevalence of example is more particularly viſible in the female world; and that women are good or bad as they chance to fall among thoſe who practiſe vice or virtue.

As I cannot but agree with him, I muſt inform you, I have been led for ſome private reaſons, to conſider the capacity of thoſe women who undertake the education of our young ladies, and upon enquiry find them ſo extremely contemptible, not to call them by a worſe name,

Digitized by Google

that I have delayed truſting a child, where I have a father's right, to their care, till I had an opportunity of finding one, whoſe method is different, and whoſe example better than any I have yet ſeen.

I confeſs it was matter of ſurpriſe to me, on a nearer inſpection of their merits, to find, that inſtead of owing their ſtation to ſuperior judgment, or having been preferred to it for extraordinary talents and penetration, they chiefly attempted this way of life after having been diſappointed in every other view; and that women debilitated in their perſons, ruin'd in their fortunes from the little which they firſt enjoyed to leſs, excluded from all hopes of connubial felicity, and unacquainted with the world, ſhould be appointed to form the growing mind to perfection, and guide thoſe paſſions in the young, which they themſelves could never feel, and which, without that experience when grown old, they can neither moderate nor underſtand.

Yet from ſuch, ſir, is it that we are to receive thoſe who are to be our partners in life, and from hands like theſe expect the means of our future happineſs; nor do I any longer wonder at the ill-pair'd couples which I every day ſee around me, when I conſider the education of many of thoſe young ladies under ſchool-miſtreſſes, governeſſes, &c. who are, for the moſt part, a compound of ignorance, hypocriſy and affectation: but not to be hurried too far by an intemperate zeal, I ſubmit my reaſons for what I have aſſerted to your judgment, and ſhall be glad to find I have been deceived, and that it has been my lot only to have been converſant with the ſuperficial and bad part of this claſs of women.

The perſon who has to encounter with ſo many different tempers as a ſchool exhibits, ought, doubtleſs, to be miſtreſs of a moſt even one herſelf; to be above prejudice, to regulate her rewards and puniſhments by juſt degrees, nor by partial injunctions and unequal allotments forfeit the eſteem which ſhe always ſhould be ſolicitous to gain; and ſince it is ſo univerſally known that we never ſtrive to imitate but where we firſt approve, ſhe ſhould be careful to avoid even the appearance of a weakneſs. How far this behaviour is in the power of one

Digitized by Google

one in the abovementioned circumſtances, I ſhall not venture to pronounce; but imagine, ſhe who has been ſurpriſed by them into an involuntary ſtate of celibacy, who has a temper ſowered by miſcarriages, and been too long uſed to enjoy an undiſputed ſuperiority, to think any one has a right to be pleaſed but herſelf; ſuch a one, I ſhould think, entirely unfit to bear with the little follies and improprieties of childhood, which it is ſometimes neceſſary ſhould be ſoothed into compliance. Can a temper like this either conciliate love or prompt imitation? And how unlike a thinking parent is it to truſt a child to one of theſe? Peeviſhneſs, the offspring of diſappointed pride, makes them exert on every trivial fault their utmoſt rage, and it is no uncommon thing in theſe polite nurſeries to ſee helpleſs innocence bathed in tears, and imploring that mercy which one would think it had a right to demand: what then are the effects of theſe ill-judged puniſhments? a broken ſpirit, and a heart at length rendered callous and inſenſible: one would imagine the fear of this would rouſe in parents a reſolution of being themſelves the tutors of their children; for, however provoked, anger in the breaſt of a father or mother is but a ſhort-liv'd tyrant; nature and the parent again take their turn, and teach the ſtream of fondneſs once more to flow undiſturbed in its proper channel. This tenderneſs the mind of a governeſs is naturally unacquainted with; how much more ſo then, when imbittered by age or ſolitude, and become fit company for none but thoſe who will yield her a more than ſlaviſh obedience, give up the reins of power into her hand, and ſubmit to the correction of its rod.

'Tis the vice of the coward to be cruel, and by what other principle, I would aſk, are thoſe actuated, who diſarm injured innocence of its only power of redreſs, by the threats and aſſurances of certain detection, and unexampled variety of puniſhment?

Such, Mr. CENTINEL, is the character of IMPERIA, in whom is united all that is abovementioned; a character, which the nearer I view it ſeems to open to more extenſive evil, though recommended as one of the beſt of them: even age in her is diſhonourable, whoſe grey hairs are made irreverend by her folly; who has ever

deſpiſed

Digitized by Google

deſpiſed her own ſex, and been alike the contempt of ours; a man without maſculine ſenſe or courage, and a woman without the virtues of ſoftneſs or fidelity; who like the bat in the fable, is diſclaimed at laſt as a rebel by both parties.

Forgive, ſir, the importunity of a father anxious for the welfare of his child (a fondneſs which you yourſelf are perhaps no ſtranger to) and as you have profeſt yourſelf an enemy to vice and folly wherever you find it, favour me with the publication of this, and ſome advice on the ſubject; join with me in expoſing theſe female tyrants, who not content with enſlaving the body, would fetter too the free-born mind, and make it ſubſervient to their own ſordid purpoſes; and to me ſeem only different from the Scyron and Procruſtes of old, in the narrow limits of their empire.

I am,

SIR,

Yours,

VIRGINIUS.

I muſt acknowledge that the complaint of my very ſerious correſpondent, is but too well founded, and have often lamented with him the evils naturally ariſing from our preſent ſyſtem of female education: I can by no means however approve of his propoſal, that the ladies ſhould become tutors to their children, as I think the ſcheme utterly impracticable.

It is univerſally agreed, that the age we live in, is infinitely more induſtrious than any that ever went before it. We read indeed of a certain period when women of faſhion had nothing elſe to do but to ſtay at home and inſtruct their daughters; to idle away their time in houſehold affairs, and employ themſelves in the dirty buſineſs of a family: but modern mothers have ſomething elſe to do. Whilſt routs, plays, aſſemblies, maſquerades and ridottos, not to mention dreſs and intrigue, take up ſo conſiderable a portion of the twenty-four hours, how is it poſſible a woman of any rank or character ſhould have leiſure ſufficient to think about her brats in the country? She might indeed now and then, if a good houſewife of her

Digitized by Google

her time, find a vacant half hour to read them a lecture or two in *Hoyle*, give them a few profitable hints concerning paint or patches, or improve them in the important articles of dress and coquettry: but then all this is absolute loss of time and hindrance of business; besides that it cannot be done without a familiarity between mother and daughter, which never fail to end in mutual contempt and aversion.

There is likewise another inconvenience in this domestic education, which VIRGINIUS doth not seem sufficiently aware of, and concerning which I would advise him to consult his wife, and that is, the jealousies and animosities which are so often observed to spring up on these occasions. I know not how it is, but *thirty* is extremely apt to be jealous of *fifteen*; and though a woman may be a *mother*, we should remember (and if we will not, *she* will) that she is still a *woman*, and consequently as loth to part from admiration as her daughter can be willing to acquire it. Upon the whole I think, as matters stand at present, any school is much better for young ladies than their own home, and any example less pernicious than that of their parents.

No. 11. *Thursday, March 17th*, 1757.

——Tibi penè videre est,
Ut nudam. HOR.

AMONGST the many laudable customs established by that eminent Grecian lawgiver, Lycurgus, there is not perhaps one which so visibly shews his regard for the fair sex as the manner of dress prescribed by him to the Spartan virgins, which consisted, as history informs us, of a loose and flowing garment, with several openings in various parts of it, so disposed as to discover at every motion, those charms which would otherwise have been cruelly buried in obscurity. The ladies of those times,

we

Digitized by Google

we need not doubt, took took care to make their apertures in proper places, and to vary them according to the different beauties which they choſe to reveal.

How far this wiſe inſtitution might ſuit the freedom of Lacedæmon I ſhall not take upon me to determine: certain however it is, with all due deference to antient Greece, that there is ſomething in this cuſtom rather too licentious for the purity of a Britiſh virgin: I am apt, notwithſtanding, to ſuſpect that there is a little Spartan blood in the veins of many of my fair countrywomen, having of late years obſerved this *Laconic* taſte in dreſs, to become extremely prevalent amongſt them. A genius for univerſal diſcovery is every day more and more viſible in the female world; ariſing probably from the well-grounded opinion that concealment is a mark of guilt and hypocriſy, and an open diſplay of every thing, the indubitable teſtimony of innocence and virtue.

Beauties in the days of our anceſtors kept up their dignity and importance like Eaſtern monarchs, by withdrawing from the vulgar, and women, like other myſteries, the more they were hidden were the more revered: ſo far from being like modern bells, "hackneyed in the eyes of men," they took care never to be ſeen by them: They had adopted a ridiculous notion, that the uſe of a petticoat was to cover the legs, and of an handkerchief to conceal the boſom; they even denied us the ſight of "the human face divine," and wore a maſk before all but their moſt intimate acquaintance. But time, whoſe peculiar property it is to *reveal*, has taught their granddaughters another leſſon; and informed them, that to hide thoſe charms, which nature has kindly beſtowed, is to deſpiſe her bounty, and to reproach her beneficence: in oppoſition therefore to the miſerly diſpoſition of thoſe who went before them, they now *treat* with the utmoſt generoſity, keep as it were open houſe for the reception of every eye, and invite all to the feaſt who have appetite to reliſh, or leiſure to ſit down to it. They have diſcovered with the wiſe legiſlator of Sparta, that the buſineſs of dreſs is not to cover but to expoſe, and as nothing can be admired which is not ſeen, it is the

Digitized by Google

the intereſt of every woman, as far as in her lies, to extend the proſpect.

In purſuance of this public-ſpirited-plan of operations, concerted by our female Machiavels, improvements in *nakedneſs* ſpring up from time to time, which I doubt not will in a few years, end in a complete ſtandard of perfection. I cannot therefore, but heartily congratulate my fair readers on the late ſeaſonable introduction of *gawze handkerchiefs*, at preſent ſo univerſally worn and admired; a faſhion ſo ingeniouſly contrived as to preſerve the appearance of decency, and at the ſame time effectually to prevent the ill conſequences of ſo deſtructive a virtue. The enemies of a fine neck (*if* any ſuch there be) will I know, call it a ſophiſtry in dreſs, a jeſuitical artifice, very eaſily *ſeen through* and detected; but the lovers of beauty, who are it is to be hoped much more numerous, will conſider it as a favourable *opening* to an interview and acquaintance, which will be far from diſagreeable to them. The philoſopher will eſteem it as a kind of window in the breaſt, which may convey to him the very thoughts of the little inhabitant within. So ſubtle indeed is this medium, that there is ſcarce any thing which may not be very eaſily perceived through it: I have myſelf frequently marked the ebb and flow of female paſſions, contemplated the riſe and fall of inclination or diſguſt: and could diſtinguiſh the bluſh of ſhame, from the redd'ning of anger, or the glow of diſappointment, through a piece of gawze, with as much eaſe, as a virtuoſo can ſee the circulation of an inſect's blood in a microſcope.

I am credibly informed that this new faſhion owes its riſe to a beautiful mole on Amanda's left breaſt, which after having long, like his brother moles, lain hid, wrapt up in darkneſs and a double handkerchief, at length grew impatient of confinement, crept into light, and ſoon become the admiration of the beau-monde; ſince which it has been obſerved by the curious, that theſe pretty excreſcencies have multiplied exceedingly: I would give my readers therefore, a piece of phyſical caution, to *beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.*

The

Digitized by Google

The fashion, I must confess, has, like every thing else, its enemies and opposers: honest WILL. FOXCHASE declares he has no objection to a keen sportswoman, who kills her man with a pair of bright eyes, shoots him flying with an elegant shape and air, or runs him fairly down with wit and humour; but affirms that this new way of catching hearts in *gawze* nets is absolutely unlawful, and has even gone so far as to present it to the noblemen and gentlemen associated for the preservation of the game, who he doubts not will rank it under the denomination of *poaching*, and punish it accordingly.

An acquaintance of mine, who keeps a toy-shop in the city, has likewise shewn his dislike, by giving them the name of the new-fashion shew-glasses for the more commodious exhibition of female trinkets; and was so rude as to ask a young milliner on the other side of his shop, whether if he purchased the *gawze* case, she was willing to throw the incloſed goods into the bargain.

TOM. HAZARD, on the other hand, is of opinon, that *gawze* handkerchiefs were introduced rather to promote a design on the purses than the hearts of mankind, which fatal tendency he had himself very lately experienced; for as he was but the other night recollecting a case in Hoyle that would have infallibly secured him the rubbers, he accidentally cast his eyes aside on a a neck almost as white as Mrs. C——'s which immediately turned his thoughts into quite another channel.

" *That feat of delight he with wonder survey'd,*
" *And forgot ev'ry word he design'd to have said.*"

My friend NED RUSTY, now a veteran on half-pay, used always to consider the modesty-piece (a part of female dress now discarded like himself) as one of my brother Centinels, posted on the ladies bosom to warn them of any approaching danger; and dignified handkerchiefs with the name of chevaux de frise, prudently planted by the fair sex to prevent the sudden incursions of an enemy. When he is acquainted with the present lowering of their breast-works, and the flimsy nature of this new covert-way, he will probably be inclined to think the citadel of female honour in some danger, and perhaps

Digitized by Google

perhaps compare it to the unhappy fort at Oſwego, doomed to fall by the negligence and treachery of thoſe whoſe duty, honour and intereſt ſhould have obliged them to defend it.

Thus will the malice and petulance of mankind endeavour to ſtop the progreſs of every thing that is great and good: it were very eaſy indeed to confute all theſe ridiculous oppoſers, and to ſhew the beauty and utility of *gawze* handkerchiefs by the moſt irrefragable arguments. But not to mention a thouſand others, I would only appeal to the lovers of virtù, whether this faſhion will not be of infinite ſervice in the liberal arts: whence ariſes the ſuperiority of antient ſtatues but from the looſeneſs of their draperies, which were always ſo contrived as to exhibit through the folds a view of *the naked?* What then may we not expect from the preſent love of freedom and undiſguiſed ſimplicity? With ſo many complete models before their eyes, why may we not hope to ſee as exact repreſentations of nature from a Wilton, or a Roubillac, as ever came out of the hands of Phidias, or Praxiteles? I heartily wiſh therefore, for the ſake of our eminent ſtatuaries, that the ladies would extend their liberality yet a little farther, and as they have already favoured us with a *gawze* handkerchief, would, as the ſummer advances, indulge us in the wear of *lawn* petticoats; which would ſhew at one view the whole harmonious ſymmetry of female proportion, and raiſe the art of ſculpture to its higheſt degree of perfection.

Digitized by Google

No. 12. *Thurſday, March 24th,* 1757.

———————*ex ipſo fonte lepórum*
Surgit amari aliquid. LUC.

THE goddeſs Diſcord (ſays La Fontaine) having ſet all heaven together by the ears about a golden apple, was, by univerſal conſent, baniſhed from the cæleſtial manſions; in this diſtreſsful circumſtance ſhe immediately made the beſt of her way down to earth, and was received with open arms by a certain animal called Man; at this time it was that ſhe firſt did us the honour to grace our little hemiſphere with her preſence, in preference to our oppoſite neighbours the Antipodes, who being a barbarous and uncultivated people, married without either prieſt or notary, and conſequently could have little to do with Diſcord; for a while ſhe rambled about the world without any fixed abode, ſo that Fame, who was frequently ſent out in ſearch of her, was often at a loſs to find out her habitation; it was thought neceſſary therefore, that ſome conſtant ſeat of reſidence ſhould be appointed, where ſhe might always be ready, and within call upon proper occaſions; this ſcheme was attended with ſome difficulty (ſays the fabuliſt with his uſual archneſs) as nunneries were not yet eſtabliſhed, however,

L'Auberge enfin de l'Hymenée
Lui ſût pour maiſon aſſignée.

An appartment for diſcord was at laſt pitched upon, and where, after all, ſhould it be, but in the temple of Hymen.

Though I cannot help looking on this fable as rather too ſevere a reflection on the honourable ſtate of matrimony, I am ſtill of opinion, that it may convey no unprofitable leſſon of inſtruction to the candidates for connubial felicity. As our matrimonial ſherbett is made

Digitized by Google

at preſent, moſt drinkers of it are apt to complain with lady Townly, that "there is a little too much acid "ſqueezed into it," which utterly ſpoils what would otherwiſe be a cooling and pleaſant beverage; this draught, however, in ſpite of a late act of parliament, may for ought we know (eſpecially as the ſummer is advancing) come again into vogue; I heartily wiſh therefore, that a method could be found out to render it ſweet and palatable, that ſome public-ſpirited man would engage to make it in an entire new manner, and in imitation of the great ASHLEY,* lower it's price, raiſe its reputation, and get a patent to vend this valuable nectar, *pro bono publico.*

In the mean time as May-day, and of courſe the coupling ſeaſon is not far off, let me recommend to both ſexes an ingredient or two which muſt by no means be omitted, and which at the ſame time are very cheap and eaſy to be come at, and theſe are, mutual good-nature and complacency, which will give the liquor quite another taſte than that which generally prevails, and perhaps make it the moſt agreeable draught which they ever met with in their lives.

The antients, whoſe notions of marriage as well as other things differed widely from our own, conſidered it in a ſober and religious light, and had a way of entering into it with great ſolemnity and devotion. Sacrifices were conſtantly made on the occaſion, and when the victim was ſlain, care was taken to throw aſide the *gall*; a pretty emblematical piece of advice to the parties to avoid all future bickerings and animoſity, and promote mutual harmony and peace.

In modern marriages I do not remember to have heard of any other ſacrifices than thoſe which are uſually made to Bacchus and Venus on the wedding-night: certain I am that the moſt intereſting part of the antient ceremony is omitted, having obſerved a little tincture of the gall diffuſing itſelf over the human mind, even after matrimony, by which I am inclined to think

* Mr. Aſhley, proprietor of the punch-houſe on Ludgate-hill, London: for a motto to his advertiſements in the public papers, and over the door of his punch-ſhop, he has theſe words, PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Digitized by Google

this neceſſary precaution has been but too frequently neglected.

Scarce any of my readers who have ever voyaged up the Thames as far as Batterſea, but muſt have met with ſome of thoſe young ſkiff-adventurers, who having never learned to row, afford matter of much mirth and entertainment to the paſſers by: it is not undiverting to obſerve how awkwardly two of theſe gentlemen-watermen handle their oars, to mark the force which is alternately made uſe of to hurt and retard each other, the quarrels that ariſe, and the dangers they encounter before they perceive the neceſſity of pulling together, and purſuing their courſe by that equality of ſtrength and ſkill which ſhould be mutually exerted on the occaſion.

I have often thought this no bad emblem of *matrimony*, where we may frequently perceive man and wife ſhifting the labouring oar from hand to hand, dragging one another round with great vehemence to ſhew their ſeveral forces, rowing direct contrary ways, with twenty other ingenious methods of expoſing their want of ſkill; till experience at laſt teaches them, that all the art lies in *pulling together*, and that half the pains which they take only to make themſelves ridiculous, would, if rightly applied, be more than ſufficient to ſteer them ſafe into the harbour of peace and happineſs.

It hath been remarked that travellers in a ſtage-coach ſhew very little inclination to be ſociable for the firſt ten or twenty miles, and ſeldom begin to grow good company till towards the end of the journey; in like manner many of thoſe whimſical travellers whom Hymen drives in his nuptial carr, will look very ſour upon one another at firſt, but when time has jumbled them a little together, and reaſon told them that they may as well be good company as not, have agreed to jog on with chearfulneſs, and in ſpite of bad fare and dirty roads, be as happy as ſociety could make them.

I have known many an abſurd couple, who after ſcolding and ſcratching for twenty or thirty years, have

have at last parted the best friends in the world, and expired in each others arms with all the impassion'd fondness of a bride and bridegroom.

According to the received maxim of *better late than never*, this is certainly a prudent resolution: as life, however, is short, or, to carry on the allusion, rather more like the Turnham-green than the York stage,* I see no reason why any gentleman and lady who have taken places in the matrimonial *vis à vis*, should not set out with good-humour and complacency, and endeavour to preserve their sociable disposition with a desire of being mutually pleased and satisfied throughout the whole journey.

I shall conclude this paper with an elegant little copy of verses from an unknown correspondent, who assures me in a letter prefixed to them, that they were really written by him not long since, and sent to his mistress with a wedding ring, the day before his marriage; as the thought is pretty, and the expression poetical, I make no doubt but they will be acceptable to my readers.

VERSES to a LADY,
With a WEDDING RING.

O H thou! of power to dispense
All the pure joys of innocence,
Source of happiness or woe,
Instant to my Cælia go;
Haste with this fond impassion'd line,
Tell her I long to call her mine;
To be the master of her charms,
And press her in a husband's arms.
'Tis not the topaz' yellow blaze,
'Tis not the brilliant's sparkling rays
Whose borrow'd charms can dazzle me,
I only ask Felicity.
And more from thee I shall receive
Than India's mines have pow'r to give.

* Turnham-green, a small village distant from London about 3 miles; the city of York is 150 miles from London: a stage coach goes to each place.

Digitized by Google

Thy modeſt round no ſplendour ſhews,
But ſtill with mildeſt luſtre glows;
My all of pleaſure or of pain
Thy little circle muſt contain;
Or joy, or grief or peace or ſtrife,
The colour of my future life.
Alas! when we are held by thee
In vain we ſtruggle to get free.
O! that thy magic force could bind
In chains as faſt the wandring mind;
Then might'ſt thou ſtrive, nor ſtrive in vain
*Along the * ſympathetic vein*
Thy warmeſt influence to impart,
And ſteal into my charmer's heart;
There might'ſt thou kindle fond deſire,
There ev'ry tender thought inſpire;
Support the never-dying flame,
And keep my Cælia ſtill the ſame.

* The vein which is ſuppoſed to run from the fourth finger of the left hand directly to the heart.

No. 13. *Thurſday, March 31ſt,* 1757.

———*Mores hominum multorum vidit.* HOR.

To the CENTINEL.

BATH, March the 26th, 1757.

DEAR COUSIN,

YOU will pardon the familiarity of this addreſs from a perſon who hath not as yet the happineſs of being known, though nearly releated to you; you muſt know, Mr. CENTINEL, that I am the only ſon of your good friend and kinſman captain SENTRY, nephew to the never-to-be-forgotten ſir ROGER DE COVERLY,

Digitized by Google

COVERLY, and am now in poſſeſſion of COVERLY hall, and all the demeſnes thereunto belonging; which were formerly the property of that worthy KNIGHT of hoſpitable and facetious memory, in the good time of your ingenious predeceſſor, his cotemporary, the SPECTATOR.

As parents very ſeldom bring their children up to their own profeſſions, being thoroughly acquainted with all the inconveniencies belonging to them, and imagining, I ſuppoſe, that every other calling being exempt from thoſe particular objections, are free from all others likewiſe; my father had entertained an inſurmountable prejudice againſt my receiving a commiſſion, and therefore at the age of eighteen removed me from ſchool to the univerſity, and from thence ſent me with a Scotch tutor to ſtroll through all the courts of Europe. This gave me ſuch an early habit of roving from place to place, planted on a natural diſpoſition to view variety of objects, and inſpect into the different manners of countries, that I have been ever ſince a wanderer, reading as I go that myſterious moving volume called MAN. I have at preſent made an excurſion from our gay, political, and mercantile metropolis to the city from whence this letter bears date, at this time beginning to be the vernal reſort of the infamouſly neceſſitous, and the undeſerving wealthy; of ſome diſeaſed through intemperance, and others healthfully idle; of fools with large fortunes, and knaves with none at all; in ſhort, of men of all ranks and capacities, who are huddled together in the myſterious orgies of gaming; which, like the grave, levels all diſtinctions.

As I have a home myſelf, when I firſt came hither I imagined every body elſe had one alſo, and made not the leaſt doubt but that all, who *figured* ſplendidly here, would find ſomebody who knew them elſewhere; but, alas! how often have I made my enquiries in vain? there are many in this place, of both ſexes, whoſe names and faces alone are known, but in other reſpects are like the deſcription given by the pſalmiſt of the wind, for *we know not from whence they came, nor whither they go.* Theſe people, like ultimate cauſes, are always, when ſought after, left to the knowledge of the

Lord

Digitized by Google

Lord only; nay even the very account they conſtantly give of one another, when aſked, is that, *the Lord knows*; this, you'll ſay, is delivering them into very good hands, but ſhould a curious obſerver reflect on the manner of their ſpending the time the Lord has given them, he would naturally conclude whatever knowledge the LORD may have of *them*, that they have very little concern about *him*.

As my call hither is chiefly to read a page or two of that learned and unlearned volume I mentioned above, I have taken the liberty of ſending you a ſmall commentary and a few notes upon what I have already peruſed, and if you approve of theſe, ſhall from time to time, during my ſtay here, communicate my farther readings, obſervations, corrections, emendations, or by whatever other technical term of critical knowledge you ſhall pleaſe to diſtinguiſh my thoughts.

To enable me more thoroughly to execute this arduous taſk I was introduced on my arrival at Bath, by the right of conſanguinity, to an old maiden lady of our family, Mrs. DEBORAH WATCHUM, who has reſided here theſe laſt twenty years, and being herſelf unagitated by, and unagitating any paſſion in others, has had an opportunity all that time of making her obſervations, totally unobſerved herſelf, upon whatever paſſes on the parades, in the rooms, at the church, and the theatre. By her I am furniſhed with fertile hints, ſagacious remarks, entertaining anecdotes, and elucidating illuſtrations.

I need not obſerve to you, that in every city, town, or village, there is one man who monopolizes all the wit and humour of the place, and may, without impropriety, be called the lord of the manor of *good things*, for all waifs and ſtraifs there found, become his property. The *quondam* ÆSOPUS of the Engliſh ſtage,* who has retired hither from SHAKESPEAR and BEN JOHNSON, to JOHN DORY and red MULLART, is that lord of the manor here, and every witticiſm that is not immediately owned, is by this tenure appropriated to him.

As

* Mr. QUIN having abdicated the Theatre, is now finiſhing the evening of his days at Bath.

Digitized by Google

As this gentleman, who, beſides theſe acquiſitions, has a great ſhare of good ſenſe, wit, and humour of his own, is in converſation, what we call in painting, a *maneriſt*, it is very natural for the witty to give many a droll ſaying to him ſuitable to his character which would have ill become that of the perſon who ſaid it; by which means he becomes the inimitable FALSTAFF, whoſe character on the ſtage he has often ſo well repreſented, *not only very witty himſelf, but the cauſe of wit in other men.* Fictions of this kind, as they are both natural and entertaining, are not only pardonable but commendable, for to put that into his mouth which he is very capable of ſaying himſelf, though perhaps he really did not ſay it, is very fair, and I could heartily wiſh the joke would ſtop here, but as all things are liable to abuſe, many a dull thing, which he really is not capable of ſaying, is by imitating blockheads attributed to him likewiſe, and his mouth is made the ſame uſe of as the celebrated lion's head at BUTTON's coffe-houſe, from which ſir RICHARD STEELE, when he conducted the SPECTATOR, uſed to ſay he drew more wit and more nonſenſe, than he thought human nature could conceive.

The next moſt remarkable perſonage in this place, but, indeed, *longo proximus intervallo*, is the celebrated Mr. N———, who, by the ſuffrage of three or four ſucceeding generations, has been inveſted with an uncontroulable, unlimited, and abſolute command over the dreſs, time, and conduct of all thoſe of both ſexes, who compoſe the *beau monde*. He, alas! BELISARIUS like, is now grown old in the ſervice; nevertheleſs this NESTOR in ceremonies ſtill retains his authority, and entertains often, or more properly rebukes, the gay and the giddy, with emphatical recitals of the more ſober conduct of their fathers and mothers, their grandfathers and grandmothers, repeating *the wonderful things that were done in their days, and in the old times before them.* As this gentleman, by his office, may be regarded as a retainer of your ſuperior authority, which extends over the whole iſland in general, I not only pay him the reſpect due to his own extraordinary merit, but have an additional regard for him as one of the chief deputies

of

Digitized by Google

of the high CENTINEL of Great Britain. I cannot say that I have heard much of the *bons mots*, the smart *repartèes*, or facetious remarks of this gentleman, and though I have been told every day with an air of encomium that he is eighty-three, I never have yet met with any one of his warmest admirers who have retained so much as one of his sayings, or who ever invented one for him. I would not here be misunderstood to mean, that this conspicuous figure never opened his mouth, during threescore years superintendance over the salutary and prolific waters of this place, or stood mute like one of the time-striking images at St. Dunstan's, or the giants at Guild-hall, for I am credibly informed, at every day during that space of time, he has uttered articulate sounds for many hours; all I assert is (to speak with precision) that I never heard he ever *said* any thing: long life and not fancy is the apparent happiness of this sage, and, if report says true, many of the individuals, component parts of our unerring legislature, have considerable sums of money depending upon his breath, or, to use the true technical term of gaming, upon his *head;* I make not the least doubt, there is a wonderful treasure of knowledge heaped up in that inestimable repository, though he has been, like pecuniary misers, so niggardly in the use of it; to think otherwise would be obliquely casting a reflection on several members of the two most respectable bodies in Europe, who never would have hazarded such great sums in these perilous times, upon a head that was not replete with science, more especially to as this head is *pitted* against that of our immortal LAUREAT*; when I say immortal, I mean in regard to his fame, not his natural life; for was that to endure as long as his incomparable odes, it would only end with the dissolution of the globe itself.

As I have not been very long here, I have not yet collected materials for other characters, which must be the subject of future letters, I shall content myself therefore in this with the above two, the forementioned general account of the place, the different designs of the company,

* COLLEY CIBBER.

Digitized by Google

company, and, what I value above all, the opportunity of making myself known to one, who by his abilities does such uncommon honour to our family. To deserve then your esteem, after this self-introduction, that I may become useful to the CENTINEL general, I have for once put a force upon my inclinations, by entering, with seeming spirit, into the present important business of life here, the card-table; for, though I really think there are some concerns of greater importance to a human being than the most luminous conception of the full force of thirteen cards at the scientific amusement of *Whist*, yet in order by this compliance to make more accurate discoveries of characters in the agony of play, I have plunged into the thickest, and am become to all appearance one of the principal pillars of every *partie* at the three chief objects of the rational faculties, namely, *Whist*, *double Tour*, and *Cribbidge*; for, from the reason abovementioned of my intention to speculate upon these mysteries, I never confine myself to one game, or one set of company. I must ingenuously confess however, that my chief propensity would be to *cut in* among the ladies, but were I freed from this employment, I could not always afford to do that; for those fair enchanters have got such *winning* ways with them, as a celebrated wit here archly observed, that a man pays dearer for his favour than perhaps he would do for a much more considerable one.

Don't imagine from this, that I have neglected the ball-rooms, for I have put down my name at SYMPSON'S for this season (which for reasons that shall be nameless I have a little partiality to) and as the number not amounting to forty has not yet authorised the public ones to be opened, I have been the foremost always among the gay and amorous, in promoting a weekly subscription for private balls, and have constantly every Thursday night not only took up my *stand* there, but have footed it in a country dance, even to fatigue *caledonian* nymphs, and new married women.

These, sir, are my abilities, my present situation and employment; which, if they are capable of serving the public by being useful to your lucubrations, you may command

Digitized by Google

command them to the utmoſt, and may depend upon faithful intelligence of whatever worthy your notice paſſes from time to time during my reſidence here; for I ſhall conſider myſelf *ſtationed* in this place by the greateſt public authority, to watch carefully, and (as POPE ſays upon a ſimilar occaſion)

"*ſhoot folly as it flies,*
"*And catch the living manners as they riſe.*"

I am, dear couſin, with the ſincereſt reſpect,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,
and affectionate kinſman,

ROGER COVERLY SENTRY.

No. 14. *Thurſday, April 7th,* 1757.

Nullus in orbe ſinus Baiis *prælucet amœnis.* HOR.

To the CENTINEL.

BATH, April the 2d, 1757.

DEAR COUSIN,

SINCE I did myſelf the pleaſure of writing to you laſt, we have received at this place a very conſiderable reinforcement of real and imaginary invalids; of ſome old fellows who *think* they want young wives, and of young girls, who are very *certain* that they ſtand in need of huſbands; of gaping heirs who attend the tottering carcaſſes of the expiring wealthy, and of the rich childleſs who come to theſe ſalubrious ſtreams to procure themſelves future heirs; of thoſe who, in the equal diſtribution of providence, having abundance of the good things of this world, are not ſo plentifully provided

Digitized by Google

provided with ideas; and those who, not abounding with those substantial goods and chattels which fortune has already given her favourite sons of dulness, still court the smiles of that fickle goddess, and now and then by a little dexterity of hand, *correct* the mistakes of her dealing, at those mysteries which are here nightly performed to her honour.

There are a few others of both sexes, who do not come under any of these general descriptions, being either such as having neither passions nor peculiarity in character, are mechanically carried on in a dull unentertaining and unentertained uniformity of life, which might more properly be called animal vegetation; or such, as being blessed by Heaven with a superiority of understanding, regulate their own appetites by the severe and wholesome rules of reason, and preserve their properties from the snares of the necessitous crafty, and their characters from the ridicule of the maliciously witty. I am afraid this last number may easily be contained in one very little chamber, whilst that miscellaneous mob abovementioned crowd one another in SYMPSON's enormous *temple of chance* (one of the long rooms) which, like the grave, opens its capacious doors for all comers, and like the grave too, swallows its thousands every hour.

I make no doubt but you have done me the justice to observe how properly exact I have been, in my account of our additional recruits and the company in general, to associate those together, who, though so opposite in character, stand mutually in need of each other's assistance. Should a caviller object, that the gay and the gouty are by no means proper companions, I answer, that I never maintained they were, I only say that they stand in need of each other's assistance, for the practice of charity is to be preferred to compassionable pleasures: thus, though a new married old debauchée of forty, with chalkstones at the ends of his fingers and toes, may not be able to continue his dose of claret with the fashionable volatile, still vigorous rake of twenty one, who is a thriving candidate for the same infirmities, yet his unbreeding wife of eighteen, may have occasion for such assistance in her evening *parties*, to give an additional

Digitized by Google

force to the *deobſtructing* qualities of theſe efficacious waters. To continue the illuſtration with one inſtance more, though the old fellows I mentioned, who come in queſt of young wives, have no real occaſion for ſuch an addition to their outgoings, nor can the young girls have what they ſtand in need of ſupplied really by ſuch yoke-mates, yet will I appeal to both parties, whether or no in the end, their reſpective expectations are not fully anſwered by ſuch conjunctions? What an *eliſium* then, what a happy place muſt this be, where contradictions are reconciled, where repugnancies accord, and oppoſitions, which time or nature have inviduouſly made, are united to form the harmony of ſociety, and carry on the great end of creation!

I am much ſurpriſed that our legiſlature, conſidering what numberleſs benefits many, very many *members*, of both houſes have received from this place, has not granted ſome particular privileges and immunities to this city; for, if I am not miſinformed, ſeveral ancient families in thoſe reſpectable bodies would have been utterly extinct, nor would their names have been continued to poſterity in *living* characters, if their wives, their mothers, their grandmothers, and, for aught I know, their anceſtors mothers for many generations back, had not viſited Bath and imbibed the prolific ſtreams that perpetually flow to the aſſiſtance of our fair countrywomen, and no doubt will continue to do ſo when the actions of the preſent times ſhall be read with aſtoniſhment by our admiring ſucceſſors.

As I conſider Miſs RANDLE at the pump-room, Mr. MORGAN at the coffee-houſe, Mr. SYMPSON (or more properly his managing ſiſter Miſs SYMPSON) at one long room, Mr. WILTSHIRE at the other, and the *learned* Mr. LEAK the bookſeller himſelf, as retainers, by the nature of their employment here, to the office of the high CENTINEL of Great Britain, when I am at any of their reſpective quarters I place myſelf as near their perſons as I conveniently can, in order to receive information from theſe faithful nomenclators concerning the company preſent; for to read over the liſt of the nameleſs names of ſubſcribers at each place, without the

Digitized by Google

the explanatory notes of these intelligent instructors, would give one no real insight into the histories of many who never were heard of before they came hither, nor ever will be heard of again when they leave the place. I know several old maids have leer'd suspicion, and young wags wink'd archness, when they have observed the uncommon assiduity with which I have frequently edged up, as the croud passed away, to either of the two female centinels abovementioned, attributing the desire I had of squeezing in my little, round, plump, smiling personage to the ear of their fair damsels, to other motives, than what did truly instigate me.

I mention this circumstance, cousin CENTINEL, to shew you that I am more qualified (now the time of life is coming on when the passions listen to the voice of reason) to be a proper coadjutor to you in your great undertaking, than I might have been a few years ago when the mind itself was more desirous to gratify than controul them; for men never so forcibly make observations upon the failings of others as when they just *begin* to be free from them themselves; but to return from these reflections to my subject.

Considering the county of Somerset has been a land flowing with milk and honey, and the market at Bath look'd upon to be not only one of the best but one of the cheapest in England, it has been no small matter of wonder to me that the sleek Justice and the fat Alderman have not yet smell'd it out as a place of recreation for them, indeed some reverend rectors and double-chin'd prebendaries have annually found their way hither, and know by experience that this good old city *filleth the hungry with good things, though the rich it sendeth empty away.* I do not mean to insinuate that these ornaments of our church come hither on purpose to eat, for they consider meat in no other light than sustenance, and if the disorder in their stomach, which calls them for relief to these waters, happens to return periodically when Turbut and John Dory are in season, it might look like affectation and spirituul pride to refuse tasting these delicacies; therefore they industriously obviate the least appearance of giving offence by such misplaced abstinence.

Digitized by Google

Whatever good effects theſe waters may have upon the corporeal ſyſtem of man, I muſt fairly own I have not yet perceived they have an enlightening power over the intellectual, nor can they boaſt of being mixed with the ſmalleſt rill from the *Caſtalian* ſpring; for though every ſeaſon ſwarms with animals who *make* thoſe things called copies of verſes, I cannot recollect ever to have ſeen but one (entitled a hymn to miſs LAURENCE, &c.) which could convict the author of the crime of poetry; therefore I ſhould be inclinable to conjecture that *Styx* and *Lethe* guſh plentifully into theſe ſtreams in their ſubterraneous paſſages, and give them that fervency and fancy-quelling nature, for which they are ſo remarkable. I muſt own I wiſh, for the ſake of ſome retainers to the muſes here called players, that theſe waters had not ſuch a benumbing quality on the faculties of the mind; for I muſt inform you that though every other diſſipation is followed here, theatrical diverſions, ſavouring of rational amuſement, are much neglected, notwithſtanding *Mr.* BROWN, in compliance to the faſhionable folly of the age, has ſcenes painted in the *natural* Chineſe taſte, ſeveral well-winged flying dragons, paſteboard carrs, plentiful flakes of white paper ſnow, good ſtore of thunder and lightning, together with deſcending clouds, trap-doors, and all other requiſite decorations to furniſh out thoſe witty amuſements called harlequin entertainments, as if they had been written by thoſe two immortal pantomime poets in conjunction, JOHN RICH, eſq. patentee of *Covent-garden*, and Mr. HENRY WOODWARD, ſecretary for *Columbine* affairs to the managers of the theatre royal in *Drury-lane*. As to Mr. BROWN's own merit as a player I will not inſiſt upon it, *becauſe to be ſure* (to uſe the irreſiſtable arguments of ſome ladies and fine gentlemen) nobody can have any merit out of *London*, otherwiſe I really ſhould have ſuſpected this man muſt have had ſome nature about him, as the audience, the other night at a beſpoke play, committed violence upon their features, by laughing very heartily at BAYS, though moſt people there had ſeen it performed before by the juſtly celebrated and inimitable Roſcius of this kingdom. Though I will not compare Mr. BROWN's

Digitized by Google

BROWN's with Mr. GARRICK's performance in the Rehearſal, I will venture to aſſert that many other parts of the drama were better played here than in *London;* for if a natural repreſentation is the criterion of perfection in the imitative arts, the players, who performed the characters of ſuch, were (as a friend of mine wittily obſerved) ſo very like themſelves, that they convinced all preſent, how ſuperior nature is to the utmoſt efforts of art.

I make no doubt but the gentlemen, who *give* tea on a ſunday night, would take it ill ſhould I paſs over their munificence unnoticed, eſpecially as being *talk'd of* ſeems to me to be the only motive for dragging the *fine men* and *fine ladies*, already *fatigued* with their attendance at the abbey (for you muſt know religion is ſome how or other taken into the faſhionable ſyſtem of amuſement and ſubſcriptions of the place) from their evening's private *partie* at home, to loll inſipidly over ſtale bread and butter and cold tea for two hours together, where the inviter and invited are heartily tired all the time, laugh at one another ſecretly, and are ſick of their miſcellaneous company, and all this is done to comply with the all-governing ſtupidity of eſtabliſhed cuſtom, this you will eaſily believe, as great part of the *beau monde* at Bath is a colony from the great *metropolis*, and regulates its conduct accordingly; for *fine gentlemen* and *fine ladies* don't trouble their heads about what is right, or their hearts about what is their own inclination, but obedient to irreſiſtable faſhion, they always do what *everybody* does, and never do what *nobody* does. Now who this much-reſpected *everybody*, and who the much-neglected *nobody* is, I will deſcribe in another letter.

I think, couſin Centinel, I have now given you a general idea of the company and amuſements of the place, and have thrown out ſufficient hints (upon which I make no doubt, many of your readers will greatly improve) how very uſeful as well as ſalutary theſe waters are and may be made to the good people of theſe three kingdoms, who twice a year ſend their repreſentatives hither as regularly as their other *members* to St. Stephen's chapel at Weſtminſter. It is a received axiom in politics,

Digitized by Google

that in the number of the people consists the strength of the community; from such premises then it may easily be proved, nay, algebraically demonstrated, that this small city is more conducive to the wealth and power of Great Britain and Ireland (I mean to speak of the more refined part of our species) than any six towns in his Majesty's dominions, not excluding the aspiring ambition of Bristol wells, Scarborough, Tunbride and Cheltenham from the number. I don't place in competition those little imitating scenes of summer resort, Harrigate, Buxton and Matlock, at all which places I shall take up my *stand* this summer in their respective seasons. I propose staying here a fortnight longer, and then shall return to town, where I intend paying my compliments in person to one whom fortune has so deservedly plac'd at the head of our family. I am, dear cousin, with the sincerest regard,

Your most obedient servant,

and affectionate kinsman,

ROGER COVERLEY SENTRY.

No. 15. *Thursday, April 14th, 1757.*

Respondere paratus. OVID.

HAVING received two ingenious letters from my cousin SENTRY, of Coverley-hall in Worcestershire, now at Bath, with which I entertained my readers the last fortnight, I flatter myself they will not be displeased if I lay before them this week my answer to my worthy kinsman, which they shall have verbatim, without addition or mutilation, as follows.

To

To ROGER COVERLEY SENTRY, at Bath in Somersetshire.

LONDON, April 9th, 1757.

GOOD SIR,

I Hope the important concern I have upon my hands will sufficiently apologize for my not answering your first obliging and entertaining letter, before I received the second favour; but as you already seem sufficiently appriſed that the welfare of these great kingdoms, which depends so much upon my vigilance, is not to be neglected for mere matters of ceremony, my excuse, I dare say, is already pleaded in your breast before I have committed it to paper. After returning you the sincerest and warmest thanks for the assistance you have already afforded, and the flattering promises you have given of still continuing so valuable a friendship and correspondence, I must congratulate myself, my family, and my country, (for I have a lively sense of your abilities) that my very good friends sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, and captain SENTRY have left all their amiable qualities, as well as their fortunes, to one who will make so proper a use of both in the service of his country.

It is now, cousin, I very well remember it, thirty-two years ago, last Candlemas, since I was at Coverley-hall; you was then a little round jolly boy, which shape I find you still retain, just put into breeches; ah! could your worthy father have lived to have seen this day!—but he is gone after his worthy friend the Spectator, who, I have often heard my cousin Bridget say, was your godfather; and she used to attribute the roundness of your face, when a child, to the accidental circumstance of that sponsor's putting his remarkable short countenance over the font at the ceremony of the christening; which, poor man, I find he survived only six weeks: if there is really any power (as your maiden aunt always believed there was) of a godfather's conveying a mental similitude, as well as a corporeal one, to the favoured infant, by looking down

Digitized by Google

down upon the holy water, I and the world shall still have farther obligations to my deceased friend for transmitting his *lucubrating* spirit one generation lower to chastise the vicious, to laugh the giddy out of their follies, and forward and establish the good in their pursuit of happiness through the paths of virtue. I am afraid I shall become ridiculous to the spirit of infidelity that reigns at present in the world, by confessing that I begin to have some faith in this affair myself; nay, since I have begun to own the forwardness of my belief, I will farther fairly acknowledge that more than once I have imagined there was a secret virtue even in the SPECTATOR's reading glass, which your father, of ever respected memory, gave me, and in the tobacco box and silver-tip'd stopper of his venerable predecessor ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, esq; which latter was sent me as a present, when I first entered into my office as CENTINEL-general, from the public-spirited executors of that greatly revered antiquarian THOMAS HEARNE of Oxford. I have particularly observed that every paper I have written, when I used those inestimable moveables, breathes a superior spirit to the rest.

Those low-minded people, who are contented with nothing but what is accounted for by reason, may turn such thoughts into derision; but let me tell the scoffers, there is more in these things, than is *dreamt of in their philosophy*, as HAMLET says.

The assistance you have already afforded, has not only laid an obligation upon me, hut has, I find, given great pleasure to the generality of your readers, many of whom, dissipated as the times are, have a very respectful remembrance of the good old Worcestershire baronet, your great uncle; nay, some of them had a personal acquaintance both with him and my ever honoured friend your father captain SENTRY. But, as infidelity is a principal characteristic of the present age, there are numbers in this metropolis, and, I make no doubt, many even where you now are, who make a doubt whether there ever were such people; and *still* farther, if my information be true, several gentlemen, who have been from the beginning of the season at Bath,

Digitized by Google

Bath, have wrote word to their enquiring correſpondents in London, that there neither is now, nor has been any ſuch perſon as Mr. SENTRY there this year, and the whole of the two letters ſo ſubſcribed is a groſs impoſition both upon me and the public: what will this world come to! in a day or two more, I ſuppoſe the non-entity even of my perſon willl be maintained, and ſome ſagacious coffee-houſe orator will confidently advance, and perhaps be believed, for we have thoſe who have faith for the groſſeſt abſurdities, that the very exiſtence of the CENTINEL-general of Great-Britain is purely imaginary; but I give my country this fair warning, that if this heretical ſect gains ground, I will deſert my important poſt for ever, and leave them to the care of theſe envious malignants; which if I do, the world may cry out with the poet,

Quis cuſtodiat ipſos
Cuſtodes?

the deſertion of my poſt will perhaps give them as much delight as it will give the reſt of mankind ſorrow; however I ſhall not be compelled to that extremity till I find the ſymptoms of an approaching univerſal credulity about my exiſtence ſtrong upon the people, and my authority treated with a conſequential contempt; my ſpies tell me (and they are very faithful creatures, who are too wiſe to be impoſed upon themſelves, and too honeſt to impoſe upon me) that they find no body inclinable to believe I don't exiſt, but ſuch as have reaſon to wiſh I really did not.

I have often heard, I muſt own, of men endeavouring to talk others out of their ſenſes, but this is the firſt attempt I ever met with of a ſet of people combined to talk one of his Majeſty's ſubjects out of his perſon. At this rate no body will be ſafe, let him be ever ſo tall or corpulent; for theſe gain-ſayers can as eaſily annihilate the Italian giant as the diminutive figure of little Loggan. This is a felony of a new ſpecies which the legiſlature has not provided againſt; but I make not the leaſt doubt of both houſes of p———t taking this affair ſeriouſly into conſideration now the offence is become

Digitized by Google

become so atrocious as to molest me, who may properly be considered as a supplement to their authority, if as our great dramatic poet observes,

——————" *Good name in man or woman*
" *Is the immediate jewel of their souls.*"

Surely, cousin, it behoves every conscientious man to be very cautious how he endeavours to talk away the body and soul of his neighbour at once, without which he can have no name at all. But perhaps our opponents have not thought deep enough to understand this inference, otherwise I have candour and charity enough to persuade myself they never would have gone such prodigious lengths. I must ingenuously confess, that two sparks at the Bedford coffee-house, the other day, whose conversation I accidentally overheard, had irritated me so far, that if I could have brought my action against them in *foro sensus communis* I certainly should have sued them; but as the practice of that court now a days is entirely laid aside, and the common law of England running diametrically opposite to those institutions, I passed over the injury done me, paid my sixpence at the bar, and walked home ruminating and growling at the licentiousness of the present age. I believe I should have had resentment enough for the sake of mankind, and not out of a principle of revenge, to have moved a certain court of judicature upon this occasion; but proper reflections upon a law-suit I had some years ago, which I will relate as *a case in point* (according to the language of the gentlemen of the long robe) deterred me from prosecuting my litigation any farther. You must know then that in a dispute two attornies raised betwixt me and a very good friend and neighbour some time ago in the country, about a right of common, it was necessary, my lawyer told me, that I should prove the deaths of my grandfather and of my father, and likewise my own birth. With these instructions and many others how to proceed he left me to the care of my own understanding and my attorney. When the day of assize came I attended with four or five creditable witnesses who were by at the deaths of my grandfather and

Digitized by Google

and my father, but brought nobody to prove the latter part of my inſtructions, namely my birth, imagining my own actual preſence in court would have ſufficiently proved that event. Judge then, couſin, how great was my ſurpriſe and diſappointment, when I heard the council for the defendant learnedly diſtinguiſh, and inſiſt upon it, that though my preſence there might be a proof of my *exiſtence*, it was none of my *birth*. Upon this very point therefore did the whole cauſe turn, and a deciſion was made againſt me. The caſe is to be found in the law books, particularly HARDHEAD'S *reports*, under the title of CENTINEL *verſus* BULLRUSH, where it ſtands recorded that a man, who bore his Majeſty's commiſſion for the peace many years, and had ſerved ſeveral ſeſſions in parliament, was never *born*. Now if theſe defamatory, or properly annihilatory gentlemen, or their attornies, in caſe I had brought my action, had ever heard of this caſe, would they not have had immediate recourſe to it and proved my non-exiſtence in the following manner? Every man alive was born; it has been proved the CENTINEL never was born; therefore he does not exiſt. This certainly would have been the concluſion, for though the law contradicts all other reaſoning, it never contradicts itſelf; and a determination having been already made that I never was born, what chance ſhould I have ſtood of receiving damages? but though this was *my* unfortunate ſituation, I would by no means adviſe *you* to acquieſce under ſuch an inſult, becauſe perhaps you may be able, by the aſſiſtance of council learned in the law, to prove that you was born ſome time or other, which are very good premiſes to build your proof of perſonal exiſtence upon.

Notwithſtanding this unheard of way of my coming into, and making a figure in the world without ever being *born*, I hope, dear couſin, you will ſtill continue your friendſhip and aſſiſtance to me, and, in return, born or unborn, whilſt I *exiſt* I ſhall ever remain,

Your moſt oblig'd friend,
and affectionate kinſman,
CENTINEL.

No. 16.

Digitized by Google

No. 16. *Thurſday, April 21ſt,* 1757.

Barbarus heu Cineres inſiſtet Victor, et urbem
Eques ſonante verberabit ungula:
Quæque carent ventis et ſolibus oſſa Britanni,
(Nefas videre) diſſipabit inſolens. HOR.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

AS you have undertaken the office of guardian to the public, I beg leave to appeal to your judgement and authority, in an affair which deeply concerns the community, of which I am a member.

I am a citizen of London; who ſome years ago, retired from a life of toil and anxiety, to a ſmall houſe in the neighbourhood of the capital, where I propoſed to ſpend the remainder of my days in peace and tranquility, and employ my time in ſuch acts of humanity, as might be ſerviceable to my fellow creatures. I thought I had left all the envy, animoſity, diſappointment and miſery of life in the buſy ſcenes of London; and that I had fixed my reſidence amidſt the quiet manſions of rural happineſs, where ſtrife and indigence were altogether unknown. This hope was of ſhort duration; I found more faction in the veſtry of a country pariſh, than in the common council of London; more envy and ſlander at the viſiting of the curate's wife, than ever I heard at the rout of my lady mayoreſs; and more beggary among my neighbours, than is to be ſeen in St. Giles's, Clerkenwell, Hockley-in-the-Hole,* or any bye place in the ſuburbs of the metropolis. We have had ſufficient exerciſe for our charity in the

* Places in London, the buildings wherein are of a ſimilar ſtructure with thoſe in Pig-Alley, New-ſtreet, &c. and the manners and cuſtoms of the inhabitants, literally correſpondent.

Digitized by Google

the courſe of a long, ſevere winter, which in many reſpects has been unuſually unfavourable for the poor. We may obſerve for the honour of England, that common beggars fare beſt in times of calamity, which open the hearts of the affluent to an uncommon exertion of benevolence. But, there is one ſpecies of indigents, which, more than any other, excites the compaſſion and ſympathy of the beneficent and humane; I mean, thoſe, who from opulent circumſtances, have declined into the vale of misfortune, and though the the leaſt able to bear the attacks of miſery, endeavour, from a pride which is perhaps more decent than laudable, to conceal their diſtreſs from the world. They know that poverty neceſſarily expoſes them to contempt, which to a mind of ſenſibility is more intolerable than all the other *ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune;* want they in ſecret endure, as a perſonal inconvenience, but they avoid contempt as a public diſgrace. I was lately witneſs to a ſcene which I proteſt to you, Mr. CENTINEL, has made an impreſſion upon me, that I believe will never be effaced. The widow of a timber-merchant, who had lived in affluence, finding herſelf, by the premature death of her huſband, reduced to a very forlorn ſituation, took refuge in a ſmall, though neat cottage, built upon the edge of a common, and ſupplied with a little flower-garden, which was nicely cultivated in the days of her proſperity. To this cottage of pleaſure ſhe uſed to make frequent excurſions in the ſummer; and here ſhe paſſed many an afternoon in rural, and not inelegant ſimplicity. At her huſband's death ſhe retired to it, as the only habitation ſhe could call her own; the companion of her diſtreſs, was a daughter the widow of a ſea lieutenant with her child a girl about eight years of age, and this daughter's penſion of thirty pounds conſtituted their whole revenue. For ſome years they lived with an appearance of decency, though totally ſequeſtered from all communication, till the daughter died, and all the reſources of her mother were cut off. She, nevertheleſs, appeared at church with her grandchild in mourning, and the girl having now attained her thirteenth year, afforded the promiſe of a very

Digitized by Google

agreeable perſon; a humane lady, who lives in the neighbourhood, ſuſpecting the low circumſtances of the grandmother, called at the cottage, and offered to educate the child in her own family: the old gentlewoman thanked her with an air of ſullen pride, and bleſſed God that none of her family had ever been in the condition of ſervants; ſhe rejected all advances that were made to her by her charitable neighbours; ſhe was obſerved to pawn her houſehold furniture, and her wearing apparel piecemeal: ſhe no longer came to church, and her grandaughter gradually put on the appearance of want and miſery. During this laſt hard winter, no baker was ever ſeen at her door, no firing was carried into her lonely hut, and ſcarce any ſmoke iſſued from her chimney. The overſeers of the poor were deſired to viſit and aſſiſt her; ſhe met them on the threſhold in wretched attire, declined their aſſiſtance, and told them they were ſet upon by her enemies to affront her. At length the boards that formed a little fence to her yard, were torn down for fuel; the grandaughter became more meagre and more naked, and her piteous moanings were often overheard by paſſengers. I took it for granted that this hapleſs pair was reduced to extremity of diſtreſs, and reſolved to relieve them even in their own deſpite. I went to the cottage, accompanied by two honeſt tradeſmen of my acquaintance, I knocked at the door, and after ſome delay, was admitted by ſuch a melancholy ſpectre of miſery as I could not behold without ſhedding tears. It was the wretched damſel, wrapped in an old, tattered blanket, exhibiting in her countenance the marks of famine, grief, horror and deſpair: when I entered the place, nothing was to be ſeen but bare walls, except in one corner where the grandmother lay expiring upon ſtraw; ſhe had been in conſequence of cold and hunger, ſuddenly ſeized that very day, with the dead palſey, which deprived her of her ſpeech; and the poor, forlorn maiden, would not leave her in that condition, leſt ſhe ſhould die in her abſence. Believe me, Mr. CENTINEL, language is not able to convey an idea of what I felt upon this occaſion.. You may be ſure they were not left in ſuch extremity of indigence.

The

Digitized by Google

The old woman died next day, notwithſtanding all our aſſiſtance; my wife has taken the granddaughter into her care and protection. The cheeks and upper bar of their grate, were the laſt things they ſold to purchaſe a loaf; for a whole week they had not taſted bread; but ſubſiſted upon old turnips which had been turned up by the plow, in a neighbouring field.

The diſtreſs of this woman, you will ſay, was owing to her own pride and obſtinacy; but, there are many other families of worthy people who have lived in plenty and credit, now ſtarving from the ſame principles, upon a narrow income which was formerly ſufficient to procure the indiſpenſible neceſſaries of life. The cry of dearth begins to be heard throughout the land. Bread is riſen to more than double its uſual price; the rates of butchers meat and all ſorts of proviſion, are increaſed in the ſame proportion; inſomuch that the common people who uſed to live comfortably by their labour can hardly procure the moſt homely fare for themſelves and their families; nor is there any proſpect of ſpeedy relief for alleviation: on the contrary, we are threatened with an immediate aggravation of the calamity, and indeed with every ſcourge that heaven can inflict upon a land devoted to deſtruction. If this dearth is owing to a real ſcarcity of grain, why does not the legiſlature take meaſures for the importation of a ſufficient ſupply? This is a conſideration of more importance to the public, than all our foreign connections: a conſideration not unworthy the attention of the greateſt lawgivers of antiquity. If the dearth proceeds from the avarice and ſelfiſh views of a few monopolizers, why are not laws enacted for laying open their hoards and granaries, and for puniſhing the miſcreants themſelves as the worſt traitors to their country? What! will the repreſentative of the nation ſit inactive and indifferent, and behold the progreſs of our diſtreſs, from dearth to famine, from famine to peſtilence, from peſtilence to rebellion, anarchy and total ruin? While the internal plagues of dearth, diſcord and diſſatisfaction menace their country with miſery and deſolation, will they plan ruinous wars, and external alliances, for the maintenance of which,

Digitized by Google

the remaining blood and substance of the nation must be lavished? How long will Britain, like an ass, crouch under the redoubled loads of oppression, without even the consolation of a few gingling bells to chear her as she trudges along. Time was when she bore her burthen with pleasure, because adorned with the trappings of victory; when she saw kings her tributaries and princes in her chains, and heard the fame of her valour and greatness resounded from pole to pole. But what consolation have we at present, when our burthens are become much more heavy, and our backs more feeble? Our victories are changed into overthrows; our glory is faded into disgrace: we are impoverished, vanquished, ridiculed and despised: every mail acquaints us with some new triumph of the enemy: every wind wafts an account of some fresh addition to our loss. If we consider the different circumstances of our situation, we shall find them equally despicable and desperate. Beaten, beggar'd, irresolute, factious and corrupt, without counsel, conduct, courage, integrity or direction; enslaved and insulted by a m——y without virtue, ability or influence; saddled with a debt of eighty millions, the interest of which we can hardly defray; involved in a calamitous war which we cannot maintain; destitute of allies; oppressed with taxes almost insupportable: afflicted with dearth and inflamed with discord. Good heaven! to what a depth of misery is this once happy nation devoted! Though we are entirely abandoned by the spirit of our forefathers; though sunk into the most abject state of sloth, indolence and cowardice; though we are become such obsequious slaves as to kiss the hand of oppression; though overawed by foreign mercenaries* and native dragoons, that seem to contract their circle and close us in on every side; we are still left at liberty to complain; we still enjoy that last consolation of the wretched; let us besiege the throne with our supplications: let us invoke the k—— as our common father; that we may be treated as children, not as aliens; that we may be shorn, not flead; that we may be ruled with whips

* The Hanoverians and Hessians, imported upon the alarm of an invasion by France, were in England at the publication of this paper.

Digitized by Google

whips rather than with ſcorpions; and that we may be led by conſcientious guides, not driven by deſperate hirelings. If our prayers are excluded from the royal ear; if we are denied the benefit of his paternal virtue, let us put on ſackcloth and aſhes, and proſtitute ourſelves before the throne of a yet more powerful ſovereign: let us deprecate that wrath which our enormous crimes have kindled; and implore that mercy which our penitence may deſerve. Our woes are almoſt paſt human remedy, and therefore we require the interpoſition of an almighty protector.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

BROTOPHILUS.

No. 17. *Thurſday, April 28th,* 1757.

Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricæ.

NOTHING has been ſo often explained and yet ſo little underſtood as ſimplicity in writing; and the reaſon of its remaining ſo much a myſtery, is our own want of ſimplicity in manners. By our preſent mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the byaſs of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to diſguiſe, diſtort and alter our ſentiments until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquiſh and forget, but alſo become incapable of our original diſpoſitions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation; our perception is abuſed, and even our ſenſes are perverted; our minds loſe their nature, force and flavour; the imagination ſweated, by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and ſickly bloom; the genius, inſtead of growing

Digitized by Google

like a vigorous tree that extends its branches on every side, buds, bloſſoms and bears delicious fruit, reſembles a lopped and ſtinted yew, tortured into ſome wretched form, projecting no ſhade or ſhelter, diſplaying no flower, diffuſing no fragrance, producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amuſement of the idle ſpectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we reliſh her genuine productions? As well might a man diſtinguiſh objects through the medium of a priſm, that preſents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green ſickneſs, prefer a biſcuit to a cinder.

It has often been alledged that the paſſions can never be wholly depoſited, and that by appealing to theſe, a good writer will always be able to force himſelf into the hearts of his readers; but, even the ſtrongeſt paſſions are weakened, nay ſometimes totally extinguiſhed and deſtroyed by mutual oppoſition, diſſipation and acquired inſenſibility. How often at our theatres, has the tear of ſympathy and the burſt of laughter been repreſſed by a malignant ſpecies of pride, refuſing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing ſociety with the audience? I have ſeen a young creature poſſeſſed of the moſt delicate complexion, and exhibiting every feature that indicates ſenſibility, ſit without the leaſt emotion, and behold the moſt tender and pathetic ſcenes of Otway, repreſented with all the energy of action; ſo happy had ſhe been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature, ſhe had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more aukward, than to betray a ſenſe of ſhame or ſympathy; ſhe ſeemed to think that a conſent of paſſion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that ſhe herſelf ought to be the only object of approbation. But, ſhe did not conſider that ſuch approbation is ſeldom acquired by diſdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart; for my own ſhare, I never fail to take a ſurvey of the female part of the audience, at every intereſting incident of the drama; when I perceive the tear ſtealing down a lady's cheek, and the ſudden ſigh eſcape from her breaſt, I am attracted towards her by an irreſiſtible emotion of tenderneſs

tenderneſs and eſteem; her eyes ſhine with enchanting luſtre, through the pearly moiſture that ſurrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her ſnowy boſom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her diſcernment. On the contrary, when I ſee a fine woman's face unaltered by the diſtreſs of the ſcene, with which I myſelf am affected, I reſent her indifference as an inſult on my own underſtanding; I ſuppoſe her heart to be ſavage, her diſpoſition inſocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput, ſed cerebrum non habet.*

Yet this inſenſibility is not, perhaps, owing to any original defect. Nature may have ſtretched the ſtring, though it has long ceaſed to vibrate. It may have been diſplayed and diſtructed by the firſt violence offered to the native machine: it may have loſt its tone through long diſuſe; or be ſo twiſted and overſtrained as to produce an effect very different from that for which it was primarily intended. If ſo little regard is paid to nature when ſhe knocks ſo powerfully at the breaſt, ſhe muſt be altogether neglected and deſpiſed in her calmer mood of ſerene tranquility, when nothing appears to recommend her but ſimplicity, propriety and innocence; a clear, blue ſky, ſpangled with ſtars, will prove a homely and inſipid object to eyes accuſtomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding and glitter; they will be turned with loathing and diſguſt from the green mantle of the ſpring, ſo gorgeouſly adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and bloſſoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligée, ſtriped and interſected with abrupt, unfriendly tints that fetter the maſſes of light, and diſtract the viſion; and cut and pinked into the moſt fantaſtic forms, and flounc'd and furbelow'd, patch'd and fring'd with all the littleneſs of art, unknown to elegance. Thoſe ears that are offended by the ſweetly wild notes of the thruſh, the blackbird and the nightingale; the diſtant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the ſoft ſighings of reeds and oſiers, the magic murmur of lapſing ſtreams; will be regaled and raviſhed by the extravagant and alarming notes of a ſqueaking fiddle, extracted

Digitized by Google

tracted by a muſician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers: they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and makarel.

The ſenſe of ſmelling that delights in the ſcent of excrementitious animal juices, ſuch as muſk, civet and urinous ſalts, will loath the fragrance of new-mown hay, the hawthorn bloom, the ſweet briar, the honey-ſuckle and the roſe; and the organs that are gratified with the taſte of ſickly veal which has been bled into the palſey, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropſical pig, the abortions of pigeons and of poultry, 'ſparagus gorged with the crude unwholeſome juice of dung, peaſe without ſubſtance, peaches without taſte, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly naufeate the native, genuine and ſalutary taſte of Welch beef, Banſtead mutton, Hampſhire pork and barn door fowls; whoſe juices are concocted by a natural digeſtion, and whoſe fleſh is conſolidated by free air and exerciſe.

In ſuch a total perverſion of the ſenſes, the ideas muſt be miſrepreſented, the powers of the imagination diſordered, and the judgment of conſequence unſound. The diſeaſe is attended with a falſe appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not ſatisfy. It muſt have ſauces compounded of the moſt heterogenous traſh. The ſoul ſeems to ſink into a kind of ſleepy ideotiſm, or childiſh vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles which can only be pleaſing to the moſt ſuperficial curioſity. It is enlivened by a quick ſucceſſion of trivial objects that gliſten and glance and dance before the eye, and like an infant kept awake and inſpirited by the ſound of a rattle. It muſt not only be dazzled and arouſed, but alſo cheated, hurried and perplexed by the artifice of deception, buſineſs, intricacy and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle, and may be termed the legerdemain of genius. This being the caſe it cannot enjoy, nor indeed diſtinguiſh the charms of natural and of moral beauty or decorum. The ingenious bluſh of native innocence, the plain language of antient faith and ſincerity, the chearful reſignation to the will of heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary reſpect payed

to

to ſuperior dignity or ſtation, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay, the very crimſon glow of health and ſwelling lines of beauty, are deſpiſed, deteſted, ſcorned and ridiculed as ignorance, rudeneſs, ruſticity and ſuperſtition.

The greateſt part of laſt month I paſſed in the country, to mark the firſt ſymptoms and gradual progreſs of the ſpring: a great number of ſheep were turned out with their lambkins on a neighbouring common, and many periſhed through the enſuing ſeverity of the weather. Though I was rendered unhappy by the diſtreſs of thoſe poor animals, I could not help being pleaſed and affected with the humanity of the farmer at whoſe houſe I lodged: he and his family tended, fed and folded them, with patriochal care; and lamented the fate of every individual that chanced to die, not from the ſordid conſiderations of lucre, but from motives of real compaſſion. One bitter day, when winter ſeemed to have returned with all his terrors, my landlord's youngeſt boy came running to his father with looks of eagerneſs and diſmay, and told him that one of Nanny's lambs was dying in the ſnow. His ſiſter Nanny, a blooming girl of ſixteen, who ſtood rinſing her milking-pails in the yard, inſtantly quitted her work, and haſting to the common, ſoon returned with the little fainting animal in her boſom, and the tears trickling down her cheeks. I had never ſeen ſuch an expreſſion of beauty, tenderneſs and ſweet ſimplicity; and wiſhed for the pencil of a Raphael or Guido to perpetuate the idea. She carried her patient to the fire, where it was dried, warmed, chafed and refreſhed with milk conveyed through a quill: the creature revived and recovered, and nows follows Nanny as its dam and proteſtreſs. I could not help comparing this picture with what I have often obſerved in St. James's park: a ſallow, meagre, haggard nymph of London, fluttering "in her robe's diſcordant pride," attended by a gigantic footman in livery, carrying under his arm a huge, ſhaggy, ſnarling, *prick-eared cur*, as the favourite of his lady's fancy and affection.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the tranſcript of a real letter which lately fell into my hands, and is no bad

ſpecimen

Digitized by Google

ſpecimen of rural truth and ſimplicity. It is directed " to the reverend Mr. Hurden in Clare market, cheeſe-" monger and butterman, London;" and indeed, I at firſt imagined that in theſe hard times, ſome poor clergy-man might have had recourſe to ſuch a profeſſion for a livelihood; but upon recollection, I conclude that the epithet of *reverend* was applied to Mr. Hurden as a mark of reſpect only. Though the letter is addreſſed to Mr. Hurden, it appaers to be written to his ſ[illegible]ice, in theſe words.

" Dear Child

" THIS with my kind love to you hoping you are " in good health as it hath left us and your lov-" ing father and mother received your preſant and return " you many thanks for it and the times are ſo hard " that we your loving father and mother would have " made you ſome ſmall preſant but cannot yet and I " your loving mother have been in a poor way are ſince " that heavy news came of your brothers death there-" fore my good child be dutiful and ſubmit yourſelf " unto your maſter Mr. Hurden avoid ill company and " take care of beeing deluded and I your loving mother " ſhould be glad to ſee you but I am afraid I ſhall not " live to ſee you ſo no more at this time from your " ever loving father and mother Benjamin and Elizabeth " Swain

" And wheat and barley is ſo dear with us that poor " folks with families can ſcarce get food to keep them " alive"

Here is no embroidery or oſtentation, but ſimple truth decently expreſſed, without any ſuperfluous ornament, except a redundancy of the copulative particle *and*, which the good folks thought neceſſary to make their epiſtle hang together. Though we cannot point out *the ſublime* in any part of it, we muſt own it abounds with good ſenſe, contains ſome moving touches, and the poſtſcript is an affecting inſtance of *the pathetic*.

Digitized by Google

No. 18. *Thurſday, May 5th,* 1757.

Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona. JUV.

THAT univerſal diſcontent and diſquietude which runs through every rank and degree of life hath been deſervedly condemned by the philoſophers of all ages, as one of the bittereſt reproaches of human nature, as well as the higheſt affront to the divine author of it: if indeed we look through the whole creation, and remark the progreſſive ſcale of beings as they riſe into perfection, we ſhall perceive to our own ſhame and confuſion, that every one ſeems ſatisfied with that ſhare of life and happineſs which its maker hath appointed for it, Man alone excepted, who is pleaſed with nothing that his bounty imparts, unleſs bleſſed with every thing that his power can beſtow, perpetually repining at the decrees of providence, and refuſing to enjoy what he *has*, from a ridiculous and never-ceaſing deſire of what he *has not*.

That object which is at a diſtance from us is always the moſt inviting, and that poſſeſſion the moſt valuable which we cannot acquire. With the ideas of affluence and grandeur we are apt to aſſociate thoſe of joy and pleaſure, and becauſe riches and power *may* conduce to our happineſs, we haſtily conclude, that they *muſt* do ſo; that pomp, ſplendor and magnificence which attend the Great is viſible to every eye, whilſt the ſorrows which they feel, and the dangers they are obnoxious to, eſcape our obſervation.

Hence it ariſes, that almoſt every condition and circumſtance of life is conſidered as preferable to our own; that we ſo often fall in love with ruin, and beg to be unhappy;

Digitized by Google

unhappy; we weep in short when we ought to rejoice, and complain when we ought to be thankful.

The sun, *says an Eastern sage*, was sinking behind the western hills, and with departing rays gilded the spires and turrets of Golconda, when the captive Selima from the window of the son of Nouradin's seraglio, casting a mournful look at the country which she saw at a distance beyond the boundary of her confinement, fixed her eyes on some cottages which she could distinguish by the thin smoke ascending from them, and seemed to envy the humble condition of the lowly inhabitants; she longed to exchange her own situation for that of innocent poverty and chearful tranquility: little by little the envied prospect faded on her sight, and she listened with horror to the crashing of iron bars, and the closing that surrounded her; till at length all was hush'd, all became quiet as the hours of night, and stillness advanced; she then burst forth into the following soliloquy:

And was I formed a reasonable being (she cried) for this? to be excluded for ever from society, and doomed to add one more to the slaves of the monarch of the East; have I deserved this at the hand of providence, or exacted this unequal lot from the genius of distribution? Did I ever turn mine ears from the cries of the needy, or shut the open hand of mercy from the poor? Why then am I punished in this manner, why for ever denied the blessings of mutual love, and fated to weep in vain to the walls of a prison-house? While I was a child, the angel of death closed the eyes of my parents, when as yet I knew not their loss; and a few moons ago the same minister of terror bore from my arms a sister whom I loved, to the land of silence and shadows; the rest of those that were dear to me groan under the bonds of servitude in the mines of Agar, or traverse the great waters in the ships of India; some happier few who have found grace in the eyes of the sultan live only to shew me the difference between what I was and what I am; yet the remembrance of those I lost, I bore with resignation; I wept indeed and retired, but as yet repined not; but to know no

end

Digitized by Google

end of misery, to be kept as a witness to the luxury of those who were once our equals, is surely the worst that can be inflicted: I have said to the slaves, why will not my lord the sultan dismiss the maid whom he thinks unworthy his embraces, and whose presence will rather cast a cloud over his pomp than encrease it? but they treat my tears and my remonstrances with scorn, nor are their hearts melted in them with pity: night and silence are over all the seraglio, even the horrid guards to whose care we are resigned are fast locked up in sleep; when, O! when shall I enjoy that sweet oblivion? Discontent and perpetual uneasiness of mind, banish from my eyes all propensity to rest, the night only affords me an opportunity to vent my complaints, and my greatest happiness is this hour of universal repose, when I can undisturbed and unmolested give utterance to the sorrows of my heart.

As she was speaking these last words, the shades of darkness were suspended on a sudden, and a light diffused itself around her like the flash of mid-day: she looked up and beheld, when Azazel the angel of reproof became visible to her sight; she bowed her head in the dust and humbled herself before him. Selima (he cried) arise, thou misguided child of affliction: I am that genius who was with thee when thou wast as yet a child, and in my book were thy future fortunes written; I was with the angel whose ministry it was to seal the eyes of thy parents, and who laid his hands on thy sister; under my influence wert thou brought as a captive unto Amurath from the banks of Oxus, and immured in the walls of his seraglio; thou hast complained of thy fate, thou hast said that the eye of thy genius frowned on thy birth, and that misfortune has marked thee for her daughter: but I am come to clear thy doubts, and to direct thee where thou may'st find the mansions of rest; let my words sink deep in thee, and grave them in living characters on thy heart. I will take away the mist from before thine eyes, for thou knowest not what thou hast said: thou hast lamented the fate of thy sister who is happier by far than thou art, and who has her station assigned her in the

Digitized by Google

realms of bliss. The situation of thy companions who have appeared pleasing to the sultan has been the object of thine envy, but alas! thine is a paradise to theirs; thou hast repined at that solitude which, hadst thou made right use of, it would have taught thee to know thyself, and hast grieved that thou wert not born to that beauty which thousands never possess, and which would have been to thee as a punishment instead of a blessing. I will now shew thee what but for my interposition would have been thy own destiny, had this thy last, thy presumptuous wish been crowned with success; hadst thou been bidden in thy turn to deck with oriental pomp the bed for Amurath, and repose on the silken pavilions in the inner chambers of the palace: turn thyself to the east and view there what I shall explain to thee.

She turned and beheld a woman seated on a throne, surrounded with every circumstance of Eastern magnificence; she was fair as one of the Houries, and sparkling in the gold of Indostan and the diamonds of Surat; in her presence every mouth was dumb, every knee bended with fear, and every eye fixed on the ground; yet she seemed to receive the adorations of the crowd with coldness, nor was her heart glad at the approach of her lord; she seemed alone as to herself, though amidst wondring thousands and ten thousands at her feet. ——View her yet again (he said) Selima, as the crowd retiring leaves her in her closet, and what happiness does she seem possessed of that thou wishest to be thine! Does not that gloom that hangs on her brow owe its being to fear? Is she not conscious that treachery or chance can in a moment bring her licentious happiness to an end? And guilt, that viper in her bosom, destroys all relish for pleasures, and points out to her the vanity of all joys which have not virtue for their foundation.——But see, the guards rush in at this moment to seize her and accuse her of having conspired the death of her lord.——Mark how the splendid apartments and alcove of pleasure disappear, and in their stead the joyless gloom and grated windows of a prison.

——Now

Digitized by Google

——Now she is hurried in, they throw the black robe of death upon her; in vain does she now think of command, in vain wave that hand which a few hours hours before would have stilled the raging of the people, and humbled the rulers of the world; she now begs to be heard, and has recourse, as her last aids, to entreaty, tears and prostration, but in vain: she is dragged down on the rocky pavement by the hands of slaves who offer her the dismal alternatives of the poisoned cup, or the sabre——She drinks, and see she sinks yet and yet paler to the earth——See the last convulsive struggle—the dying gasp, and the sigh that rends the heart in the last agony: ——scarce is there a pause,—they strip the yet warm body denied to be joined in burial with the queens of the land, and expose it for a prey to the eagle and vulture.

Such, short-sighted maid, would have been thy lateſt hour; and thy end would have resembled hers: bear then thy present fate without repining, nor dash the cordial which hope presents thee with to the ground, but wait with patience for a happier hour; their lot only may be called miserable whose faces were never covered with shame, and who go down unrepenting to the grave——Hope is yet thine, which can turn the walls that confine thee to the bower of content; then say not in thine heart that thy portion here is with the wretched, nor by wishing to alter the allotment of providence, provoke the rage of a power infinitely greater than mine, which can crush thee to atoms at a blow. When he had spoke these words he stretched out his arm over her, and she sunk down on a sofa into the arms of sleep, from which she awoke in the morning with a conviction of her late unjust repinings, and with a perfect resignation to the lot which her genius had assigned her in the terrestial abode of life.

No. 19. *Thurſday, May 12th,* 1757.

Quam temere in noſmet legem ſancimus iniquam!

WHAT is become of the boaſted liberty of this nation, when a ſubordinate of the CENTINEL-general of Great Britain, is obliged to truckle to the inſolence of arbitrary power? The following petition I yeſterday received from one of my deputies, who uſed to guard the temple of wit, under the great piazza, in Covent-garden.

From the Hold of his M——y's Tender the INFERNAL, lying off Mill-my-buff ſtairs, May 5, 1757.

The PETITION of TIMOTHY TATTLE,

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT your petitioner in croſſing Ruſſel-ſtreet upon his lawful occaſions, was on Wedneſday the 4th inſtant, apprehended by a preſs gang, and by force and violence conveyed on board of the *Infernal tender*, notwithſtanding his repeated declaration that he exerciſed the employment of deputy under the CENTINEL-general of Great Britain. That the officer of the gang, inſtead of paying reſpect to ſuch a venerable title, ſpoke of your excellency in the moſt opprobrious terms; ſwearing that you was no better than a pyrate, as you acted without any commiſſion from his Majeſty; that he would ſtand athwart your hawſer, and if you did not keep a good look out afore, run you aboard and bring you faſt to your moorings. That your petitioner is not only deprived of the freſh air and the light of day, but alſo confined in a damp dungeon, without neceſſaries, in the midſt of filth, ſtench, vermin and diſeaſe, and ſurrounded with

Digitized by Google

with every ſpecies of miſery and deſpair; that his eyes behold nothing but acts of cruelty, tears, agony and death; that his ears are inceſſantly invaded by a hideous concert of rattling chains, bitter curſes, groans and lamentations; that a methodiſt tallow-chandler had hanged himſelf in the night to a ring-bolt, by means of ſome candle-wick which happened to be in his pocket; that an author, for having attempted to act the roman part by falling upon a ruſty nail, was firſt diſciplined with a rattan by the mate, and then ſtapled down upon his back, in which poſture he lies, *invoking all the gods to puniſh his oppreſſors.* That your petitioner having been detected in tampering with his brother centry, who ſtands at the hatchway, received a blow from the boatſwain, by which he has loſt two of his fore teeeth, and was threatened with the bilboes and a rope's end if ever he ſhould make another attempt to eſcape. He therefore humbly entreats your excellency will out of your great goodneſs, make application for his diſcharge, or at leaſt procure an order that he may be immediately ſent upon ſervice againſt the enemy, that he may have ſome chance for being knocked on the head, rather than rot and die by inches in this peſtilential abyſs.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound,
ſhall for ever pray.

This intimation was brought to me by a perſon of a decent appearance, who is maſter of a ſhip belonging to ſome merchants in the city: he had been fellow-priſoner with my deputy, and releaſed by an extraordinary connexion of intereſt. His owners no ſooner underſtood he was preſſed than they applied to the regulating captains, who adviſed them to petition the admirality; that honourable board referred them to the regulating captains, and theſe again referred to their former report; ſo that between theſe references the man's fortune would have been wrecked, and he muſt have ſerved on board of a man of war in the ſtation of a common ſailor, had it not been his good fortune to have a kinſwoman who is kept by a clerk in the navy-office. This lady eſpouſed the cauſe of her couſin, and

Digitized by Google

in his behalf employed her influence with her keeper, by whose interest the man obtained his discharge.

Considering the insult offered to my deputy, it will be no easy task to discuss this topic with coolness and moderation; perhaps this is a subject that ought not to be treated with moderation. If such acts of tyranny are practised in a nation that lays claim to liberty, and has expended seas of blood in defence of that liberty, the grievance will hardly be redressed by cool arguments. The people of this kindom are grown so dull and phlegmatic that their attention must be rowsed by loud clamour, and warmed into resentment by passionate declamation, before they take any effectual step for the security of their privileges. In this land of boasted freedom let us see to what injustice and oppression we are daily exposed; not that I pretend to enumerate every instance in which the individual may be injured without all possibility of redress; that would be the task of a man's whole life, rather than the subject of an occasional essay: I will content myself with the single article of compelling men into the service of the nation; a practice infinitely productive of public mischief as well as private misery; a shocking outrage on the natural rights of mankind, and an eternal reproach to the government by which it is patronized.

If it be alledged that this practice is warranted by necessity; I ask to what a forlorn condition are we reduced, when we must be driven like Muscovites or slaves into the field to fight the battles of our prince? The necessity of pressing men into the service would never have occurred, had the ministry taken any pains to guard against this evil, which of all others is the most grievous to a free people. Volunteers would never have been wanting, had proper regulations been established to screen our seamen from insult, injury and oppression on board of the king's ships; for ascertaining the payment of their wages, and taking off that restraint which puts them on the footing of galley-slaves. Plans of police for this purpose, the most practicable and effectual, have been repeatedly offered to our g———s, who have either totally neglected them with the most supine indolence,

Digitized by Google

lence, or ſtarted frivolous objections to their being put in practiſe; as if they had been in a conſpiracy againſt the welfare and liberties of the nation. Far from endeavouring to alleviate the rigour of theſe arbitrary proceedings, by puniſhing thoſe who mingle unneceſſary cruelties in the exerciſe of oppreſſion; they have countenanced their dependants in all the wantonneſs of barbarity: they have lent a deaf ear to the cries and complaints of the injured; they have found means to veſt extraordinary power in the juſtices of the peace, by which every puny wretch who can inſinuate himſelf into the commiſſion, is enabled to play the tyrant, and inſult his betters with impunity.

What would a ſenſible foreigner ſay of the freedom of the Engliſh, if he knew the perſons and characters of thoſe who are the guardians of the k—g's peace in Middleſex and Weſtminſter, if he contemplated the crew of low, illiterate tradeſmen, ſharpers, beggars and bailiffs, that conſtitute the bench and retail juſtice in twelvepenny remnants? would he not exclaim with the poet,

Juſtice is lame as well as blind among us!

Would he not ſay how can peace and equity be maintained, when the miniſters of juſtice have no other ſubſiſtence than the fees ariſing from diſcord and iniquity? This traffic, indeed, is carried on under colour of juſtice, which may be ſome conſolation to the injured: but the practice of preſſing at ſea, is performed without form or diſtinction of law, perſon or circumſtance. The innocent are apprehended by ſurpriſe, without any cauſe of delinquency aſſigned; and every petty officer of a king's ſhip, acts as judge and executioner with the moſt deſpotic authority.

A man after an abſence of ſeven years, during which he has expended his conſtitution, in earning a competency for the remainder of his life, embarks for his native country with a view to reviſit his family and friends, and paſs the evening of his days in peace and tranquility, after the ſevere ſtorms he has undergone. His wife expects him with the moſt eager affection; his children

Digitized by Google

children long to see the face of a parent whose name has been so often sounded in their ears; his former friends impatiently wait his return; and he himself amuses his fancy with the hope of enjoying those different scenes of tender recognition. When he has already finished his voyage, feasted his eyes with the sight of his native shore, and his heart beats high with the transports of approaching bliss; the ship in which he is a passenger, may be boarded by a tender belonging to a squadron outward bound. He is challenged as a man fit to serve his majesty: if he presumes to remonstrate against compulsion, he is treated with scorn, insolence and cruelty: he is dragged into the boat, hurried on board of a man of war, exposed to every kind of inconvenience, slavery and outrage; reconveyed perhaps to the very same unhealthy climate in which his constitution had been impaired; and never more beholds his native soil, but miserably perishes by grief, distemper, or the chance of war, at a distance from those who are most dear to his affection. Had he been taken by the foes of the nation, they would have treated him with humanity: he would have been exempted from drudgery and danger, and set at liberty in consequence of an exchange. Had he been enslaved by the enemies of the christian name, he could have been ransomed for his money: had he fallen into the hands of pirates, they would have stripped and set him on shore: but, among his own countrymen, he is even denied the privilege of captivity, which is protection from insult and peril: he is confined to the most loathsome habitation, amidst thieves and reprobates, restricted to coarse and scanty fare, compelled by obloquy and stripes to toil above his strength, exposed to every peril of the enemy and of the deep, without any prospect of redress; and deprived of the benefit of exchange or redemption.

If the subjects of this kingdom are liable to such brutal acts of oppression, no wonder that our fleets are poorly manned; and that able sailors are averse to the service. The enemy have some reason to believe the British spirit is quite extinguished, when they hear that our army and navy are recruited by unwilling wretches who

Digitized by Google

who have been torn from their families and occupations, confined in dungeons, and terrified into submission by whips, bolts and shackles. They will conclude that disaffection and discontent prevail throughout the land, when individuals refuse to serve the g———t but upon compulsion. These considerations will animate their endeavours, will encourage them to undertake enterprizes of importance against us; will even contribute to their succeeding in these enterprises; while we become dispirited and desponding in the same proportion. We shall sustain misfortune on misfortune, disgrace upon disgrace, until the national wealth is wasted, and its honour entirely effaced; then we shall tamely beg, perhaps purchase, an unfavourable peace: and all those miscreants whom we have used in war as the instruments of death and rapine, will be let loose like troops of famished wolves to prey upon their countrymen already impoverished and depressed by the misconduct of a weak and worthless ad———n. We shall become bankrupts in our public credit; incur the contempt of all our neighbours, endure all the agonies of mortified pride; and our posterity will stigmatize this period as the most inglorious r———n that ever disgraced the British annals.

No. 20. *Thursday, May 19th,* 1757.

Aspicit et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos. VIRG.

OR all the reflections that the calm moralist has it in his power to make on death, whether they are the casual topics of conversation or introduced merely for the sake of argument, it is observable how rarely they make any impression on the heart; nay, how seldom he that makes them himself is affected by them: in worldly concerns we see in him the same appearance

Digitized by Google

The folly and depravity of mankind will always furniſh out a ſufficient fund for RIDICULE; and when we conſider how vaſt and ſpacious a field the little ſcene of human life affords for malice and ill-nature, we ſhall not ſo much wonder to ſee the lover of RIDICULE rejoicing in it. Here he has always an opportunity of gratifying his pride, and ſatiating his malevolence: from the frailties and abſurdities of others, he forms a wreath to adorn his own brow; gathers together with all his art, the failings and imperfections of others, and offers them up a ſacrifice to ſelf-love. The loweſt and moſt abandoned of mankind can ridicule the moſt exalted beings; thoſe who never could boaſt of their own perfection,

Nor raiſe their thoughts beyond the earth they tread,
Even theſe can cenſure, thoſe can dare deride
A BACON'S *av'rice, or a* TULLY'S *pride.*

It were well indeed for mankind, if RIDICULE would confine itſelf to the frailties and imperfections of human nature, and not extend its baleful influence over the few good qualities and perfections of it: but there is not perhaps a virtue to be named, which may not by the medium through which it is ſeen, be diſtorted into a vice. The glaſs of RIDICULE reflects things not only dark, but falſely alſo; it always diſcolours the objects before it ventures to repreſent them to us. The pureſt metal by a mixture of baſe alloy, ſhall ſeem changed to the meaneſt. RIDICULE in the ſame manner will cloath prudence in the garb of avarice, call courage raſhneſs, and brand good-nature with the name of prodigality: will laugh at the compaſſionate man for his weakneſs, the ſerious man for his preciſeneſs, and the pious man for his hypocriſy.

MODESTY is one of VIRTUE'S beſt ſupports; and it is obſervable, that wherever this amiable quality is moſt eminently conſpicuous, RIDICULE is always ready to attack and overthrow it. The man of wit and humour is never ſo happy as when he can raiſe the bluſh of ingenuous merit, or ſtamp the marks of deformity and guilt

Digitized by Google

guilt on the features of innocence and beauty. Thus may our very perfections conſpire to render us both unhappy and contemptible

The lover of RIDICULE will no doubt plead in defence of it; that his deſign is to reclaim and reform mankind; that he is liſted in the ſervice of VIRTUE, and engaged in the cauſe of TRUTH: but I will venture to aſſure him, that the allies he boaſts of, diſclaim his friendſhip, and deſpiſe his aſſiſtance. TRUTH deſires no ſuch ſoldier to fight under his banner; VIRTUE wants no ſuch advocate to plead for her. As it is generally exerciſed, it is too great a puniſhment for ſmall faults, too light and inconſiderable for great ones: the little foibles and blemiſhes of a character deſerve rather pity than contempt; the more attrocious crimes call for hatred and abhorrence. Thus we ſee, that in one caſe, the medicine operates too powerfully, and in the other is of no effect.

I might take this opportunity to add, that RIDICULE is not always contented with ravaging and deſtroying the works of man, but boldly and impiouſly attacks thoſe of God; enters even into the ſanctuary, and profanes the temple of the moſt high. A late noble writer has made uſe of it to aſperſe the characters, and deſtroy the validity of the writers of both the old and new Teſtament; and to change the ſolemn truths of Chriſtianity, into matter of mirth and laughter. The books of *Moſes* are called by him fables and tales, fit only for the amuſement of children: and St. *Paul* is treated by him as an enthuſiaſt, an ideot, and an avowed enemy to that religion which he profeſſed. One would not ſurely imagine that there was any thing in Chriſtianity ſo ludicrous as to move laughter, or excite contempt; but on the contrary, that the nature of its precepts, and its own intrinſic excellence would, at leaſt, have ſecured it from ſuch indignities.

Nothing gives us a higher opinion of thoſe antient Heathens whom our modern bigots are ſo apt to deſpiſe, than that air of piety and devotion which runs through all their writings; and though the Pagan theology was full

Digitized by Google

full of abſurdities and inconſiſtencies, which the more refined ſpirits among their poets and philoſophers muſt doubtleſs have ſeen through and contemned: yet ſuch was their reſpect and veneration for the eſtabliſhed religion of their country, ſuch their regard to decency and ſerioufneſs, ſuch their modeſty and diffidence in an affair of ſo much weight and importance, that we very ſeldom meet with jeſt or ridicule on ſubjects which they held thus ſacred and reſpectable.

The privilege of publickly laughing at religion, and the profeſſion of it, of making the laws of God, and the great concerns of eternity, the object of mirth and ridicule, was reſerved for more enlightened ages; and denied the more pious Heathens to reflect diſgrace and ignominy on the chriſtian æra.

It hath indeed been the fate of the beſt and pureſt religion in the world, to become the jeſt of fools, and not only, with it's divine founder, to be ſcourged and perſecuted, but with him to be mocked and ſpit at, trampled on and deſpiſed. But to conſider the dreadful conſequences of RIDICULE on this occaſion, will better become the Divine than the Eſſayiſt, to him therefore I ſhall refer it, and conclude this paper by obſerving, that after all the undeſerved encomiums ſo laviſhly beſtowed on this child of wit and malice ſo univerſally approved and admired, I know of no ſervice the pernicious talent of RIDICULE can be of, unleſs it be to raiſe the bluſh of MODESTY, and put VIRTUE out of countenance; to enhance the miſeries of the wretched, and poiſon the feaſt of happineſs; to inſult man, and affront God; to make us in ſhort hateful to our fellow-creatures, uneaſy to ourſelves, and highly diſpleaſing to the Almighty.

---

† *The letter ſign'd* VIRGINIUS *came to hand.*

Digitized by Google

No. 9. *Thurſday, March 3d,* 1757.

Excubat, exercetque vices, quod cuique tuendum eſt.
VIRG.

AFTER having exhibited ſome ſpecimens of my moral and intellectual faculties, in divers little eſſays on different ſubjects, which have been favourably received by the public, I ſhall now endeavour to entertain my readers with a variety of intelligence which I have either gathered from my own perception, or received from my ſubordinate centries, ſtationed in different parts of this metropolis.

In the firſt place, I muſt give the corporation of Bath to underſtand that I have watched their waters, and, notwithſtanding the late experiments of ſome ingenious chymiſts, I do, from repeated obſervations aver, that they are ſeldom or never entirely free from brimſtone. I likewiſe know, from undoubted authority, that the ſaid waters owe great part of their reputation to the energic endeavours of many honeſt gentlemen from Ireland, who reſort to that place for their diverſion, and out of mere charity take pains to mend the breed of the Britiſh nation. The art of gaming has been for ſome time paſt at a very low ebb in this retreat of the *beau monde:* what between the preſſing act, the accidents of the road, and the vigilance of the civil magiſtrate, the confederacy is reduced to a miſerable remnant. Standing upon an eminence in the neighbourhood of London, and extending my far-ſhooting viſion towards the celebrated wells in Somerſetſhire, I could perceive no eminent artiſt in actual operation; ſome pillage was gleaned by a lank Teutonian, a decayed templar, and an half-witted apothecary; but, the reapers were not equal to the harveſt. I beheld, not without particular pleaſure, my old acquaintance Ajax ſauntering upon the ſouth parade,

Digitized by Google

with all the marks of internal peace and satisfaction; this venerable veteran was once a hero of the first rank in the world of adventure; and like his namesake in the Iliad, could throw with more force and dexterity, than any two modern pretenders; he seemed to enjoy the laurels he had gained, and far from weeping like Alexander, because he could not conquer another world, he appears contented with a comfortable share of this, which is already in his possession. I was particularly pleased to see with what reverence and respect he was treated by all the people of sentiment and fashion; he retires like an *emeritus professor*, and puts me in mind of *Entellus* in the Æneid, that old warrior of athletic memory, who in his old age, demolished the bully *Dares*, knocked down an ox, and assumed the motto, "*hic victor cestus ortemque repono.*"

I should have made further remarks upon this scene of gallantry and amusement, had not my attention been diverted by a whispering dialogue, which intruded itself on my hearing from the purlieus of Bond-street: turning my eyes to that quarter, I perceived the sprightly Cleanthe in close conference with the gay Lorenzo: it was now the dusk of the evening, they stood in the porch together, and by that part of the discourse which I overheard, it too plainly appeared that he had persuaded her to abandon her family; she knew he was a libertine, captious, inconstant and loose in his morals; but she loved his person, over-rated her own beauty and discretion, and resolved to trust herself in his hands, on the strength of a vain promise which he had no intention to perform; but providence interposed in a hard shower; Lorenzo going in quest of an hackney coach, was apprehended by a constable for a riot on the preceeding night, and Cleanthe escaped impending ruin.

The following report has been made by one of my deputies, who attends all the card assemblies at the court end of the town.

"February 14, *half an hour past eleven.* Present at "a rout at lady RUSTLE's—Small company, not ex- "ceeding two hundred—Engaged at whist with her "ladyship—Played deep—Obliged to have all my eyes "about

Digitized by Google

" about me—Converſation turned upon a divorce, ſued " for by a certain gentleman againſt his wife—Lady " RUSTLE very ſevere upon the vicious inclinations of " ſuch bold huſſies—I told her ſuch diſcourſe was the " only unfaſhionable thing about her ladyſhip—Mr. " GLIMPSE who ſat oppoſite to her, ſeemed to approve " of her remarks with extraordinary warmth—Mrs. " GLIMPSE, my partner, ſmiled with a languiſhing " eye upon colonel STRUMBALO, who ſtood behind " my chair—Perceived her ladyſhip at work under the " table—Slipped my hand ſoftly into her lap, and con- " veyed to my own pocket the nine of diamonds and " the incloſed billet."

" *Inchanting creature!*

" *A thouſand years are elapſed ſince our laſt part-* " *ing—Leave the cold arms of a dull, inſipid, lifeleſs* " *huſband, and fly to the embrace of your adorer,*

" STREPHON."

" *A coach will be in waiting at* " *the uſual time and place.*"

The knights of the round table have been for ſome time in cloſe divan upon the fate of Admiral Byng*. " Child Rowland to the dark tower came—he ſmelled " the blood of a Britiſh man." The betts run upon his falling backwards or forwards, to the right or to the left, upon receiving the ſtroke of juſtice. There is ſomething truly myſterious and antique in the deliberations of theſe worthies. One of the moſt ſolemn rites in the religion of the Druids, was the human ſacrifice; when the ſacred blow was ſtruck, thoſe venerable flamens prognoſticated good or evil from the convulſions of the victim, and the ſtreaming of his blood. The knights of the round table ſeem to inherit the ſuperſtition of their fathers. There is even a ſtrong affinity between their order and the Druidical inſtitution. They too, conſiſt of lawgivers and bards; they perform rites that are concealed from the vulgar: their betts are ſo many pretences to preſcience; they delight in human ſacrifice, and cut down their oaks with a golden ſickle.

* Admiral Byng was ſhot, Tueſday, March 15th, 1757.

Digitized by Google

My intelligencer at the *Smyrna* modeſtly repreſents, that his ſurtout is become threadbare, and ſollicits a change of apparel, together with an augmentation to his appointment, as he pays an extraordinary price for his coffee*. He ſays the politicians have been very quiet in their lucubrations, and unanimous in their meaſures, ſince the laſt diſpute they were obliged to maintain with a furious interloper, who appeared with a long ſword and a black tye perriwig. That projector had formed a new ſyſtem of his own, and was ſo choleric in his altercation, that they were afraid of cultivating his acquaintance. Finding them averſe to his notions, he ſoon abandoned the place, and attached himſelf to another ſociety. Within theſe few months, however, they have affected a wonderful alteration among the princes of Europe. His P——— majeſty who was lately a tyrant, a Machiavel, a fool and a bully, without any ſolid foundation of courage or power, is now univerſally acknowledged the greateſt, the beſt, the moſt powerful and heroic prince in Chriſtendom. The empreſs queen, who t'other day could eat him at a breakfaſt, he can now ſwallow at one mouthful; and the Ruſſians who were formerly honoured as bears, are at preſent deſpiſed as badgers.

My clerk at the *Bedford*, has taken notes of ſome judicious hints on theatrical pieces, thrown out by the hypercrities of the place. The petty juries of criticiſm, have brought in their verdict *damned ſtuff*, againſt all the productions of the ſeaſon; and the committee of taſte has reported, that except Mr. Patrick Macmahony and Tim Sillabub, all the writers of the preſent age, are grubs and raſcals.

At *Batſon's*, the debates have lately turned on a very curious caſe in phyſeology; two phyſicians being called to a conſultation, differed in opinion, and after ſome acrimonious expreſſions, one made application to the other's noſe. The paſſive doctor diſcovered no emotion at this aſſault, and thence the aggreſſor concluded that the noſe was one of thoſe parts in the human fabric, which had neither *ſenſibility* nor *irritability*. The queſtion

* Coffee, at the SMYRNA, is three-pence a diſh; at moſt other coffee-houſes in London it is but two-pence.

Digitized by Google

queſtion gave riſe to a very warm diſpute which had like to have introduced a ſett of experiments that might have proved deciſive. One of the diſputants inſiſted upon its being a ſenſible organ, and to illuſtrate his aſſertion ſneezed in the face of his antagoniſt, who ſaid he did not value his argument a pinch of ſnuff. A third ſaid he would not pretend to affirm that every doctor's noſe was a ſenſible feature; but, he could ſmell a rat, and believed this affair would ſtink in the noſtrils of the whole faculty. The debates were interrupted by a peace-officer, who gave the aſſailant to underſtand, that doctor Twattle had procured a warrant againſt him for an aſſualt and battery, and that he (the conſtable) had got ſcent of him in conſequence of the plaintiff's directions.

The Centinels from the theatre in Covent-garden, have petitioned for a double allowance of geneva, on account of the coldneſs of the weather and the thinneſs of the audience.

No. 10. *Thurſday, March 10th,* 1757.

——Expectas ut tradat honeſtos
Aut alios mores quam quos habet? JUVEN.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

IT has been remarked by one of your predeceſſors, that the prevalence of example is more particularly viſible in the female world; and that women are good or bad as they chance to fall among thoſe who practiſe vice or virtue.

As I cannot but agree with him, I muſt inform you, I have been led for ſome private reaſons, to conſider the capacity of thoſe women who undertake the education of our young ladies, and upon enquiry find them ſo extremely contemptible, not to call them by a worſe name,

Digitized by Google

that I have delayed truſting a child, where I have a father's right, to their care, till I had an opportunity of finding one, whoſe method is different, and whoſe example better than any I have yet ſeen.

I confeſs it was matter of ſurpriſe to me, on a nearer inſpection of their merits, to find, that inſtead of owing their ſtation to ſuperior judgment, or having been preferred to it for extraordinary talents and penetration, they chiefly attempted this way of life after having been diſappointed in every other view; and that women debilitated in their perſons, ruin'd in their fortunes from the little which they firſt enjoyed to leſs, excluded from all hopes of connubial felicity, and unacquainted with the world, ſhould be appointed to form the growing mind to perfection, and guide thoſe paſſions in the young, which they themſelves could never feel, and which, without that experience when grown old, they can neither moderate nor underſtand.

Yet from ſuch, ſir, is it that we are to receive thoſe who are to be our partners in life, and from hands like theſe expect the means of our future happineſs; nor do I any longer wonder at the ill-pair'd couples which I every day ſee around me, when I conſider the education of many of thoſe young ladies under ſchool-miſtreſſes, governeſſes, &c. who are, for the moſt part, a compound of ignorance, hypocriſy and affectation: but not to be hurried too far by an intemperate zeal, I ſubmit my reaſons for what I have aſſerted to your judgment, and ſhall be glad to find I have been deceived, and that it has been my lot only to have been converſant with the ſuperficial and bad part of this claſs of women.

The perſon who has to encounter with ſo many different tempers as a ſchool exhibits, ought, doubtleſs, to be miſtreſs of a moſt even one herſelf; to be above prejudice, to regulate her rewards and puniſhments by juſt degrees, nor by partial injunctions and unequal allotments forfeit the eſteem which ſhe always ſhould be ſolicitous to gain; and ſince it is ſo univerſally known that we never ſtrive to imitate but where we firſt approve, ſhe ſhould be careful to avoid even the appearance of a weakneſs. How far this behaviour is in the power of one

Digitized by Google

one in the abovementioned circumſtances, I ſhall not venture to pronounce; but imagine, ſhe who has been ſurpriſed by them into an involuntary ſtate of celibacy, who has a temper ſowered by miſcarriages, and been too long uſed to enjoy an undiſputed ſuperiority, to think any one has a right to be pleaſed but herſelf: ſuch a one, I ſhould think, entirely unfit to bear with the little follies and improprieties of childhood, which it is ſometimes neceſſary ſhould be ſoothed into compliance. Can a temper like this either conciliate love or prompt imitation? And how unlike a thinking parent is it to truſt a child to one of theſe? Peeviſhneſs, the offspring of diſappointed pride, makes them exert on every trivial fault their utmoſt rage, and it is no uncommon thing in theſe polite nurſeries to ſee helpleſs innocence bathed in tears, and imploring that mercy which one would think it had a right to demand: what then are the effects of theſe ill-judged puniſhments? a broken ſpirit, and a heart at length rendered callous and inſenſible: one would imagine the fear of this would rouſe in parents a reſolution of being themſelves the tutors of their children; for, however provoked, anger in the breaſt of a father or mother is but a ſhort-liv'd tyrant; nature and the parent again take their turn, and teach the ſtream of fondneſs once more to flow undiſturbed in its proper channel. This tenderneſs the mind of a governeſs is naturally unacquainted with; how much more ſo then, when imbittered by age or ſolitude, and become fit company for none but thoſe who will yield her a more than ſlaviſh obedience, give up the reins of power into her hand, and ſubmit to the correction of its rod.

'Tis the vice of the coward to be cruel, and by what other principle, I would aſk, are thoſe actuated, who diſarm injured innocence of its only power of redreſs, by the threats and aſſurances of certain detection, and unexampled variety of puniſhment?

Such, Mr. CENTINEL, is the character of IMPERIA, in whom is united all that is abovementioned; a character, which the nearer I view it ſeems to open to more extenſive evil, though recommended as one of the beſt of them: even age in her is diſhonourable, whoſe grey hairs are made irreverend by her folly; who has ever deſpiſed

Digitized by Google

deſpiſed her own ſex, and been alike the contempt of ours; a man without maſculine ſenſe or courage, and a woman without the virtues of ſoftneſs or fidelity; who like the bat in the fable, is diſclaimed at laſt as a rebel by both parties.

Forgive, ſir, the importunity of a father anxious for the welfare of his child (a fondneſs which you yourſelf are perhaps no ſtranger to) and as you have profeſt yourſelf an enemy to vice and folly wherever you find it, favour me with the publication of this, and ſome advice on the ſubject; join with me in expoſing theſe female tyrants, who not content with enſlaving the body, would fetter too the free-born mind, and make it ſubſervient to their own ſordid purpoſes; and to me ſeem only different from the Scyron and Procruſtes of old, in the narrow limits of their empire.

I am,

SIR,

Yours,

VIRGINIUS.

I muſt acknowledge that the complaint of my very ſerious correſpondent, is but too well founded, and have often lamented with him the evils naturally ariſing from our preſent ſyſtem of female education: I can by no means however approve of his propoſal, that the ladies ſhould become tutors to their children, as I think the ſcheme utterly impracticable.

It is univerſally agreed, that the age we live in, is infinitely more induſtrious than any that ever went before it. We read indeed of a certain period when women of faſhion had nothing elſe to do but to ſtay at home and inſtruct their daughters; to idle away their time in houſehold affairs, and employ themſelves in the dirty buſineſs of a family: but modern mothers have ſomething elſe to do. Whilſt routs, plays, aſſemblies, maſquerades and ridottos, not to mention dreſs and intrigue, take up ſo conſiderable a portion of the twenty-four hours, how is it poſſible a woman of any rank or character ſhould have leiſure ſufficient to think about her brats in the country? She might indeed now and then, if a good houſewife of her

Digitized by Google

her time, find a vacant half hour to read them a lecture or two in *Hoyle*, give them a few profitable hints concerning paint or patches, or improve them in the important articles of dress and coquettry: but then all this is absolute loss of time and hindrance of business; besides that it cannot be done without a familiarity between mother and daughter, which never fail to end in mutual contempt and aversion.

There is likewise another inconvenience in this domestic education, which VIRGINIUS doth not seem sufficiently aware of, and concerning which I would advise him to consult his wife, and that is, the jealousies and animosities which are so often observed to spring up on these occasions. I know not how it is, but *thirty* is extremely apt to be jealous of *fifteen*; and though a woman may be a *mother*, we should remember (and if we will not, *she* will) that she is still a *woman*, and consequently as loth to part from admiration as her daughter can be willing to acquire it. Upon the whole I think, as matters stand at present, any school is much better for young ladies than their own home, and any example less pernicious than that of their parents.

No. 11. *Thursday, March 17th*, 1757.

——Tibi penè videre est,
Ut nadam. HOR.

AMONGST the many laudable customs established by that eminent Grecian lawgiver, Lycurgus, there is not perhaps one which so visibly shews his regard for the fair sex as the manner of dress prescribed by him to the Spartan virgins, which consisted, as history informs us, of a loose and flowing garment, with several openings in various parts of it, so disposed as to discover at every motion, those charms which would otherwise have been cruelly buried in obscurity. The ladies of those times,

we

Digitized by Google

we need not doubt, took took care to make their apertures in proper places, and to vary them according to the different beauties which they chose to reveal.

How far this wise institution might suit the freedom of Lacedæmon I shall not take upon me to determine: certain however it is, with all due deference to antient Greece, that there is something in this custom rather too licentious for the purity of a British virgin: I am apt, notwithstanding, to suspect that there is a little Spartan blood in the veins of many of my fair countrywomen, having of late years observed this *Laconic* taste in dress, to become extremely prevalent amongst them. A genius for universal discovery is every day more and more visible in the female world; arising probably from the well-grounded opinion that concealment is a mark of guilt and hypocrisy, and an open display of every thing, the indubitable testimony of innocence and virtue.

Beauties in the days of our ancestors kept up their dignity and importance like Eastern monarchs, by withdrawing from the vulgar; and women, like other mysteries, the more they were hidden were the more revered: so far from being like modern bells, "hackneyed in the eyes of men," they took care never to be seen by them: They had adopted a ridiculous notion, that the use of a petticoat was to cover the legs, and of an handkerchief to conceal the bosom; they even denied us the sight of "the human face divine," and wore a mask before all but their most intimate acquaintance. But time, whose peculiar property it is to *reveal*, has taught their granddaughters another lesson; and informed them, that to hide those charms, which nature has kindly bestowed, is to despise her bounty, and to reproach her beneficence: in opposition therefore to the miserly disposition of those who went before them, they now *treat* with the utmost generosity, keep as it were open house for the reception of every eye, and invite all to the feast who have appetite to relish, or leisure to sit down to it. They have discovered with the wise legislator of Sparta, that the business of dress is not to cover but to expose, and as nothing can be admired which is not seen, it is the

Digitized by Google

the intereſt of every woman, as far as in her lies, to extend the proſpect.

In purſuance of this public-ſpirited-plan of operations, concerted by our female Machiavels, improvements in *nakedneſs* ſpring up from time to time, which I doubt not will in a few years, end in a complete ſtandard of perfection. I cannot therefore, but heartily congratulate my fair readers on the late ſeaſonable introduction of *gawze handkerchiefs*, at preſent ſo univerſally worn and admired; a faſhion ſo ingeniouſly contrived as to preſerve the appearance of decency, and at the ſame time effectually to prevent the ill conſequences of ſo deſtructive a virtue. The enemies of a fine neck (*if* any ſuch there be) will I know, call it a ſophiſtry in dreſs, a jeſuitical artifice, very eaſily *ſeen through* and detected; but the lovers of beauty, who are it is to be hoped much more numerous, will conſider it as a favourable *opening* to an interview and acquaintance, which will be far from diſagreeable to them. The philoſopher will eſteem it as a kind of window in the breaſt, which may convey to him the very thoughts of the little inhabitant within. So ſubtle indeed is this medium, that there is ſcarce any thing which may not be very eaſily perceived through it: I have myſelf frequently marked the ebb and flow of female paſſions, contemplated the riſe and fall of inclination or diſguſt; and could diſtinguiſh the bluſh of ſhame, from the redd'ning of anger, or the glow of diſappointment, through a piece of gawze, with as much eaſe, as a virtuoſo can ſee the circulation of an inſect's blood in a microſcope.

I am credibly informed that this new faſhion owes its riſe to a beautiful mole on Amanda's left breaſt, which after having long, like his brother moles, lain hid, wrapt up in darkneſs and a double handkerchief, at length grew impatient of confinement, crept into light, and ſoon become the admiration of the beau-monde; ſince which it has been obſerved by the curious, that theſe pretty excreſcencies have multiplied exceedingly: I would give my readers therefore, a piece of phyſical caution, to *beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.*

The

Digitized by Google

The fashion, I must confess, has, like every thing else, its enemies and opposers: honest WILL. FOXCHASE declares he has no objection to a keen sportswoman, who kills her man with a pair of bright eyes, shoots him flying with an elegant shape and air, or runs him fairly down with wit and humour; but affirms that this new way of catching hearts in *gawze* nets is absolutely unlawful, and has even gone so far as to present it to the noblemen and gentlemen associated for the preservation of the game, who he doubts not will rank it under the denomination of *poaching*, and punish it accordingly.

An acquaintance of mine, who keeps a toy-shop in the city, has likewise shewn his dislike, by giving them the name of the new-fashion shew-glasses for the more commodious exhibition of female trinkets; and was so rude as to ask a young milliner on the other side of his shop, whether if he purchased the *gawze* case, she was willing to throw the inclosed goods into the bargain.

TOM. HAZARD, on the other hand, is of opinon, that *gawze* handkerchiefs were introduced rather to promote a design on the purses than the hearts of mankind, which fatal tendency he had himself very lately experienced; for as he was but the other night recollecting a case in Hoyle that would have infallibly secured him the rubbers, he accidentally cast his eyes aside on a a neck almost as white as Mrs. C——'s which immediately turned his thoughts into quite another channel.

"That seat of delight he with wonder survey'd,
"And forgot ev'ry word he design'd to have said."

My friend NED RUSTY, now a veteran on half-pay, used always to consider the modesty-piece (a part of female dress now discarded like himself) as one of my brother Centinels, posted on the ladies bosom to warn them of any approaching danger; and dignified handkerchiefs with the name of chevaux de frise, prudently planted by the fair sex to prevent the sudden incursions of an enemy. When he is acquainted with the present lowering of their breast-works, and the flimsy nature of this new covert-way, he will probably be inclined to think the citadel of female honour in some danger, and perhaps

Digitized by Google

perhaps compare it to the unhappy fort at Oſwego, doomed to fall by the negligence and treachery of thoſe whoſe duty, honour and intereſt ſhould have obliged them to defend it.

Thus will the malice and petulance of mankind endeavour to ſtop the progreſs of every thing that is great and good: it were very eaſy indeed to confute all theſe ridiculous oppoſers, and to ſhew the beauty and utility of *gawze* handkerchiefs by the moſt irrefragable arguments. But not to mention a thouſand others, I would only appeal to the lovers of virtù, whether this faſhion will not be of infinite ſervice in the liberal arts: whence ariſes the ſuperiority of antient ſtatues but from the looſeneſs of their draperies, which were always ſo contrived as to exhibit through the folds a view of *the naked?* What then may we not expect from the preſent love of freedom and undiſguiſed ſimplicity? With ſo many complete models before their eyes, why may we not hope to ſee as exact repreſentations of nature from a Wilton, or a Roubillac, as ever came out of the hands of Phidias, or Praxiteles? I heartily wiſh therefore, for the ſake of our eminent ſtatuaries, that the ladies would extend their liberality yet a little farther, and as they have already favoured us with a *gawze* handkerchief, would, as the ſummer advances, indulge us in the wear of *lawn* petticoats; which would ſhew at one view the whole harmonious ſymmetry of female proportion, and raiſe the art of ſculpture to its higheſt degree of perfection.

Digitized by Google

No. 12. *Thurſday, March 24th,* 1757.

——ex ipſo fonte lepórum
Surgit amari aliquid. LUC.

THE goddeſs Diſcord (ſays La Fontaine) having ſet all heaven together by the ears about a golden apple, was, by univerſal conſent, baniſhed from the cæleſtial manſions; in this diſtreſsful circumſtance ſhe immediately made the beſt of her way down to earth, and was received with open arms by a certain animal called Man; at this time it was that ſhe firſt did us the honour to grace our little hemiſphere with her preſence, in preference to our oppoſite neighbours the Antipodes, who being a barbarous and uncultivated people, married without either prieſt or notary, and conſequently could have little to do with Diſcord; for a while ſhe rambled about the world without any fixed abode, ſo that Fame, who was frequently ſent out in ſearch of her, was often at a loſs to find out her habitation; it was thought neceſſary therefore, that ſome conſtant ſeat of reſidence ſhould be appointed, where ſhe might always be ready, and within call upon proper occaſions; this ſcheme was attended with ſome difficulty (ſays the fabuliſt with his uſual archneſs) as nunneries were not yet eſtabliſhed, however,

L'Auberge enfin de l'Hymenée
Lui ſiit pour maiſon aſſignée.

An appartment for diſcord was at laſt pitched upon, and where, after all, ſhould it be, but in the temple of Hymen.

Though I cannot help looking on this fable as rather too ſevere a reflection on the honourable ſtate of matrimony, I am ſtill of opinion, that it may convey no unprofitable leſſon of inſtruction to the candidates for connubial felicity. As our matrimonial ſherbett is made

Digitized by Google

at preſent, moſt drinkers of it are apt to complain with lady Townly, that "there is a little too much acid "ſqueezed into it," which utterly ſpoils what would otherwiſe be a cooling and pleaſant beverage; this draught, however, in ſpite of a late act of parliament, may for ought we know (eſpecially as the ſummer is advancing) come again into vogue; I heartily wiſh therefore, that a method could be found out to render it ſweet and palatable, that ſome public-ſpirited man would engage to make it in an entire new manner, and in imitation of the great ASHLEY,* lower it's price, raiſe its reputation, and get a patent to vend this valuable nectar, *pro bono publico.*

In the mean time as May-day, and of courſe the coupling ſeaſon is not far off, let me recommend to both ſexes an ingredient or two which muſt by no means be omitted, and which at the ſame time are very cheap and eaſy to be come at, and theſe are, mutual good-nature and complacency, which will give the liquor quite another taſte than that which generally prevails, and perhaps make it the moſt agreeable draught which they ever met with in their lives.

The antients, whoſe notions of marriage as well as other things differed widely from our own, conſidered it in a ſober and religious light, and had a way of entering into it with great ſolemnity and devotion. Sacrifices were conſtantly made on the occaſion, and when the victim was ſlain, care was taken to throw aſide the *gall*; a pretty emblematical piece of advice to the parties to avoid all future bickerings and animoſity, and promote mutual harmony and peace.

In modern marriages I do not remember to have heard of any other ſacrifices than thoſe which are uſually made to Bacchus and Venus on the wedding-night: certain I am that the moſt intereſting part of the antient ceremony is omitted, having obſerved a little tincture of the gall diffuſing itſelf over the human mind, even after matrimony, by which I am inclined to think

* Mr. Aſhley, proprietor of the punch-houſe on Ludgate-hill, London: for a motto to his advertiſements in the public papers, and over the door of his punch-ſhop, he has theſe words, PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Digitized by Google

this neceſſary precaution has been but too frequently neglected.

Scarce any of my readers who have ever voyaged up the Thames as far as Batterſea, but muſt have met with ſome of thoſe young ſkiff-adventurers, who having never learned to row, afford matter of much mirth and entertainment to the paſſers by: it is not undiverting to obſerve how awkwardly two of theſe gentlemen-watermen handle their oars, to mark the force which is alternately made uſe of to hurt and retard each other, the quarrels that ariſe, and the dangers they encounter before they perceive the neceſſity of pulling together, and purſuing their courſe by that equality of ſtrength and ſkill which ſhould be mutually exerted on the occaſion.

I have often thought this no bad emblem of *matrimony*, where we may frequently perceive man and wife ſhifting the labouring oar from hand to hand, dragging one another round with great vehemence to ſhew their ſeveral forces, rowing direct contrary ways, with twenty other ingenious methods of expoſing their want of ſkill; till experience at laſt teaches them, that all the art lies in *pulling together*, and that half the pains which they take only to make themſelves ridiculous, would, if rightly applied, be more than ſufficient to ſteer them ſafe into the harbour of peace and happineſs.

It hath been remarked that travellers in a ſtage-coach ſhew very little inclination to be ſociable for the firſt ten or twenty miles, and ſeldom begin to grow good company till towards the end of the journey; in like manner many of thoſe whimſical travellers whom Hymen drives in his nuptial carr, will look very ſour upon one another at firſt, but when time has jumbled them a little together, and reaſon told them that they may as well be good company as not, have agreed to jog on with chearfulneſs, and in ſpite of bad fare and dirty roads, be as happy as ſociety could make them.

I have known many an abſurd couple, who after ſcolding and ſcratching for twenty or thirty years, have

Digitized by Google

have at laſt parted the beſt friends in the world, and expired in each others arms with all the impaſſion'd fondneſs of a bride and bridegroom.

According to the received maxim of *better late than never*, this is certainly a prudent reſolution: as life, however, is ſhort, or, to carry on the alluſion, rather more like the Turnham-green than the York ſtage,* I ſee no reaſon why any gentleman and lady who have taken places in the matrimonial *vis à vis*, ſhould not ſet out with good-humour and complacency, and endeavour to preſerve their ſociable diſpoſition with a deſire of being mutually pleaſed and ſatisfied throughout the whole journey.

I ſhall conclude this paper with an elegant little copy of verſes from an unknown correſpondent, who aſſures me in a letter prefixed to them, that they were really written by him not long ſince, and ſent to his miſtreſs with a wedding ring, the day before his marriage; as the thought is pretty, and the expreſſion poetical, I make no doubt but they will be acceptable to my readers.

VERSES to a LADY,
With a WEDDING RING.

OH thou! of power to diſpenſe
All the pure joys of innocence,
Source of happineſs or woe,
Inſtant to my Cælia go;
Haſte with this fond impaſſion'd line,
Tell her I long to call her mine;
To be the maſter of her charms,
And preſs her in a huſband's arms.
'Tis not the topaz' yellow blaze,
'Tis not the brilliant's ſparkling rays
Whoſe borrow'd charms can dazzle me,
I only ask Felicity.
And more from thee I ſhall receive
Than India's mines have pow'r to give.

* Turnham-green, a ſmall village diſtant from London about 3 miles; the city of York is 150 miles from London: a ſtage coach goes to each place.

Digitized by Google

Thy modeſt round no ſplendour ſhews,
But ſtill with mildeſt luſtre glows;
My all of pleaſure or of pain
Thy little circle muſt contain;
Or joy, or grief or peace or ſtrife,
The colour of my future life.
Alas! when we are held by thee
In vain we ſtruggle to get free.
O! that thy magic force could bind
In chains as faſt the wandring mind;
Then might'ſt thou ſtrive, nor ſtrive in vain
*Along the * ſympathetic vein*
Thy warmeſt influence to impart,
And ſteal into my charmer's heart;
There might'ſt thou kindle fond deſire,
There ev'ry tender thought inſpire;
Support the never-dying flame,
And keep my Cælia ſtill the ſame.

* The vein which is ſuppoſed to run from the fourth finger of the left hand directly to the heart.

No. 13. *Thurſday, March 31ſt,* 1757.

Mores hominum multorum vidit. HOR.

To the CENTINEL.

BATH, March the 26th, 1757.

DEAR COUSIN,

YOU will pardon the familiarity of this addreſs from a perſon who hath not as yet the happineſs of being known, though nearly releated to you; you muſt know, Mr. CENTINEL, that I am the only ſon of your good friend and kinſman captain SENTRY, nephew to the never-to-be-forgotten ſir ROGER DE COVERLY,

Digitized by Google

COVERLY, and am now in poſſeſſion of COVERLY hall, and all the demeſnes thereunto belonging; which were formerly the property of that worthy KNIGHT of hoſpitable and facetious memory, in the good time of your ingenious predeceſſor, his cotemporary, the SPECTATOR.

As parents very ſeldom bring their children up to their own profeſſions, being thoroughly acquainted with all the inconveniencies belonging to them, and imagining, I ſuppoſe, that every other calling being exempt from thoſe particular objections, are free from all others likewiſe; my father had entertained an inſurmountable prejudice againſt my receiving a commiſſion, and therefore at the age of eighteen removed me from ſchool to the univerſity, and from thence ſent me with a Scotch tutor to ſtroll through all the courts of Europe. This gave me ſuch an early habit of roving from place to place, planted on a natural diſpoſition to view variety of objects, and inſpect into the different manners of countries, that I have been ever ſince a wanderer, reading as I go that myſterious moving volume called MAN. I have at preſent made an excurſion from our gay, political, and mercantile metropolis to the city from whence this letter bears date, at this time beginning to be the vernal reſort of the infamouſly neceſſitous, and the undeſerving wealthy; of ſome diſeaſed through intemperance, and others healthfully idle; of fools with large fortunes, and knaves with none at all; in ſhort, of men of all ranks and capacities, who are huddled together in the myſterious orgies of gaming; which, like the grave, levels all diſtinctions.

As I have a home myſelf, when I firſt came hither I imagined every body elſe had one alſo, and made not the leaſt doubt but that all, who *figured* ſplendidly here, would find ſomebody who knew them elſewhere; but, alas! how often have I made my enquiries in vain? there are many in this place, of both ſexes, whoſe names and faces alone are known, but in other reſpects are like the deſcription given by the pſalmiſt of the wind, for *we know not from whence they came, nor whither they go.* Theſe people, like ultimate cauſes, are always, when ſought after, left to the knowledge of the Lord

Digitized by Google

Lord only; nay even the very account they conſtantly give of one another, when aſked, is that, *the Lord knows*; this, you'll ſay, is delivering them into very good hands, but ſhould a curious obſerver reflect on the manner of their ſpending the time the Lord has given them, he would naturally conclude whatever knowledge the LORD may have of *them*, that they have very little concern about *him*.

As my call hither is chiefly to read a page or two of that learned and unlearned volume I mentioned above, I have taken the liberty of ſending you a ſmall commentary and a few notes upon what I have already peruſed, and if you approve of theſe, ſhall from time to time, during my ſtay here, communicate my farther readings, obſervations, corrections, emendations, or by whatever other technical term of critical knowledge you ſhall pleaſe to diſtinguiſh my thoughts.

To enable me more thoroughly to execute this arduous taſk I was introduced on my arrival at Bath, by the right of conſanguinity, to an old maiden lady of our family, Mrs. DEBORAH WATCHUM, who has reſided here theſe laſt twenty years, and being herſelf unagitated by, and unagitating any paſſion in others, has had an opportunity all that time of making her obſervations, totally unobſerved herſelf, upon whatever paſſes on the parades, in the rooms, at the church, and the theatre. By her I am furniſhed with fertile hints, ſagacious remarks, entertaining anecdotes, and elucidating illuſtrations.

I need not obſerve to you, that in every city, town, or village, there is one man who monopolizes all the wit and humour of the place, and may, without impropriety, be called the lord of the manor of *good things*, for all waifs and ſtraifs there found, become his property. The *quondam* ÆSOPUS of the Engliſh ſtage,* who has retired hither from SHAKESPEAR and BEN JOHNSON, to JOHN DORY and red MULLART, is that lord of the manor here, and every witticiſm that is not immediately owned, is by this tenure appropriated to him.

As

* Mr. QUIN having abdicated the Theatre, is now finiſhing the evening of his days at Bath.

Digitized by Google

As this gentleman, who, beſides theſe acquiſitions, has a great ſhare of good ſenſe, wit, and humour of his own, is in converſation, what we call in painting, a *maneriſt*, it is very natural for the witty to give many a droll ſaying to him ſuitable to his character which would have ill become that of the perſon who ſaid it; by which means he becomes the inimitable FALSTAFF, whoſe character on the ſtage he has often ſo well repreſented, *not only very witty himſelf, but the cauſe of wit in other men.* Fictions of this kind, as they are both natural and entertaining, are not only pardonable but commendable, for to put that into his mouth which he is very capable of ſaying himſelf, though perhaps he really did not ſay it, is very fair, and I could heartily wiſh the joke would ſtop here, but as all things are liable to abuſe, many a dull thing, which he really is not capable of ſaying, is by imitating blockheads attributed to him likewiſe, and his mouth is made the ſame uſe of as the celebrated lion's head at BUTTON's coffe-houſe, from which ſir RICHARD STEELE, when he conducted the SPECTATOR, uſed to ſay he drew more wit and more nonſenſe, than he thought human nature could conceive.

The next moſt remarkable perſonage in this place, but, indeed, *longo proximus intervallo*, is the celebrated Mr. N———, who, by the ſuffrage of three or four ſucceeding generations, has been inveſted with an uncontroulable, unlimited, and abſolute command over the dreſs, time, and conduct of all thoſe of both ſexes, who compoſe the *beau monde*. He, alas! BELISARIUS like, is now grown old in the ſervice; nevertheleſs this NESTOR in ceremonies ſtill retains his authority, and entertains often, or more properly rebukes, the gay and the giddy, with emphatical recitals of the more ſober conduct of their fathers and mothers, their grandfathers and grandmothers, repeating *the wonderful things that were done in their days, and in the old times before them.* As this gentleman, by his office, may be regarded as a retainer of your ſuperior authority, which extends over the whole iſland in general, I not only pay him the reſpect due to his own extraordinary merit, but have an additional regard for him as one of the chief deputies

of

Digitized by Google

of the high CENTINEL of Great Britain. I cannot say that I have heard much of the *bons mots*, the smart *repartèes*, or facetious remarks of this gentleman, and though I have been told every day with an air of encomium that he is eighty-three, I never have yet met with any one of his warmest admirers who have retained so much as one of his sayings, or who ever invented one for him. I would not here be misunderstood to mean, that this conspicuous figure never opened his mouth, during threescore years superintendance over the salutary and prolific waters of this place, or stood mute like one of the time-striking images at St. Dunstan's, or the giants at Guild-hall, for I am credibly informed, at every day during that space of time, he has uttered articulate sounds for many hours; all I assert is (to speak with precision) that I never heard he ever *said* any thing: long life and not fancy is the apparent happiness of this sage, and, if report says true, many of the individuals, component parts of our unerring legislature, have considerable sums of money depending upon his breath, or, to use the true technical term of gaming, upon his *head;* I make not the least doubt, there is a wonderful treasure of knowledge heaped up in that inestimable repository, though he has been, like pecuniary misers, so niggardly in the use of it; to think otherwise would be obliquely casting a reflection on several members of the two most respectable bodies in Europe, who never would have hazarded such great sums in these perilous times, upon a head that was not replete with science, more especially to as this head is *pitted* against that of our immortal LAUREAT*; when I say immortal, I mean in regard to his fame, not his natural life; for was that to endure as long as his incomparable odes, it would only end with the dissolution of the globe itself.

As I have not been very long here, I have not yet collected materials for other characters, which must be the subject of future letters, I shall content myself therefore in this with the above two, the forementioned general account of the place, the different designs of the company,

* COLLEY CIBBER.

Digitized by Google

company, and, what I value above all, the opportunity of making myself known to one, who by his abilities does such uncommon honour to our family. To deserve then your esteem, after this self-introduction, that I may become useful to the CENTINEL general, I have for once put a force upon my inclinations, by entering, with seeming spirit, into the present important business of life here, the card-table; for, though I really think there are some concerns of greater importance to a human being than the most luminous conception of the full force of thirteen cards at the scientific amusement of *Whist*, yet in order by this compliance to make more accurate discoveries of characters in the agony of play, I have plunged into the thickest, and am become to all appearance one of the principal pillars of every *partie* at the three chief objects of the rational faculties, namely, *Whist*, *double Tour*, and *Cribbidge*; for, from the reason abovementioned of my intention to speculate upon these mysteries, I never confine myself to one game, or one set of company. I must ingenuously confess however, that my chief propensity would be to *cut in* among the ladies, but were I freed from this employment, I could not always afford to do that; for those fair enchanters have got such *winning* ways with them, as a celebrated wit here archly observed, that a man pays dearer for his favour than perhaps he would do for a much more considerable one.

Don't imagine from this, that I have neglected the ball-rooms, for I have put down my name at SYMPSON'S for this season (which for reasons that shall be nameless I have a little partiality to) and as the number not amounting to forty has not yet authorised the public ones to be opened, I have been the foremost always among the gay and amorous, in promoting a weekly subscription for private balls, and have constantly every Thursday night not only took up my *stand* there, but have footed it in a country dance, even to fatigue *caledonian* nymphs, and new married women.

These, sir, are my abilities, my present situation and employment; which, if they are capable of serving the public by being useful to your lucubrations, you may command

Digitized by Google

command them to the utmoſt, and may depend upon faithful intelligence of whatever worthy your notice paſſes from time to time during my reſidence here; for I ſhall conſider myſelf *ſtationed* in this place by the greateſt public authority, to watch carefully, and (as POPE ſays upon a ſimilar occaſion)

"Shoot folly as it flies,
"And catch the living manners as they riſe."

I am, dear couſin, with the ſincereſt reſpect,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,
and affectionate kinſman,

ROGER COVERLY SENTRY.

No. 14. *Thurſday, April 7th,* 1757.

Nullus in orbe ſinus Baiis *prælucet amœnis.* HOR.

To the CENTINEL.

BATH, April the 2d, 1757.

DEAR COUSIN,

SINCE I did myſelf the pleaſure of writing to you laſt, we have received at this place a very conſiderable reinforcement of real and imaginary invalids; of ſome old fellows who *think* they want young wives, and of young girls, who are very *certain* that they ſtand in need of huſbands; of gaping heirs who attend the tottering carcaſſes of the expiring wealthy, and of the rich childleſs who come to theſe ſalubrious ſtreams to procure themſelves future heirs; of thoſe who, in the equal diſtribution of providence, having abundance of the good things of this world, are not ſo plentifully provided

Digitized by Google

provided with ideas; and those who, not abounding with those substantial goods and chattels which fortune has already given her favourite sons of dulness, still court the smiles of that fickle goddess, and now and then by a little dexterity of hand, *correct* the mistakes of her dealing, at those mysteries which are here nightly performed to her honour.

There are a few others of both sexes, who do not come under any of these general descriptions, being either such as having neither passions nor peculiarity in character, are mechanically carried on in a dull unentertaining and unentertained uniformity of life, which might more properly be called animal vegetation; or such, as being blessed by Heaven with a superiority of understanding, regulate their own appetites by the severe and wholesome rules of reason, and preserve their properties from the snares of the necessitous crafty, and their characters from the ridicule of the maliciously witty. I am afraid this last number may easily be contained in one very little chamber, whilst that miscellaneous mob abovementioned crowd one another in SYMPSON's enormous *temple of chance* (one of the long rooms) which, like the grave, opens its capacious doors for all comers, and like the grave too, swallows its thousands every hour.

I make no doubt but you have done me the justice to observe how properly exact I have been, in my account of our additional recruits and the company in general, to associate those together, who, though so opposite in character, stand mutually in need of each other's assistance. Should a caviller object, that the gay and the gouty are by no means proper companions, I answer, that I never maintained they were, I only say that they stand in need of each other's assistance, for the practice of charity is to be preferred to compassionable pleasures: thus, though a new married old debauchée of forty, with chalkstones at the ends of his fingers and toes, may not be able to continue his dose of claret with the fashionable volatile, still vigorous rake of twenty one, who is a thriving candidate for the same infirmities, yet his unbreeding wife of eighteen, may have occasion for such assistance in her evening *parties*, to give an additional

Digitized by Google

force to the *deobſtructing* qualities of theſe efficacious waters. To continue the illuſtration with one inſtance more, though the old fellows I mentioned, who come in queſt of young wives, have no real occaſion for ſuch an addition to their outgoings, nor can the young girls have what they ſtand in need of ſupplied really by ſuch yoke-mates, yet will I appeal to both parties, whether or no in the end, their reſpective expectations are not fully anſwered by ſuch conjunctions? What an *eliſium* then, what a happy place muſt this be, where contradictions are reconciled, where repugnancies accord, and oppoſitions, which time or nature have inviduouſly made, are united to form the harmony of ſociety, and carry on the great end of creation!

I am much ſurpriſed that our legiſlature, conſidering what numberleſs benefits many, very many *members*, of both houſes have received from this place, has not granted ſome particular privileges and immunities to this city; for, if I am not miſinformed, ſeveral ancient families in thoſe reſpectable bodies would have been utterly extinct, nor would their names have been continued to poſterity in *living* characters, if their wives, their mothers, their grandmothers, and, for aught I know, their anceſtors mothers for many generations back, had not viſited Bath and imbibed the prolific ſtreams that perpetually flow to the aſſiſtance of our fair countrywomen, and no doubt will continue to do ſo when the actions of the preſent times ſhall be read with aſtoniſhment by our admiring ſucceſſors.

As I conſider Miſs RANDLE at the pump-room, Mr. MORGAN at the coffee-houſe, Mr. SYMPSON (or more properly his managing ſiſter Miſs SYMPSON) at one long room, Mr. WILTSHIRE at the other, and the *learned* Mr. LEAK the bookſeller himſelf, as retainers, by the nature of their employment here, to the office of the high CENTINEL of Great Britain, when I am at any of their reſpective quarters I place myſelf as near their perſons as I conveniently can, in order to receive information from theſe faithful nomenclators concerning the company preſent; for to read over the liſt of the nameleſs names of ſubſcribers at each place, without the

Digitized by Google

the explanatory notes of these intelligent instructors, would give one no real insight into the histories of many who never were heard of before they came hither, nor ever will be heard of again when they leave the place. I know several old maids have leer'd suspicion, and young wags wink'd archness, when they have observed the uncommon assiduity with which I have frequently edged up, as the croud passed away, to either of the two female centinels abovementioned, attributing the desire I had of squeezing in my little, round, plump, smiling personage to the ear of their fair damsels, to other motives, than what did truly instigate me.

I mention this circumstance, cousin CENTINEL, to shew you that I am more qualified (now the time of life is coming on when the passions listen to the voice of reason) to be a proper coadjutor to you in your great undertaking, than I might have been a few years ago when the mind itself was more desirous to gratify than controul them; for men never so forcibly make observations upon the failings of others as when they just *begin* to be free from them themselves; but to return from these reflections to my subject.

Considering the county of Somerset has been a land flowing with milk and honey, and the market at Bath look'd upon to be not only one of the best but one of the cheapest in England, it has been no small matter of wonder to me that the sleek Justice and the fat Alderman have not yet smell'd it out as a place of recreation for them, indeed some reverend rectors and double-chin'd prebendaries have annually found their way hither, and know by experience that this good old city *filleth the hungry with good things, though the rich it sendeth empty away.* I do not mean to insinuate that these ornaments of our church come hither on purpose to eat, for they consider meat in no other light than sustenance, and if the disorder in their stomach, which calls them for relief to these waters, happens to return periodically when Turbut and John Dory are in season, it might look like affectation and spirituul pride to refuse tasting these delicacies; therefore they industriously obviate the least appearance of giving offence by such misplaced abstinence.

Digitized by Google

Whatever good effects these waters may have upon the corporeal system of man, I must fairly own I have not yet perceived they have an enlightening power over the intellectual, nor can they boast of being mixed with the smallest rill from the *Castalian* spring; for though every season swarms with animals who *make* those things called copies of verses, I cannot recollect ever to have seen but one (entitled a hymn to miss LAURENCE, &c.) which could convict the author of the crime of poetry; therefore I should be inclinable to conjecture that *Styx* and *Lethe* gush plentifully into these streams in their subterraneous passages, and give them that fervency and fancy-quelling nature, for which they are so remarkable. I must own I wish, for the sake of some retainers to the muses here called players, that these waters had not such a benumbing quality on the faculties of the mind; for I must inform you that though every other dissipation is followed here, theatrical diversions, savouring of rational amusement, are much neglected, notwithstanding Mr. BROWN, in compliance to the fashionable folly of the age, has scenes painted in the *natural* Chinese taste, several well-winged flying dragons, pasteboard carrs, plentiful flakes of white paper snow, good store of thunder and lightning, together with descending clouds, trap-doors, and all other requisite decorations to furnish out those witty amusements called harlequin entertainments, as if they had been written by those two immortal pantomime poets in conjunction, JOHN RICH, esq. patentee of *Covent-garden*, and Mr. HENRY WOODWARD, secretary for *Columbine* affairs to the managers of the theatre royal in *Drury-lane*. As to Mr. BROWN'S own merit as a player I will not insist upon it, *because to be sure* (to use the irresistable arguments of some ladies and fine gentlemen) nobody can have any merit out of *London*, otherwise I really should have suspected this man must have had some nature about him, as the audience, the other night at a bespoke play, committed violence upon their features, by laughing very heartily at BAYS, though most people there had seen it performed before by the justly celebrated and inimitable Roscius of this kingdom. Though I will not compare Mr. BROWN'S

Digitized by Google

BROWN'S with Mr. GARRICK'S performance in the Rehearſal, I will venture to aſſert that many other parts of the drama were better played here than in *London*; for if a natural repreſentation is the criterion of perfection in the imitative arts, the players, who performed the characters of ſuch, were (as a friend of mine wittily obſerved) ſo very like themſelves, that they convinced all preſent, how ſuperior nature is to the utmoſt efforts of art.

I make no doubt but the gentlemen, who *give* tea on a ſunday night, would take it ill ſhould I paſs over their munificence unnoticed, eſpecially as being *talk'd of* ſeems to me to be the only motive for dragging the *fine men* and *fine ladies*, already *fatigued* with their attendance at the abbey (for you muſt know religion is ſome how or other taken into the faſhionable ſyſtem of amuſement and ſubſcriptions of the place) from their evening's private *partie* at home, to loll inſipidly over ſtale bread and butter and cold tea for two hours together, where the inviter and invited are heartily tired all the time, laugh at one another ſecretly, and are ſick of their miſcellaneous company, and all this is done to comply with the all-governing ſtupidity of eſtabliſhed cuſtom, this you will eaſily believe, as great part of the *beau monde* at Bath is a colony from the great *metropolis*, and regulates its conduct accordingly; for *fine gentlemen* and *fine ladies* don't trouble their heads about what is right, or their hearts about what is their own inclination, but obedient to irreſiſtable faſhion, they always do what *everybody* does, and never do what *nobody* does. Now who this much-reſpected *everybody*, and who the much-neglected *nobody* is, I will deſcribe in another letter.

I think, couſin Centinel, I have now given you a general idea of the company and amuſements of the place, and have thrown out ſufficient hints (upon which I make no doubt, many of your readers will greatly improve) how very uſeful as well as ſalutary theſe waters are and may be made to the good people of theſe three kingdoms, who twice a year ſend their repreſentatives hither as regularly as their other *members* to St. Stephen's chapel at Weſtminſter. It is a received axiom in politics,

Digitized by Google

that in the number of the people consists the strength of the community; from such premises then it may easily be proved, nay, algebraically demonstrated, that this small city is more conducive to the wealth and power of Great Britain and Ireland (I mean to speak of the more refined part of our species) than any six towns in his Majesty's dominions, not excluding the aspiring ambition of Bristol wells, Scarborough, Tunbride and Cheltenham from the number. I don't place in competition those little imitating scenes of summer resort, Harrigate, Buxton and Matlock, at all which places I shall take up my *stand* this summer in their respective seasons. I propose staying here a fortnight longer, and then shall return to town, where I intend paying my compliments in person to one whom fortune has so deservedly plac'd at the head of our family. I am, dear cousin, with the sincerest regard,

Your most obedient servant,

and affectionate kinsman,

ROGER COVERLEY SENTRY.

No. 15. *Thursday, April 14th,* 1757.

Respondere paratus. OVID.

HAVING received two ingenious letters from my cousin SENTRY, of Coverley-hall in Worcestershire, now at Bath, with which I entertained my readers the last fortnight, I flatter myself they will not be displeased if I lay before them this week my answer to my worthy kinsman, which they shall have verbatim, without addition or mutilation, as follows.

To

To ROGER COVERLEY SENTRY,
at Bath in Somersetshire.

LONDON, April 9th, 1757.

GOOD SIR,

I Hope the important concern I have upon my hands will sufficiently apologize for my not answering your first obliging and entertaining letter, before I received the second favour; but as you already seem sufficiently appriſed that the welfare of these great kingdoms, which depends so much upon my vigilance, is not to be neglected for mere matters of ceremony, my excuse, I dare say, is already pleaded in your breast before I have committed it to paper. After returning you the sincerest and warmest thanks for the assistance you have already afforded, and the flattering promises you have given of still continuing so valuable a friendship and correspondence, I must congratulate myself, my family, and my country, (for I have a lively sense of your abilities) that my very good friends sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, and captain SENTRY have left all their amiable qualities, as well as their fortunes, to one who will make so proper a use of both in the service of his country.

It is now, cousin, I very well remember it, thirty-two years ago, last Candlemas, since I was at Coverley-hall; you was then a little round jolly boy, which shape I find you still retain, just put into breeches; ah! could your worthy father have lived to have seen this day!—but he is gone after his worthy friend the Spectator, who, I have often heard my cousin Bridget say, was your godfather; and she used to attribute the roundness of your face, when a child, to the accidental circumstance of that sponsor's putting his remarkable short countenance over the font at the ceremony of the christening; which, poor man, I find he survived only six weeks: if there is really any power (as your maiden aunt always believed there was) of a godfather's conveying a mental similitude, as well as a corporeal one, to the favoured infant, by looking down

Digitized by Google

down upon the holy water, I and the world ſhall ſtill have farther obligations to my deceaſed friend for tranſmitting his *lucubrating* ſpirit one generation lower to chaſtiſe the vicious, to laugh the giddy out of their follies, and forward and eſtabliſh the good in their purſuit of happineſs through the paths of virtue. I am afraid I ſhall become ridiculous to the ſpirit of infidelity that reigns at preſent in the world, by confeſſing that I begin to have ſome faith in this affair myſelf; nay, ſince I have begun to own the forwardneſs of my belief, I will farther fairly acknowledge that more than once I have imagined there was a ſecret virtue even in the SPECTATOR's reading glaſs, which your father, of ever reſpected memory, gave me, and in the tobacco box and ſilver-tip'd ſtopper of his venerable predeceſſor ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, eſq; which latter was ſent me as a preſent, when I firſt entered into my office as CENTINEL-general, from the public-ſpirited executors of that greatly revered antiquarian THOMAS HEARNE of Oxford. I have particularly obſerved that every paper I have written, when I uſed thoſe ineſtimable moveables, breathes a ſuperior ſpirit to the reſt.

Thoſe low-minded people, who are contented with nothing but what is accounted for by reaſon, may turn ſuch thoughts into deriſion; but let me tell the ſcoffers, there is more in theſe things, than is *dreamt of in their philoſophy*, as HAMLET ſays.

The aſſiſtance you have already afforded, has not only laid an obligation upon me, hut has, I find, given great pleaſure to the generality of your readers, many of whom, diſſipated as the times are, have a very reſpectful remembrance of the good old Worceſterſhire baronet, your great uncle; nay, ſome of them had a perſonal acquaintance both with him and my ever honoured friend your father captain SENTRY. But, as infidelity is a principal characteriſtic of the preſent age, there are numbers in this metropolis, and, I make no doubt, many even where you now are, who make a doubt whether there ever were ſuch people; and ſtill farther, if my information be true, ſeveral gentlemen, who have been from the beginning of the ſeaſon at

Bath,

Digitized by Google

Bath, have wrote word to their enquiring correſpondents in London, that there neither is now, nor has been any ſuch perſon as Mr. SENTRY there this year, and the whole of the two letters ſo ſubſcribed is a groſs impoſition both upon me and the public: what will this world come to! in a day or two more, I ſuppoſe the non-entity even of my perſon willl be maintained, and ſome ſagacious coffee-houſe orator will confidently advance, and perhaps be believed, for we have thoſe who have faith for the groſſeſt abſurdities, that the very exiſtence of the CENTINEL-general of Great-Britain is purely imaginary; but I give my country this fair warning, that if this heretical ſect gains ground, I will deſert my important poſt for ever, and leave them to the care of theſe envious malignants; which if I do, the world may cry out with the poet,

Quis cuſtodiat ipſos
Cuſtodes?

the deſertion of my poſt will perhaps give them as much delight as it will give the reſt of mankind ſorrow; however I ſhall not be compelled to that extremity till I find the ſymptoms of an approaching univerſal credulity about my exiſtence ſtrong upon the people, and my authority treated with a conſequential contempt; my ſpies tell me (and they are very faithful creatures, who are too wiſe to be impoſed upon themſelves, and too honeſt to impoſe upon me) that they find no body inclinable to believe I don't exiſt, but ſuch as have reaſon to wiſh I really did not.

I have often heard, I muſt own, of men endeavouring to talk others out of their ſenſes, but this is the firſt attempt I ever met with of a ſet of people combined to talk one of his Majeſty's ſubjects out of his perſon. At this rate no body will be ſafe, let him be ever ſo tall or corpulent; for theſe gain-ſayers can as eaſily annihilate the Italian giant as the diminutive figure of little Loggan. This is a felony of a new ſpecies which the legiſlature has not provided againſt; but I make not the leaſt doubt of both houſes of p——t taking this affair ſeriouſly into conſideration now the offence is become

Digitized by Google

become so atrocious as to molest me, who may properly be considered as a supplement to their authority, if as our great dramatic poet observes,

——————" *Good name in man or woman*
" *Is the immediate jewel of their souls.*"

Surely, cousin, it behoves every conscientious man to be very cautious how he endeavours to talk away the body and soul of his neighbour at once, without which he can have no name at all. But perhaps our opponents have not thought deep enough to understand this inference, otherwise I have candour and charity enough to persuade myself they never would have gone such prodigious lengths. I must ingenuously confess, that two sparks at the Bedford coffee-house, the other day, whose conversation I accidentally overheard, had irritated me so far, that if I could have brought my action against them in *foro sensus communis* I certainly should have sued them; but as the practice of that court now a days is entirely laid aside, and the common law of England running diametrically opposite to those institutions, I passed over the injury done me, paid my sixpence at the bar, and walked home ruminating and growling at the licentiousness of the present age. I believe I should have had resentment enough for the sake of mankind, and not out of a principle of revenge, to have moved a certain court of judicature upon this occasion; but proper reflections upon a law-suit I had some years ago, which I will relate as *a case in point* (according to the language of the gentlemen of the long robe) deterred me from prosecuting my litigation any farther. You must know then that in a dispute two attornies raised betwixt me and a very good friend and neighbour some time ago in the country, about a right of common, it was necessary, my lawyer told me, that I should prove the deaths of my grandfather and of my father, and likewise my own birth. With these instructions and many others how to proceed he left me to the care of my own understanding and my attorney. When the day of assize came I attended with four or five creditable witnesses who were by at the deaths of my grandfather and

Digitized by Google

and my father, but brought nobody to prove the latter part of my instructions, namely my birth, imagining my own actual presence in court would have sufficiently proved that event. Judge then, cousin, how great was my surprise and disappointment, when I heard the council for the defendant learnedly distinguish, and insist upon it, that though my presence there might be a proof of my *existence*, it was none of my *birth*. Upon this very point therefore did the whole cause turn, and a decision was made against me. The case is to be found in the law books, particularly HARDHEAD'S *reports*, under the title of CENTINEL *versus* BULLRUSH, where it stands recorded that a man, who bore his Majesty's commission for the peace many years, and had served several sessions in parliament, was never *born*. Now if these defamatory, or properly annihilatory gentlemen, or their attornies, in case I had brought my action, had ever heard of this case, would they not have had immediate recourse to it and proved my non-existence in the following manner? Every man alive was born; it has been proved the CENTINEL never was born; therefore he does not exist. This certainly would have been the conclusion, for though the law contradicts all other reasoning, it never contradicts itself; and a determination having been already made that I never was born, what chance should I have stood of receiving damages? but though this was *my* unfortunate situation, I would by no means advise *you* to acquiesce under such an insult, because perhaps you may be able, by the assistance of council learned in the law, to prove that you was born some time or other, which are very good premises to build your proof of personal existence upon.

Notwithstanding this unheard of way of my coming into, and making a figure in the world without ever being *born*, I hope, dear cousin, you will still continue your friendship and assistance to me, and, in return, born or unborn, whilst I *exist* I shall ever remain,

Your most oblig'd friend,
and affectionate kinsman,
CENTINEL.

No. 16.

Digitized by Google

No. 16. *Thurſday, April 21ſt,* 1757.

Barbarus heu Cineres inſiſtet Victor, et urbem
Eques ſonante verberabit ungula:
Quæque carent ventis et ſolibus oſſa Britanni,
(Nefas videre) diſſipabit inſolens. HOR.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

AS you have undertaken the office of guardian to the public, I beg leave to appeal to your judgement and authority, in an affair which deeply concerns the community, of which I am a member.

I am a citizen of London; who ſome years ago, retired from a life of toil and anxiety, to a ſmall houſe in the neighbourhood of the capital, where I propoſed to ſpend the remainder of my days in peace and tranquility, and employ my time in ſuch acts of humanity, as might be ſerviceable to my fellow creatures. I thought I had left all the envy, animoſity, diſappointment and miſery of life in the buſy ſcenes of London; and that I had fixed my reſidence amidſt the quiet manſions of rural happineſs, where ſtriſe and indigence were altogether unknown. This hope was of ſhort duration; I found more faction in the veſtry of a country pariſh, than in the common council of London; more envy and ſlander at the viſiting of the curate's wife, than ever I heard at the rout of my lady mayoreſs; and more beggary among my neighbours, than is to be ſeen in St. Giles's, Clerkenwell, Hockley-in-the-Hole,* or any bye place in the ſuburbs of the metropolis. We have had ſufficient exerciſe for our charity in the

* Places in London, the buildings wherein are of a ſimilar ſtructure with thoſe in Pig-Alley, New-ſtreet, &c. and the manners and cuſtoms of the inhabitants, literally correſpondent.

Digitized by Google

the courſe of a long, ſevere winter, which in many reſpects has been unuſually unfavourable for the poor. We may obſerve for the honour of England, that common beggars fare beſt in times of calamity, which open the hearts of the affluent to an uncommon exertion of benevolence. But, there is one ſpecies of indigents, which, more than any other, excites the compaſſion and ſympathy of the beneficent and humane; I mean, thoſe, who from opulent circumſtances, have declined into the vale of misfortune, and though the the leaſt able to bear the attacks of miſery, endeavour, from a pride which is perhaps more decent than laudable, to conceal their diſtreſs from the world. They know that poverty neceſſarily expoſes them to contempt, which to a mind of ſenſibility is more intolerable than all the other *ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune;* want they in ſecret endure, as a perſonal inconvenience, but they avoid contempt as a public diſgrace. I was lately witneſs to a ſcene which I proteſt to you, Mr. CENTINEL, has made an impreſſion upon me, that I believe will never be effaced. The widow of a timber-merchant, who had lived in affluence, finding herſelf, by the premature death of her huſband, reduced to a very forlorn ſituation, took refuge in a ſmall, though neat cottage, built upon the edge of a common, and ſupplied with a little flower-garden, which was nicely cultivated in the days of her proſperity. To this cottage of pleaſure ſhe uſed to make frequent excurſions in the ſummer; and here ſhe paſſed many an afternoon in rural, and not inelegant ſimplicity. At her huſband's death ſhe retired to it, as the only habitation ſhe could call her own; the companion of her diſtreſs, was a daughter the widow of a ſea lieutenant with her child a girl about eight years of age, and this daughter's penſion of thirty pounds conſtituted their whole revenue. For ſome years they lived with an appearance of decency, though totally ſequeſtered from all communication, till the daughter died, and all the reſources of her mother were cut off. She, nevertheleſs, appeared at church with her grandchild in mourning, and the girl having now attained her thirteenth year, afforded the promiſe of a very

Digitized by Google

agreeable perſon; a humane lady, who lives in the neighbourhood, ſuſpecting the low circumſtances of the grandmother, called at the cottage, and offered to educate the child in her own family: the old gentlewoman thanked her with an air of ſullen pride, and bleſſed God that none of her family had ever been in the condition of ſervants; ſhe rejected all advances that were made to her by her charitable neighbours; ſhe was obſerved to pawn her houſehold furniture, and her wearing apparel piecemeal: ſhe no longer came to church, and her grandaughter gradually put on the appearance of want and miſery. During this laſt hard winter, no baker was ever ſeen at her door, no firing was carried into her lonely hut, and ſcarce any ſmoke iſſued from her chimney. The overſeers of the poor were deſired to viſit and aſſiſt her; ſhe met them on the threſhold in wretched attire, declined their aſſiſtance, and told them they were ſet upon by her enemies to affront her. At length the boards that formed a little fence to her yard, were torn down for fuel; the grandaughter became more meagre and more naked, and her piteous moanings were often overheard by paſſengers. I took it for granted that this hapleſs pair was reduced to extremity of diſtreſs, and reſolved to relieve them even in their own deſpite. I went to the cottage, accompanied by two honeſt tradeſmen of my acquaintance, I knocked at the door, and after ſome delay, was admitted by ſuch a melancholy ſpectre of miſery as I could not behold without ſhedding tears. It was the wretched damſel, wrapped in an old, tattered blanket, exhibiting in her countenance the marks of famine, grief, horror and deſpair: when I entered the place, nothing was to be ſeen but bare walls, except in one corner where the grandmother lay expiring upon ſtraw; ſhe had been in conſequence of cold and hunger, ſuddenly ſeized that very day, with the dead palſey, which deprived her of her ſpeech; and the poor, forlorn maiden, would not leave her in that condition, leſt ſhe ſhould die in her abſence. Believe me, Mr. CENTINEL, language is not able to convey an idea of what I felt upon this occaſion.. You may be ſure they were not left in ſuch extremity of indigence.

The

Digitized by Google

The old woman died next day, notwithſtanding all our aſſiſtance; my wife has taken the grandaughter into her care and protection. The cheeks and upper bar of their grate, were the laſt things they ſold to purchaſe a loaf; for a whole week they had not taſted bread; but ſubſiſted upon old turnips which had been turned up by the plow, in a neighbouring field.

The diſtreſs of this woman, you will ſay, was owing to her own pride and obſtinacy; but, there are many other families of worthy people who have lived in plenty and credit, now ſtarving from the ſame principles, upon a narrow income which was formerly ſufficient to procure the indiſpenſible neceſſaries of life. The cry of dearth begins to be heard throughout the land. Bread is riſen to more than double its uſual price; the rates of butchers meat and all ſorts of proviſion, are increaſed in the ſame proportion; inſomuch that the common people who uſed to live comfortably by their labour can hardly procure the moſt homely fare for themſelves and their families; nor is there any proſpect of ſpeedy relief for alleviation: on the contrary, we are threatened with an immediate aggravation of the calamity, and indeed with every ſcourge that heaven can inflict upon a land devoted to deſtruction. If this dearth is owing to a real ſcarcity of grain, why does not the legiſlature take meaſures for the importation of a ſufficient ſupply? This is a conſideration of more importance to the public, than all our foreign connections: a conſideration not unworthy the attention of the greateſt lawgivers of antiquity. If the dearth proceeds from the avarice and ſelfiſh views of a few monopolizers, why are not laws enacted for laying open their hoards and granaries, and for puniſhing the miſcreants themſelves as the worſt traitors to their country? What! will the repreſentative of the nation ſit inactive and indifferent, and behold the progreſs of our diſtreſs, from dearth to famine, from famine to peſtilence, from peſtilence to rebellion, anarchy and total ruin? While the internal plagues of dearth, diſcord and diſſatisfaction menace their country with miſery and deſolation, will they plan ruinous wars, and external alliances, for the maintenance of which,

Digitized by Google

the remaining blood and substance of the nation must be lavished? How long will Britain, like an ass, crouch under the redoubled loads of oppression, without even the consolation of a few gingling bells to chear her as she trudges along. Time was when she bore her burthen with pleasure, because adorned with the trappings of victory; when she saw kings her tributaries and princes in her chains, and heard the fame of her valour and greatness resounded from pole to pole. But what consolation have we at present, when our burthens are become much more heavy, and our backs more feeble? Our victories are changed into overthrows; our glory is faded into disgrace: we are impoverished, vanquished, ridiculed and despised: every mail acquaints us with some new triumph of the enemy: every wind wafts an account of some fresh addition to our loss. If we consider the different circumstances of our situation, we shall find them equally despicable and desperate. Beaten, beggar'd, irresolute, factious and corrupt, without counsel, conduct, courage, integrity or direction; enslaved and insulted by a m——y without virtue, ability or influence; saddled with a debt of eighty millions, the interest of which we can hardly defray; involved in a calamitous war which we cannot maintain; destitute of allies; oppressed with taxes almost insupportable: afflicted with dearth and inflamed with discord. Good heaven! to what a depth of misery is this once happy nation devoted! Though we are entirely abandoned by the spirit of our forefathers; though sunk into the most abject state of sloth, indolence and cowardice; though we are become such obsequious slaves as to kiss the hand of oppression; though overawed by foreign mercenaries* and native dragoons, that seem to contract their circle and close us in on every side; we are still left at liberty to complain; we still enjoy that last consolation of the wretched; let us besiege the throne with our supplications: let us invoke the k—— as our common father; that we may be treated as children, not as aliens; that we may be shorn, not flead; that we may be ruled with whips

* The Hanoverians and Hessians, imported upon the alarm of an invasion by France, were in England at the publication of this paper.

Digitized by Google

whips rather than with ſcorpions; and that we may be led by conſcientious guides, not driven by deſperate hirclings. If our prayers are excluded from the royal ear; if we are denied the benefit of his paternal virtue, let us put on ſackcloth and aſhes, and proſtitute ourſelves before the throne of a yet more powerful ſovereign: let us deprecate that wrath which our enormous crimes have kindled; and implore that mercy which our penitence may deſerve. Our woes are almoſt paſt human remedy, and therefore we require the interpoſition of an almighty protector.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

BROTOPHILUS.

No. 17. *Thurſday, April 28th,* 1757.

Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricæ.

NOTHING has been ſo often explained and yet ſo little underſtood as ſimplicity in writing; and the reaſon of its remaining ſo much a myſtery, is our own want of ſimplicity in manners. By our preſent mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the byaſs of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to diſguiſe, diſtort and alter our ſentiments until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquiſh and forget, but alſo become incapable of our original diſpoſitions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation; our perception is abuſed, and even our ſenſes are perverted; our minds loſe their nature, force and flavour; the imagination ſweated, by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and ſickly bloom; the genius, inſtead of growing

Digitized by Google

like a vigorous tree that extends its branches on every ſide, buds, bloſſoms and bears delicious fruit, reſembles a lopped and ſtinted yew, tortured into ſome wretched form, projecting no ſhade or ſhelter, diſplaying no flower, diffuſing no fragrance, producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amuſement of the idle ſpectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we reliſh her genuine productions? As well might a man diſtinguiſh objects through the medium of a priſm, that preſents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green ſickneſs, prefer a biſcuit to a cinder.

It has often been alledged that the paſſions can never be wholly depoſited, and that by appealing to theſe, a good writer will always be able to force himſelf into the hearts of his readers; but, even the ſtrongeſt paſſions are weakened, nay ſometimes totally extinguiſhed and deſtroyed by mutual oppoſition, diſſipation and acquired inſenſibility. How often at our theatres, has the tear of ſympathy and the burſt of laughter been repreſſed by a malignant ſpecies of pride, refuſing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing ſociety with the audience? I have ſeen a young creature poſſeſſed of the moſt delicate complexion, and exhibiting every feature that indicates ſenſibility, ſit without the leaſt emotion, and behold the moſt tender and pathetic ſcenes of Otway, repreſented with all the energy of action; ſo happy had ſhe been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature, ſhe had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more aukward, than to betray a ſenſe of ſhame or ſympathy; ſhe ſeemed to think that a conſent of paſſion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that ſhe herſelf ought to be the only object of approbation. But, ſhe did not conſider that ſuch approbation is ſeldom acquired by diſdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart; for my own ſhare, I never fail to take a ſurvey of the female part of the audience, at every intereſting incident of the drama; when I perceive the tear ſtealing down a lady's cheek, and the ſudden ſigh eſcape from her breaſt, I am attracted towards her by an irreſiſtible emotion of tenderneſs

tenderneſs and eſteem; her eyes ſhine with enchanting luſtre, through the pearly moiſture that ſurrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her ſnowy boſom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her diſcernment. On the contrary, when I ſee a fine woman's face unaltered by the diſtreſs of the ſcene, with which I myſelf am affected, I reſent her indifference as an inſult on my own underſtanding; I ſuppoſe her heart to be ſavage, her diſpoſition inſocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput, ſed cerebrum non habet.*

Yet this inſenſibility is not, perhaps, owing to any original defect. Nature may have ſtretched the ſtring, though it has long ceaſed to vibrate. It may have been diſplayed and diſtructed by the firſt violence offered to the native machine: it may have loſt its tone through long diſuſe; or be ſo twiſted and overſtrained as to produce an effect very different from that for which it was primarily intended. If ſo little regard is paid to nature when ſhe knocks ſo powerfully at the breaſt, ſhe muſt be altogether neglected and deſpiſed in her calmer mood of ſerene tranquility, when nothing appears to recommend her but ſimplicity, propriety and innocence; a clear, blue ſky, ſpangled with ſtars, will prove a homely and inſipid object to eyes accuſtomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding and glitter; they will be turned with loathing and diſguſt from the green mantle of the ſpring, ſo gorgeouſly adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and bloſſoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligée, ſtriped and interſected with abrupt, unfriendly tints that fetter the maſſes of light, and diſtract the viſion; and cut and pinked into the moſt fantaſtic forms, and flounc'd and furbelow'd, patch'd and fring'd with all the littleneſs of art, unknown to elegance. Thoſe ears that are offended by the ſweetly wild notes of the thruſh, the blackbird and the nightingale; the diſtant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the ſoft ſighings of reeds and oſiers, the magic murmur of lapſing ſtreams; will be regaled and raviſhed by the extravagant and alarming notes of a ſqueaking fiddle, extracted

Digitized by Google

tracted by a muſician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers: they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and makarel.

The ſenſe of ſmelling that delights in the ſcent of excrementitious animal juices, ſuch as muſk, civet and urinous ſalts, will loath the fragrance of new-mown hay, the hawthorn bloom, the ſweet briar, the honey-ſuckle and the roſe; and the organs that are gratified with the taſte of ſickly veal which has been bled into the palſey, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropſical pig, the abortions of pigeons and of poultry, 'ſparagus gorged with the crude unwholeſome juice of dung, peaſe without ſubſtance, peaches without taſte, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly naufeate the native, genuine and ſalutary taſte of Welch beef, Banſtead mutton, Hampſhire pork and barn door fowls; whoſe juices are concoct d by a natural digeſtion, and whoſe fleſh is conſolidated by free air and exerciſe.

In ſuch a total perverſion of the ſenſes, the ideas muſt be miſrepreſented, the powers of the imagination diſordered, and the judgment of conſequence unſound. The diſeaſe is attended with a falſe appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not ſatisfy. It muſt have ſauces compounded of the moſt heterogenous traſh. The ſoul ſeems to ſink into a kind of ſleepy ideotiſm, or childiſh vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles which can only be pleaſing to the moſt ſuperficial curioſity. It is enlivened by a quick ſucceſſion of trivial objects that gliſten and glance and dance before the eye, and like an infant kept awake and inſpirited by the ſound of a rattle. It muſt not only be dazzled and arouſed, but alſo cheated, hurried and perplexed by the artifice of deception, buſineſs, intricacy and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle, and may be termed the legerdemain of genius. This being the caſe it cannot enjoy, nor indeed diſtinguiſh the charms of natural and of moral beauty or decorum. The ingenious bluſh of native innocence, the plain language of antient faith and ſincerity, the chearful reſignation to the will of heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary reſpect payed to

Digitized by Google

to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay, the very crimson glow of health and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned and ridiculed as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity and superstition.

The greatest part of last month I passed in the country, to mark the first symptoms and gradual progress of the spring: a great number of sheep were turned out with their lambkins on a neighbouring common, and many perished through the ensuing severity of the weather. Though I was rendered unhappy by the distress of those poor animals, I could not help being pleased and affected with the humanity of the farmer at whose house I lodged: he and his family tended, fed and folded them, with patriochal care; and lamented the fate of every individual that chanced to die, not from the sordid considerations of lucre, but from motives of real compassion. One bitter day, when winter seemed to have returned with all his terrors, my landlord's youngest boy came running to his father with looks of eagerness and dismay, and told him that one of Nanny's lambs was dying in the snow. His sister Nanny, a blooming girl of sixteen, who stood rinsing her milking-pails in the yard, instantly quitted her work, and hasting to the common, soon returned with the little fainting animal in her bosom, and the tears trickling down her cheeks. I had never seen such an expression of beauty, tenderness and sweet simplicity; and wished for the pencil of a Raphael or Guido to perpetuate the idea. She carried her patient to the fire, where it was dried, warmed, chafed and refreshed with milk conveyed through a quill: the creature revived and recovered, and nows follows Nanny as its dam and protectress. I could not help comparing this picture with what I have often observed in St. James's park: a fallow, meagre, haggard nymph of London, fluttering "in her robe's discordant pride," attended by a gigantic footman in livery, carrying under his arm a huge, shaggy, snarling, *prick-eared cur*, as the favourite of his lady's fancy and affection.

I shall conclude this paper with the transcript of a real letter which lately fell into my hands, and is no bad specimen

Digitized by Google

ſpecimen of rural truth and ſimplicity. It is directed " to the reverend Mr. Hurden in Clare market, cheeſe-" monger and butterman, London;" and indeed, I at firſt imagined that in theſe hard times, ſome poor clergyman might have had recourſe to ſuch a profeſſion for a livelihood; but upon recollection, I conclude that the epithet of *reverend* was applied to Mr. Hurden as a mark of reſpect only. Though the letter is addreſſed to Mr. Hurden, it appaers to be written to his 'pPrentice, in theſe words.

" Dear Child

" THIS with my kind love to you hoping you are " in good health as it hath left us and your lov-" ing father and mother received your preſant and return " you many thanks for it and the times are ſo hard " that we your loving father and mother would have " made you ſome ſmall preſant but cannot yet and I " your loving mother have been in a poor way are ſince " that heavy news came of your brothers death there-" fore my good child be dutiful and ſubmit yourſelf " unto your maſter Mr. Hurden avoid ill company and " take care of beeing deluded and I your loving mother " ſhould be glad to ſee you but I am afraid I ſhall not " live to ſee you ſo no more at this time from your " ever loving father and mother Benjamin and Elizabeth " Swain

" And wheat and barley is ſo dear with us that poor " folks with families can ſcarce get food to keep them " alive"

Here is no embroidery or oſtentation, but ſimple truth decently expreſſed, without any ſuperfluous ornament, except a redundancy of the copulative particle *and*, which the good folks thought neceſſary to make their epiſtle hang together. Though we cannot point out *the ſublime* in any part of it, we muſt own it abounds with good ſenſe, contains ſome moving touches, and the poſtſcript is an affecting inſtance of *the pathetic*.

Digitized by Google

No. 18. *Thurſday, May 5th,* 1757.

———*Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt*
Vera bona.——— JUV.

THAT univerſal diſcontent and diſquietude which runs through every rank and degree of life hath been deſervedly condemned by the philoſophers of all ages, as one of the bittereſt reproaches of human nature, as well as the higheſt affront to the divine author of it: if indeed we look through the whole creation, and remark the progreſſive ſcale of beings as they riſe into perfection, we ſhall perceive to our own ſhame and confuſion, that every one ſeems ſatisfied with that ſhare of life and happineſs which its maker hath appointed for it, Man alone excepted, who is pleaſed with nothing that his bounty imparts, unleſs bleſſed with every thing that his power can beſtow, perpetually repining at the decrees of providence, and refuſing to enjoy what he *has*, from a ridiculous and never-ceaſing deſire of what he *has not*.

That object which is at a diſtance from us is always the moſt inviting, and that poſſeſſion the moſt valuable which we cannot acquire. With the ideas of affluence and grandeur we are apt to aſſociate thoſe of joy and pleaſure, and becauſe riches and power *may* conduce to our happineſs, we haſtily conclude, that they *muſt* do ſo; that pomp, ſplendor and magnificence which attend the Great is viſible to every eye, whilſt the ſorrows which they feel, and the dangers they are obnoxious to, eſcape our obſervation.

Hence it ariſes, that almoſt every condition and circumſtance of life is conſidered as preferable to our own; that we ſo often fall in love with ruin, and beg to be unhappy;

Digitized by Google

unhappy; we weep in ſhort when we ought to rejoice, and complain when we ought to be thankful.

The ſun, *ſays an Eaſtern ſage*, was ſinking behind the weſtern hills, and with departing rays gilded the ſpires and turrets of Golconda, when the captive Selima from the window of the ſon of Nouradin's ſeraglio, caſting a mournful look at the country which ſhe ſaw at a diſtance beyond the boundary of her confinement, fixed her eyes on ſome cottages which ſhe could diſtinguiſh by the thin ſmoke aſcending from them, and ſeemed to envy the humble condition of the lowly inhabitants; ſhe longed to exchange her own ſituation for that of innocent poverty and chearful tranquility: little by little the envied proſpect faded on her ſight, and ſhe liſtened with horror to the cracking of iron bars, and the cloſing that ſurrounded her; till at length all was huſh'd, all became quiet as the hours of night, and ſtillneſs advanced; ſhe then burſt forth into the following ſoliloquy:

And was I formed a reaſonable being (ſhe cried) for this? to be excluded for ever from ſociety, and doomed to add one more to the ſlaves of the monarch of the Eaſt; have I deſerved this at the hand of providence, or exacted this unequal lot from the genius of diſtribution? Did I ever turn mine ears from the cries of the needy, or ſhut the open hand of mercy from the poor? Why then am I puniſhed in this manner, why for ever denied the bleſſings of mutual love, and fated to weep in vain to the walls of a priſon-houſe? While I was a child, the angel of death cloſed the eyes of my parents, when as yet I knew not their loſs; and a few moons ago the ſame miniſter of terror bore from my arms a ſiſter whom I loved, to the land of ſilence and ſhadows; the reſt of thoſe that were dear to me groan under the bonds of ſervitude in the mines of Agar, or traverſe the great waters in the ſhips of India; ſome happier few who have found grace in the eyes of the ſultan live only to ſhew me the difference between what I was and what I am; yet the remembrance of thoſe I loſt, I bore with reſignation; I wept indeed and retired, but as yet repined not; but to know no

end

Digitized by Google

end of misery, to be kept as a witness to the luxury of those who were once our equals, is surely the worst that can be inflicted: I have said to the slaves, why will not my lord the sultan dismiss the maid whom he thinks unworthy his embraces, and whose presence will rather cast a cloud over his pomp than encrease it? but they treat my tears and my remonstrances with scorn, nor are their hearts melted in them with pity: night and silence are over all the seraglio, even the horrid guards to whose care we are resigned are fast locked up in sleep; when, O! when shall I enjoy that sweet oblivion? Discontent and perpetual uneasiness of mind, banish from my eyes all propensity to rest, the night only affords me an opportunity to vent my complaints, and my greatest happiness is this hour of universal repose, when I can undisturbed and unmolested give utterance to the sorrows of my heart.

As she was speaking these last words, the shades of darkness were suspended on a sudden, and a light diffused itself around her like the flash of mid-day: she looked up and beheld, when Azazel the angel of reproof became visible to her sight; she bowed her head in the dust and humbled herself before him. Selima (he cried) arise, thou misguided child of affliction: I am that genius who was with thee when thou wast as yet a child, and in my book were thy future fortunes written; I was with the angel whose ministry it was to seal the eyes of thy parents, and who laid his hands on thy sister; under my influence wert thou brought as a captive unto Amurath from the banks of Oxus, and immured in the walls of his seraglio; thou hast complained of thy fate, thou hast said that the eye of thy genius frowned on thy birth, and that misfortune has marked thee for her daughter: but I am come to clear thy doubts; and to direct thee where thou may'st find the mansions of rest; let my words sink deep in thee, and grave them in living characters on thy heart. I will take away the mist from before thine eyes, for thou knowest not what thou hast said: thou hast lamented the fate of thy sister who is happier by far than thou art, and who has her station assigned her in the

Digitized by Google

realms of bliss. The situation of thy companions who have appeared pleasing to the sultan has been the object of thine envy, but alas! thine is a paradise to theirs; thou hast repined at that solitude which, hadst thou made right use of, it would have taught thee to know thyself, and hast grieved that thou wert not born to that beauty which thousands never possess, and which would have been to thee as a punishment instead of a blessing. I will now shew thee what but for my interposition would have been thy own destiny, had this thy last, thy presumptuous wish been crowned with success; hadst thou been bidden in thy turn to deck with oriental pomp the bed for Amurath, and repose on the silken pavilions in the inner chambers of the palace: turn thyself to the east and view there what I shall explain to thee.

She turned and beheld a woman seated on a throne, surrounded with every circumstance of Eastern magnificence; she was fair as one of the Houries, and sparkling in the gold of Indostan and the diamonds of Surat; in her presence every mouth was dumb, every knee bended with fear, and every eye fixed on the ground; yet she seemed to receive the adorations of the crowd with coldness, nor was her heart glad at the approach of her lord; she seemed alone as to herself, though amidst wondring thousands and ten thousands at her feet. ——View her yet again (he said) Selima, as the crowd retiring leaves her in her closet, and what happiness does she seem possessed of that thou wishest to be thine! Does not that gloom that hangs on her brow owe its being to fear? Is she not conscious that treachery or chance can in a moment bring her licentious happiness to an end? And guilt, that viper in her bosom, destroys all relish for pleasures, and points out to her the vanity of all joys which have not virtue for their foundation.——But see, the guards rush in at this moment to seize her and accuse her of having conspired the death of her lord.——Mark how the splendid apartments and alcove of pleasure disappear, and in their stead the joyless gloom and grated windows of a prison.

——Now

Digitized by Google

——Now she is hurried in, they throw the black robe of death upon her; in vain does she now think of command, in vain wave that hand which a few hours hours before would have stilled the raging of the people, and humbled the rulers of the world; she now begs to be heard, and has recourse, as her last aids, to entreaty, tears and prostration, but in vain: she is dragged down on the rocky pavement by the hands of slaves who offer her the dismal alternatives of the poisoned cup, or the sabre——She drinks, and see she sinks yet and yet paler to the earth——See the last convulsive struggle—the dying gasp, and the sigh that rends the heart in the last agony: —— scarce is there a pause,—they strip the yet warm body denied to be joined in burial with the queens of the land, and expose it for a prey to the eagle and vulture.

Such, short-sighted maid, would have been thy latest hour; and thy end would have resembled hers: bear then thy present fate without repining, nor dash the cordial which hope presents thee with to the ground, but wait with patience for a happier hour; their lot only may be called miserable whose faces were never covered with shame, and who go down unrepenting to the grave——Hope is yet thine, which can turn the walls that confine thee to the bower of content; then say not in thine heart that thy portion here is with the wretched, nor by wishing to alter the allotment of providence, provoke the rage of a power infinitely greater than mine, which can crush thee to atoms at a blow. When he had spoke these words he stretched out his arm over her, and she sunk down on a sofa into the arms of sleep, from which she awoke in the morning with a conviction of her late unjust repinings, and with a perfect resignation to the lot which her genius had assigned her in the terrestial abode of life.

Digitized by Google

No. 19. *Thurſday, May 12th, 1757.*

Quam temere in noſmet legem ſancimus iniquam!

WHAT is become of the boaſted liberty of this nation, when a ſubordinate of the CENTINEL-general of Great Britain, is obliged to truckle to the inſolence of arbitrary power? The following petition I yeſterday received from one of my deputies, who uſed to guard the temple of wit, under the great piazza, in Covent-garden.

From the Hold of his M——y's Tender the INFERNAL, lying off Mill-my-buff ſtairs, May 5, 1757.

The PETITION of TIMOTHY TATTLE,

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT your petitioner in croſſing Ruſſel-ſtreet upon his lawful occaſions, was on Wedneſday the 4th inſtant, apprehended by a preſs gang, and by force and violence conveyed on board of the *Infernal tender*, notwithſtanding his repeated declaration that he exerciſed the employment of deputy under the CENTINEL-general of Great Britain. That the officer of the gang, inſtead of paying reſpect to ſuch a venerable title, ſpoke of your excellency in the moſt opprobrious terms; ſwearing that you was no better than a pyrate, as you acted without any commiſſion from his Majeſty; that he would ſtand athwart your hawſer, and if you did not keep a good look out afore, run you aboard and bring you faſt to your moorings. That your petitioner is not only deprived of the freſh air and the light of day, but alſo confined in a damp dungeon, without neceſſaries, in the midſt of filth, ſtench, vermin and diſeaſe, and ſurrounded with

Digitized by Google

with every ſpecies of miſery and deſpair; that his eyes behold nothing but acts of cruelty, tears, agony and death; that his ears are inceſſantly invaded by a hideous concert of ratling chains, bitter curſes, groans and lamentations; that a methodiſt tallow-chandler had hanged himſelf in the night to a ring-bolt, by means of ſome candle-wick which happened to be in his pocket; that an author, for having attempted to act the roman part by falling upon a ruſty nail, was firſt diſciplined with a rattan by the mate, and then ſtapled down upon his back, in which poſture he lies, *invoking all the gods to puniſh his oppreſſors.* That your petitioner having been detected in tampering with his brother centry, who ſtands at the hatchway, received a blow from the boatſwain, by which he has loſt two of his fore teeeth, and was threatened with the bilboes and a rope's end if ever he ſhould make another attempt to eſcape. He therefore humbly entreats your excellency will out of your great goodneſs, make application for his diſcharge, or at leaſt procure an order that he may be immediately ſent upon ſervice againſt the enemy, that he may have ſome chance for being knocked on the head, rather than rot and die by inches in this peſtilential abyſs.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound,
ſhall for ever pray.

This intimation was brought to me by a perſon of a decent appearance, who is maſter of a ſhip belonging to ſome merchants in the city: he had been fellow-priſoner with my deputy, and releaſed by an extraordinary connexion of intereſt. His owners no ſooner underſtood he was preſſed than they applied to the regulating captains, who adviſed them to petition the admiralty; that honourable board referred them to the regulating captains, and theſe again referred to their former report; ſo that between theſe references the man's fortune would have been wrecked, and he muſt have ſerved on board of a man of war in the ſtation of a common ſailor, had it not been his good fortune to have a kinſwoman who is kept by a clerk in the navy-office. This lady eſpouſed the cauſe of her couſin, and

Digitized by Google

in his behalf employed her influence with her keeper, by whose interest the man obtained his discharge.

Considering the insult offered to my deputy, it will be no easy task to discuss this topic with coolness and moderation; perhaps this is a subject that ought not to be treated with moderation. If such acts of tyranny are practised in a nation that lays claim to liberty, and has expended seas of blood in defence of that liberty, the grievance will hardly be redressed by cool arguments. The people of this kindom are grown so dull and phlegmatic that their attention must be roused by loud clamour, and warmed into resentment by passionate declamation, before they take any effectual step for the security of their privileges. In this land of boasted freedom let us see to what injustice and oppression we are daily exposed; not that I pretend to enumerate every instance in which the individual may be injured without all possibility of redress; that would be the task of a man's whole life, rather than the subject of an occasional essay: I will content myself with the single article of compelling men into the service of the nation; a *practice* infinitely productive of public mischief as well as private misery: a shocking outrage on the natural rights of mankind, and an eternal reproach to the government by which it is patronized.

If it be alledged that this practice is warranted by necessity; I ask to what a forlorn condition are we reduced, when we must be driven like Muscovites or slaves into the field to fight the battles of our prince? The necessity of pressing men into the service would never have occurred, had the ministry taken any pains to guard against this evil, which of all others is the most grievous to a free people. Volunteers would never have been wanting, had proper regulations been established to screen our seamen from insult, injury and oppression on board of the king's ships; for ascertaining the payment of their wages, and taking off that restraint which puts them on the footing of galley-slaves. Plans of police for this purpose, the most practicable and effectual, have been repeatedly offered to our g———s, who have either totally neglected them with the most supine indolence,

Digitized by Google

lence, or ſtarted frivolous objections to their being put in practiſe; as if they had been in a conſpiracy againſt the welfare and liberties of the nation. Far from endeavouring to alleviate the rigour of theſe arbitrary proceedings, by puniſhing thoſe who mingle unneceſſary cruelties in the exerciſe of oppreſſion; they have countenanced their dependants in all the wantonneſs of barbarity: they have lent a deaf ear to the cries and complaints of the injured; they have found means to veſt extraordinary power in the juſtices of the peace, by which every puny wretch who can inſinuate himſelf into the commiſſion, is enabled to play the tyrant, and inſult his betters with impunity.

What would a ſenſible foreigner ſay of the freedom of the Engliſh, if he knew the perſons and characters of thoſe who are the guardians of the k—g's peace in Middleſex and Weſtminſter, if he contemplated the crew of low, illiterate tradeſmen, ſharpers, beggars and bailiffs, that conſtitute the bench and retail juſtice in twelvepenny remnants? would he not exclaim with the poet,

Juſtice is lame as well as blind among us!

Would he not ſay how can peace and equity be maintained, when the miniſters of juſtice have no other ſubſiſtence than the fees ariſing from diſcord and iniquity? This traffic, indeed, is carried on under colour of juſtice, which may be ſome conſolation to the injured: but the practice of preſſing at ſea, is performed without form or diſtinction of law, perſon or circumſtance. The innocent are apprehended by ſurpriſe, without any cauſe of delinquency aſſigned; and every petty officer of a king's ſhip, acts as judge and executioner with the moſt deſpotic authority.

A man after an abſence of ſeven years, during which he has expended his conſtitution, in earning a competency for the remainder of his life, embarks for his native country with a view to reviſit his family and friends, and paſs the evening of his days in peace and tranquility, after the ſevere ſtorms he has undergone. His wife expects him with the moſt eager affection; his children

Digitized by Google

children long to see the face of a parent whose name has been so often sounded in their ears; his former friends impatiently wait his return; and he himself amuses his fancy with the hope of enjoying those different scenes of tender recognition. When he has already finished his voyage, feasted his eyes with the sight of his native shore, and his heart beats high with the transports of approaching bliss; the ship in which he is a passenger, may be boarded by a tender belonging to a squadron outward bound. He is challenged as a man fit to serve his majesty: if he presumes to remonstrate against compulsion, he is treated with scorn, insolence and cruelty: he is dragged into the boat, hurried on board of a man of war, exposed to every kind of inconvenience, slavery and outrage; reconveyed perhaps to the very same unhealthy climate in which his constitution had been impaired; and never more beholds his native soil, but miserably perishes by grief, distemper, or the chance of war, at a distance from those who are most dear to his affection. Had he been taken by the foes of the nation, they would have treated him with humanity: he would have been exempted from drudgery and danger, and set at liberty in consequence of an exchange. Had he been enslaved by the enemies of the christian name, he could have been ransomed for his money: had he fallen into the hands of pirates, they would have stripped and set him on shore: but, among his own countrymen, he is even denied the privilege of captivity, which is protection from insult and peril: he is confined to the most loathsome habitation, amidst thieves and reprobates, restricted to coarse and scanty fare, compelled by obloquy and stripes to toil above his strength, exposed to every peril of the enemy and of the deep, without any prospect of redress; and deprived of the benefit of exchange or redemption.

If the subjects of this kingdom are liable to such brutal acts of oppression, no wonder that our fleets are poorly manned; and that able sailors are averse to the service. The enemy have some reason to believe the British spirit is quite extinguished, when they hear that our army and navy are recruited by unwilling wretches

who

Digitized by Google

who have been torn from their families and occupations, confined in dungeons, and terrified into submission by whips, bolts and shackles. They will conclude that disaffection and discontent prevail throughout the land, when individuals refuse to serve the g———t but upon compulsion. These considerations will animate their endeavours, will encourage them to undertake enterprizes of importance against us; will even contribute to their succeeding in these enterprises; while we become dispirited and desponding in the same proportion. We shall sustain misfortune on misfortune, disgrace upon disgrace, until the national wealth is wasted, and its honour entirely effaced; then we shall tamely beg, perhaps purchase, an unfavourable peace: and all those miscreants whom we have used in war as the instruments of death and rapine, will be let loose like troops of famished wolves to prey upon their countrymen already impoverished and depressed by the misconduct of a weak and worthless ad———n. We shall become bankrupts in our public credit; incur the contempt of all our neighbours, endure all the agonies of mortified pride; and our posterity will stigmatize this period as the most inglorious r———n that ever disgraced the British annals.

No. 20. *Thursday, May 19th,* 1757.

Aspicit et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos. VIRG.

OF all the reflections that the calm moralist has it in his power to make on death, whether they are the casual topics of conversation or introduced merely for the sake of argument, it is observable how rarely they make any impression on the heart; nay, how seldom he that makes them himself is affected by them: in worldly concerns we see in him the same appearance

Digitized by Google

appearance of important hurry, the same hopes and fears with his coemporaries; yet it is still stranger that when we see such numbers of our fellow-creatures, every hour dropping into the gulph of eternity, that we never once strive to recollect our scattered thoughts, or think seriously on it, till solicitude for our own approaching death rouses us to a sensibility.

Of all the terrors which attend on death, as uncertainty of what or where we are to be, recollection of faults which prompt us to a late and vain repentance, and a thousand others, I know of nothing that strikes us so much, while we live and are in full health, as the thoughts of the pleasures we must leave behind: I was led into this train of thinking by the line of Virgil at the head of my paper, where the poet speaking of a man who fell suddenly in battle, he fell (says he) and as he died turn'd his thoughts on his much-loved Argos; it seems, as if at that very moment a thousand ideas had rush'd into his mind; a thousand endearments which he had never sufficiently valued before; a wife and children that he must leave, and visionary schemes of happiness which must have an end with his life.

Custom, as it habituates the body to carry a weight with ease, which at first it would have sunk under, makes us every day less affected by, and more familiar with sights which in the infancy of our passions we could not have look'd upon without horror; I can find no other reason for the general unconcern which we every where see but this; the death of others we no longer regard as a silent warning to ourselves to prepare for that state where we must one day be, and our sorrow is indeed seldom more lasting when the ties of blood or connexions of friendship are broken; for even then, though we bear about us the trappings of mourning, a few days reconcile us to them, and we are no more moved by the cause, than by any other trifling occurrence that took its turn and was remembered no more.

Let him, who is unmoved and can hear without one serious thought of the deaths of those around him, and consider them as only clearing the too crouded stage of life and making way for his own merit to appear, repair

Digitized by Google

pair to the bed of death and take a lesson from some dying friend; the only one that will perhaps sink deep enough in him, and bestow on him that conviction which he would seek in vain from science or books: I would not have him expect it from one whose race is run, and who has been tired of life long before he was freed from it; such a one we suppose has long expected it, and regretted the loss of its enjoyment before the thought was suggested by the approach of death; in them it is what we look for, and often wonder why it comes no sooner; there is not that unwillingness to go hence, nor that agonizing struggle that tears the soul from the body: let him rather look for it from the sight of the last moments of some young acquaintance, who in the midst of his successes, in the meridian of life, is called to render up an early account; there he may see the mind in the midst of uncertainty, and inquietude; sometimes depressed to a state too like despair, and sometimes distracted at the thought of those he must leave; no longer flattery has access to his heart, no longer through pride is it proof against the admonitions of conscience; all the happiness he is then in a capacity to receive, he must have from the remembrance of what good he has done and all that has tended to decorate life, all the flowers he has selected from learning, and all that ambition to please, he will consider no more as objects of desire, and rather wish the time employed in the pursuit had been set aside for the cultivation of solid virtue. The contemplation of this would be making some advantage of death, and excite in us a kind of useful terror, we should then have the satisfaction to think we went not away from that melancholy scene unimproved, nor reflecting on the good it had done, be ashamed of being conscious that fear had done that, where persuasion would have failed. These reflections, when it should be our own lot, would smooth the bed of death, give us leave, without terror, to look down the precipice from whence we must shortly fall, prepare us without confusion to attend to the definitive sentence, and sustain with resignation the pang which attends our final dissolution.

For

For however books may have taught us to think we can look on death with courage, and consider it only as the means by which we are freed from corporeal sufferance; yet I believe no mind while yet in its vigour (or few at least) were so well instructed, that, to use the beautiful expression of a modern poet, they

Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind.

Since then the thought of those we are to leave behind is so likely to be our last, we ought surely to leave them as the remembrance of them may not reproach us; to recollect in time the injuries we have done to each of those whose merit through envy we have been blind to, or whom we have injured; for though part of our life is only made up of trifling occurrences, in these we may give equal proofs of our justice or depravity as in things of greater moment; and though amid the hurry of business they may be little attended to or forgot, in the hours of sickness they will revive and aggravate the horrors of repentance; let us then while we have yet the power of choice do that justice to every man's character which the fears of death will at last extort from us; and while we are yet in health remember we are not here only to live for ourselves, but to make their lives easy whom fortune has made dependant on us.

To a mind that has the least tincture of humanity, the least feeling for the sufferings of others, there cannot be a spectacle more shocking and disagreeable, than to see those whose blood, fame, fortunes and interests are united, and whose good offices should therefore be mutual, torn to pieces by jealousies, hatred and division: such scenes make us ashamed of our nature, and out of love with our very being. They give us the idea of a rude and uninformed world, the antient chaos of matter, where all the elements were mixed together, and nothing reigned but discord, darkness and confusion. Whilst on the other hand, a well-regulated and happy family, where order and harmony are preserved, where peace and tenderness, love and affection reign, untainted

Digitized by Google

untainted by diſcord, unembittered by ſtrife and animoſity, where there is a conſtant unwearied endeavour to ſerve and oblige each other, where the fears of death are ſo tempered by the hopes of future happineſs that all is regular and uniform; ſuch a family muſt doubtleſs be a ſight worthy of that great Creator who formed the members of it, and an emblem, though an imperfect one, of the whole frame of nature, the glorious fabric of the univerſe, built by the divine architect, whoſe ſupreme wiſdom ſo ordained its amazing ſymmetry and proportion, that each part is perfect in itſelf, and at the ſame time contributes to the beauty, the magnificence, and the duration of the whole.

How then after all are we to guard againſt every ill, and be prepared for every calamity, but by cultivating in our minds a ſettled good will, and habitual benevolence! whatever makes us lovely will make us beloved, and whatever tends to the peace and happineſs of our fellow-creatures muſt render us amiable in the ſight of God: the proſpect of death, with all its terrors, will by degrees become leſs formidable to him who is clad in the armour of innocence, and all the calamities of this life will ſoon loſe their bitterneſs when put in competition with the pleaſing hopes and expectations of a better and more durable one.

No. 21. *Thurſday, May 26th,* 1757.

Ut, mala quem ſcabies aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,
Veſanum tetigiſſe timent fugiuntque Poëtam. HOR.

LOOKING over the papers of an unfortunate young gentleman who died ſome years ago in the Eaſt-indies, I found the following letter ſingly bound in a very elegant cover; and was ſo well pleaſed with the contents, that I ſhall communicate them to the

Digitized by Google

public, as a preface to ſome detached pieces of poetry, written by the youth to whom this epiſtle is directed: in all probability it had the deſired effect of preventing him from commencing profeſſed author; for, though he wrote ſeveral elegant pieces of poetry, he never uſhered one production into the world.

BRIGHTELMSTONE, July 28, 1748.

DEAR SIR,

WHATEVER interpretation you may put upon the freedom of my addreſs, I cannot ſuppreſs the dictates of friendſhip which vehemently incite me to lay before you the dangers and diſgraces that attend the character of an author which you ſeem ſo bent upon aſſuming. My judgment in this particular, may be erroneous, and grant Heaven it may prove ſo! but, you had better liſten to my doubts, diſagreeable as they may be, and weigh them well before publication, than run the riſque of being mortified with the accumulated cenſure, and perhaps ridicule of your readers, at a time, when your work cannot be unwrit, nor the ſentence upon your authorial reputation, recalled. If I thought you would pay more regard to a dead claſſic than a living monitor, I would recommend to your attention, the cautions of Horace in his epiſtles *ad Piſones*. The itch of writing was as epidemical at Rome in thoſe days, as at preſent in England, and really ſeems to have riſen to a greater degree of madneſs; for, one would be apt to imagine from ſome expreſſions in the *art of poetry*, that many of thoſe unhappy patients ſent about a bill, or common crier, to aſſemble all ſuch as were diſpoſed to hear and commend their performances, and that this complaiſance in the audience, was often an honeſt ſhift to be invited to dinner, to procure bail, or to borrow a ſum of money. Theſe favours, I dare ſay, were for the moſt part, dearly bought; for, I can conceive no ſlavery equal to that of liſtening to an inſipid production, and of counterfeiting raptures of admiration at paſſages which inſpire nothing but contempt. The caſe is different with us. Our authors are, for the moſt part, a ſett of people who can entertain with nothing but their works, and

Digitized by Google

and if that banquet ſhould happen to be diſagreeable, the Lord have mercy upon them; they have nothing in reverſion, to mitigate the rage of a deſperate critic.

There is, I believe, ſcarce an author in theſe days, who can number a train of admirers, conſiſting of ſuch as he hath bailed from a ſpunging-houſe, releaſed from a jail, indulged with a place, or regaled at his table. Genius, like the ſpider, ſeems to have retreated to the habitations of the needy; where he waves his ſlender webs together; and works unmoleſted by the foot of intruſion, with this difference, however; that the ingenious Arachne grows fat upon the flies ſhe has caught, while her meagre fellow-artiſt often ſtarves amidſt all the luxuriance of his imagination.

Among the ancients, a man of genius was conſidered as an ornament to the commonwealth of which he was a member; he was thought to poſſeſs the τὶ θεῖον, or ſomething ſupernatural; to be a gift ſent from the gods, and conſequently to be kept ſacred from the neceſſities of life. With us too, they are counted as perſons diſtinct from the common race of men; and are generally held ſo ſacred, that moſt people ſhun their familiarity and acquaintance. This is not to be wondered at, if we conſider what ſcandalous tribes have liſted themſelves under the banner of Apollo. If an attorney is diſgraced for corrupting evidence at the bar, 'tis ten to one but he commences wit, critic and author. A knaviſh apothecary who cannot live by the artifices of his trade, ſhall, from diſtributing quackiſh advertiſements at the corner of blind alleys, ſet up for a pattern in the world of taſte, and find means to make the public his daily patients. A bawd who can no longer thrive by her occupation, ſhall brandiſh the pen in the cauſe of virtue. A lazy bricklayer tired of uſing common mortar, ſhall build epiſtles in verſe, and ſtill retain the trowel of panegyric. A moon-ſtruck curate ſhall write comedies; and a ſurgeon for want of practice on the body, ſhall mangle the characters of his fellow-creatures in abuſive novels.

Parnaſſus is the general rendezvous of almoſt all thoſe who are diſordered in their underſtanding or fortune;

Digitized by Google

no wonder then that few patrons ſhould be found diſpoſed to go thither in queſt of genius: they might as well examine *all Bedlam and the Mint.* Yet ſurely, there are ſome who deſerve a better fate than that of being neglected in the midſt of ſuch a contemptible fraternity.

There are ſparks among the rubbiſh, which may be worth the pains of ſifting; and a few ſwans may ſing unheard, in the cackling congregation of geeſe.

There are, likewiſe, perhaps, ſome people of fortune, who from vanity and oſtentation, would be glad to be thought the judges and encouragers of the arts, and would even pay handſomely for the maintenance of that reputation, were they not conſcious to themſelves of their own want of diſcernment, conſequently deterred from chooſing the objects of their munificence; leſt, in making an unlucky diſtinction they ſhould forfeit the very character to which they lay claim. They are therefore, content to pay their devotions to the dead, who have been glorified by their anceſtors; and to damn all the living in the lump, on pretence of their univerſal dullneſs. This is certainly the eaſieſt and moſt eligible way of making good one's pretenſions; it exempts them from the trouble of pointing out the beauties of any modern piece; it gives them an air of ſuperior judgment, delicacy and penetration, and keeps them clear of thoſe importunities with which their approbation might be attended: for authors are generally preſumptuous enough to think themſelves entitled to the protection and good offices of every man who ſpeaks favourably of their works. They forthwith compoſe dedications, and when they have obtained permiſſion to tack them to ſome particular name, communicate the favour to their tradeſmen, as a bill payable upon ſight. Theſe are the inconveniences to which a profeſſed patron is expoſed; and if a man can rid his hands of ſuch diſagreeable duns, by pronouncing with a ſolemn emphaſis and important air, the words *deteſtable! ſtupid! execrable!* and the like, why ſhould he undergo the fatigue and expence of ſuch a clamorous train? While other ſciences are enlarged, lengthened and diffuſed, that of criticiſm, is, thank heaven, contracted into a

narrow

Digitized by Google

narrow compaſs. I believe it would not be difficult to comprehend the whole of it within the circumference of a ſilver penny; and that without uſing the aſſiſtance of cypher or ſhort-hand. I really hope to ſee it one day printed in that volume, together with the Lord's prayer, the creed and the ten commandments. Thank heaven! a perſon of very moderate capacity will now, in a few days, acquire that, which heretofore, men of the moſt acute parts were obliged to hunt after, through the rugged paths of learning, ſtudy, and cloſe application. Modern taſte, like a witch's prayer, conſiſts of maledictions; and when I ſee a knot of critics grumbling over a new performance, they put me in mind of thoſe ancient aſſemblies of ſorcerers in which the waxen image of ſome unhappy wretch who had incurred their diſpleaſure, was ſtuck full of pins and melted at a fire, while in conſequence of their infernal orgies, thoſe ſtabs were realized upon the object of their hate, and he found the vigour of his body inſenſibly melting away. Thus, the reputation, which is the ſubſtance of an author, is often conſumed by the necromancy of his adverſaries, couched in a few cabaliſtical words, ſuch as *helliſhly ſtupid! curſed ſtuff! damned nonſenſe!* and other ſignificant expreſſions equally deſtructive to the unhappy bard! For, to prove the malevolence of mankind, one need only obſerve, that though it is not in the power of many friends to ſave a poet, a few enemies are able to damn him beyond all redemption.

No. 22. *Thurſday, June 2d,* 1757.

IT is with the higheſt degree of concern that, in ſpite of all the pains I have taken to recommend theſe my lucubrations to the favour of the public, I ſtill find myſelf utterly neglected by ſome, and but coolly received by others: The choſen few indeed, the ſons of wit and learning, extol me to the ſkies, but I cannot at

Digitized by Google

the same time, without indignation, observe my fellow-citizens at a coffee-house throw aside the CENTINEL with contempt, and call for the LONDON-EVENING POST; scarce any thing except news is attended to with pleasure, or rewarded with approbation. My publisher* has, to say the truth, made no scruple to acknowledge to me, that though she believes me to be a man of great parts and sagacity, she would give up twenty such papers as mine for a share in the PUBLIC *or* DAILY ADVERTISER, who, though not distinguished, as I remember, by their extraordinary wit and humour, can, notwithstanding, boast of more readers in a day, than would satisfy a moderate moral writer for the space of twelve months. † Whilst I reflected on this melancholy truth, it occurred to me, that the most probable means of drawing advantage from the conviction of it, would be immediately to adopt the style and manner of these my illustrious cotemporaries. I have therefore set the sublime originals before me, and in order to secure attention and applause by a faithful copy, have changed my essay into a news-paper, which cannot fail to exhibit the *utile dulci*, and convey, like my brother journalists, both instruction and entertainment.

SHIP NEWS.

COVENT-GARDEN, May 28. Sail'd yesterday, the Charming Lucy, Bridgman, for India, laden with Jewels; the Delight, the Industry, the Pretty Peggy, the Sally Rover, all for Guinea.

Passed by, the Fanny Murray, R———, for the park.

Arrived from Virginia, several rich ships bound to Merryland, the cargo consigned over to Mrs. Douglas.

The

* Mrs. M. COOPER, at the Globe in Pater-noster-row, London, publisher of the original fugitive papers.

† The primitive papers of the CENTINEL, from which this edition is copied, are printed each on a sheet AND A HALF of fine writing paper, and contain neither Advertisements or News, whereas, the London-Evening-Post, the Public Advertiser, the Daily Advertiser, &c are made up of both.——By this stratagem the duty to be paid for Advertisements is avoided, and the Stamp-duty of one penny A SHEET evaded, as the whole paper consists of more than a sheet.

Digitized by Google

The Waſp, Thunder, and Ætna fire-ſhips are put into harbour to careen.

Remain in the Piazza, G——d, J——n, and ſeveral others with the *buſſes* and *tranſports*.

LONDON.

We learn by a private Letter that the La Roche privateer, with diamonds, is taken by a man of war and carried to Holland.

We hear that a treaty of marriage is on foot, and will ſpeedily be conſummated between Intereſt and Virtue; the nuptials will be celebrated at St. James's, and the new married couple are to ſet out immediately after the ceremony to C——t.

We hear from Arthur's that the odds are five to four for Naſh againſt Colley Cibber, and that the preſent Lord Mayor is pitted againſt the Archbiſhop of Canterbury for five thouſand pounds.

By a letter from Berlin we are informed, that the inhabitants are very ſad, and very merry, laughing for the king of Pruſſia, and crying for marſhal Schwerin; that they ſing Te Deum in mourning, and thank God very devoutly for giving his majeſty ſuch glorious opportunities of deſtroying ſo many thouſands of his fellow-creatures, and thinning mankind.

On ſunday laſt in the afternoon many hearts were pierc'd, and many pockets pick'd, many handkerchiefs wetted, and more ſtolen, at the tabernacle in Tottenham-court-road, St. Dunſtan's in the Weſt, Long-acre chapel, and many other places of public entertainments.

It being mutually reſolved to diſſolve the partnerſhip account ſubſiſting between John and Mary Spindle, huſband and wife in the pariſh of ——, and to carry on the buſineſs of matrimony on each ſeparate account. If any gentleman or lady has any claim of love or affection on either of the ſaid partners, they are deſired to bring the ſame to be ſatisfied; and whoever is indebted to them, are hereby required to pay the ſaid debts to either of the partners on account of the ſame ſeparation as ſoon as is convenient.

The

Digitized by Google

The members of the the ſociety correſponding with the incorporated ſociety in Dublin for propagating the human ſpecies in foreign parts, are deſired to take notice that a monthly meeting of their ſtanding committee will be held at ———, on Friday next at twelve o'clock preciſely.

For SALE by the CANDLE.

At the Shakeſpear's head Tavern, Covent-garden.

The Tartar and Shark privateers with their cargo from Haddock's, Harris, maſter; ſquare ſtern'd, dutch built, with new ſails and rigging. They have been lately docked and refitted, and are reckoned prime ſailors. Catalogues with an account of their cargo may be had at Mrs. Douglas's in the piazza, or at the place of ſale. To begin at twelve at night.

MISSING, ſuppoſed to be ſtolen from a boarding-ſchool near ———, a beautiful young lady, aged ſeventeen, daughter of the late earl of ———, and heireſs to thirty thouſand pounds independent of her mother. She was obſerved to walk in the back garden after dinner with Mr. Macmulla the dancing-maſter, and is ſuppoſed to have made her eſcape with him through the yew hedge. She took nothing with her but a bottle of aqua vitæ from her governeſs's china-cloſet, the ſecond volume of Pamela, and the marriage-ſervice torn out of her common-prayer book.

If offered to be married to Mr. Macmulla pray ſtop her.

To COVER this SEASON.

The famous ſtallion S———, at an hundred guineas, a leap, and half a crown the footman. Is ſix foot and an inch high, riſing twenty ſix years old, was got by Poppet on lady T———'s Friſky, his dam by Spanker, his grand-dam by Bully. He goes well upon his legs, and is free from all blemiſhes; he has a good deal of bone, and is allowed to be one of the beſt bred and ſtrongeſt ſtallions in England. The money to be paid at the time of leaping.

A Liſt

Digitized by Google

A Liſt of his *get* may be had at Mrs. ——— in Bow-ſtreet.

STOLEN or STRAY'D.

From miſs Trolly and co's. lace-ſhop in Duke's court, a ſmall bay filley, coming fifteen this graſs; ſhe has a black ſpot juſt under her left eye, a cock'd tail, goes well upon her legs, and is fit for any weight.

She had been ſome time in training for a colonel of the guards, but is ſuppoſed to have been rode away with by an attorney's clerk going on the weſtern circuit.

Whoever brings her to Mrs. Trolly's abovementioned, or to the guard-room at Whitehall, ſhall have fifty guineas reward, and no queſtions aſked.

To be SOLD by AUCTION.

By order of the aſſignees under a commiſſion of bankruptcy, the genuine and valuable effects of Timothy Scribble, eſq. author and chapman; conſiſting of upwards of thirty excellent tranſlations of Greek and Latin authors with notes; two ſyſtems of philoſophy; a treatiſe on agriculture; critical remarks on Hoyle; a new modern hiſtory; one hundred and eighty-four eſſays political and moral, deſigned for weekly papers, with hints and thoughts for as many more; two tragedies and a half, one of them on an entire new plan, the fable from the fairy tales; one comedy full of plot and incident; ſix farces from the French, with characters for Garrick and Woodward; pamphlets *for* and *againſt* the miniſtry; a poem on the preſent *war*; another ready for the next *peace*; two large panegyrics; fourteen ſatires; with ſeveral manuſcript ſermons, dedications, fables, tales, odes, epiſtles, *&c. &c &c.*

Catalogues to be had of meſs. O——— and co. bookſellers, or at Mr. Scribble's lodgings in the king's bench priſon.

N. B. Mr. Scribble is known to have got ten or twenty pounds *per annum* by writing for the bookſellers theſe fifteen or ſixteen years laſt paſt.

A GENTLEMAN

Digitized by Google

A GENTLEMAN wants a companion down into matrimony: he propoſes ſetting out with all expedition; he intends going part of the common turn-pike, or *intereſt* road, and ſtriking out into the foreſt of *love* about half way. His fellow-traveller muſt be healthy, not too fat for the journey, and for the ſake of converſation, the *chattyer* the better.

Pleaſe to ſend a line directed to A. B. at the coffee-houſe near Cuckold's point, Wapping.

To be Seen at the COVENTRY CROſS.*

A caſt of the Grecian Venus, in plaiſter of Paris. It has been greatly admired by the curious, is allowed to be the work of a maſterly hand, and the completeſt model in the univerſe.

NOW SELLING OFF at PRIME COST.

The remaining ſtock in trade of an eminent clergyman leaving off buſineſs and retiring to a biſhoprick, conſiſting of a complete ſet of manuſcript ſermons for the whole year, with the faſts and feſtivals, including a deification of king Charles for the 30th of January; a culverin charged and primed for the 5th of November, with a rod for the whore of Babylon; the ſins of the nation deſcribed, in a diſcourſe fit for the next ſolemn faſt; charity, acceſſion, antigallican, and ſmall pox ſermons, ſome half-finiſhed tracts againſt the Athanaſian creed, the marriage-act, and the thirty-nine articles, with ſeveral other curious particulars; the whole to be viewed till the time of ſale, which will begin punctually at twelve o' clock.

L O S T.

In the dark walk at Vaux-hall, on Tueſday the 24th inſtant, two female reputations: one of them had a ſmall ſpot occaſioned by ſome dirt thrown upon it laſt week in the road to Ranelagh: the other never ſoiled. Whoever will bring them back to the owners ſhall receive five thouſand pounds, with thanks.

DROPPED

* A well-known ſign in Chandois-ſtreet, London.

Digitized by Google

DROPPED

From a lady's tongue in the left hand ſtage-box, at Drury-lane play-houſe, on Saturday laſt, five ſevere innuendos concerning lady C———; four bitter reflections on the ducheſs of H———, ſome abuſe of miſs Maria W———; a panegyric on S———'s beauty; two ſmall oaths, and a white dye about Spaniſh paint.

If the above ſhould be offered to be retailed, or repeated by any who overheard, pray ſtop them, and give notice to Mr. FIELDING, at his regiſter-office in the Strand, and you ſhall have half a guinea reward.

SIGNORA MINGOTTI begs leave to inform the nobility and gentry that ſhe has found out a method during the preſent time of univerſal dearth and calamity, to render them utterly inſenſible of either, and to prevent their timely relief of the poor, by employing their ſuperfluous money in a ſubſcription to operas the enſuing ſeaſon. She humbly ſolicits an early payment, as it may be the means of viſiting her native kingdom, and enable her to return next winter with a new band of ſingers and dancers, worthy of her audience, and equal to her wiſhes.

Subſcribers continue to be *taken in* by meſs. D——— and co. at Charing-croſs.

MUST be SOLD,

The owner being a bankrupt; a vote for a member of parliament, for the borough of———, at the next general election. To prevent trouble the price is fourſcore pounds.

Digitized by Google

No. 23. *Thurſday, June 9th,* 1757.

Scribimus indocti, doctique Poemata paſſim.
HOR.

AMONG the papers of the young gentleman whom I formerly mentioned, I found the following poem, which, though a juvenile production, not fully digeſted, contains ſome ſtrokes of true genius. Should the public approve of the ſpecimen, I ſhall occaſionally communicate other detached pieces of the ſame author.

The COURT of *APOLLO.*

APOLLO from his daily charge withdrew,
And to the flow'ry top of Pindus flew:
There on a gorgeous throne by nature made,
Beneath a ſacred laurel's awful ſhade
Surrounded by the tuneful Nine he ſate,
To judge and to decide each author's fate;
For wou'd-be wits in clam'rous parties roſe,
And wrangling bards diſturb'd the world's repoſe,
Soon as he nods, the trumps celeſtial blow,
'Till the poetic tribe was huſh'd below———

"Let all, he ſaid, whoſe ſouls fair glory charms,
"Whom rapture fires or emulation warms;
"Who feel within the ſacred fervour glow,
"The image brighten and the number flow,
"Prepare their ſeveral merits to diſplay:
"Apollo means your ſeveral claims to weigh:

"And

Digitized by Google

" And He, whose brows are worthy of the shade,
" Shall with a wreath of Bays adorn his head."
The mandate issu'd: Lo! each drousy bard
Confess'd the God, and sought the great reward:
Around his throne, the motley rivals crowd,
The grave, the gay, the silent, and the loud,
From haunt obscure these solitary creep,
While those from courts magnificently sweep:
Distinction vain! Here taste impartial rules,
And here the Great are only greater fools.
Stripp'd of his equipage and gaudy train,
Lo! Mœvius boasts his quality in vain,
While toiling Stephen with industrious stride,
Stalks through the vale and labours at his side.
Each weighty bard intent to win the prize,
Already plucks the laurel with his eyes.

But, see that motley phantom first appear;
By turns projector, satyrist and seer—
With him came humour, buxom tho' impure,
Sarcastic wit, and irony demure:
An hieroglyphic veil conceal'd his eyes,
But, the DEAN *stood disclos'd by the disguise.*
" This decent holiday (said he) will drain
" St. Luke's, St. Bride's, the Mint and Drury lane.
" Sweet rise the steams when saints like these adore,
" The fool, the knave, the beggar, and the whore."
Apollo overheard th'insulting jest,
And from his throne exil'd the cynic priest.

Mark next, yon sickly bard who mounts apace,
Fire in his eyes, and conquest in his face?
'Tis Pope, to Phœbus and to Fame well-known,
Whom ev'ry Muse is fond to call her own.

Digitized by Google

Happy, had nature ſtill improv'd his frame,
And form'd his heart and intellect the ſame:
In this we ſee and own th' etherial ray;
In that we mourn meer modern mortal clay.
Scarce to the prize a ſide-long glance he threw;
Nor deign'd to ask the boon, but claim'd his due.
Apollo ey'd his inſolence of mein,
And mark'd the embryo dictates of his ſpleen:
He ſaw how ſpacious affectation ſpread
A blaze of mimic candour round his head:
Beheld vain glory toiling for applauſe,
And rancour ſeize the pen in virtue's cauſe.
Beheld indignant and with awful frown,
Addreſs'd this haughty tyrant of renown.
" Say, bard, how couldſt thou Atticus accuſe
" Of low-born envy and a jealous muſe?
" The heart of Atticus betray'd no ſtain,
" Smooth flow'd his verſe, and moral was his ſtrain.
" Whilſt thou thyſelf by envy's fangs art torn,
" Thy frowns o'ercaſt the genius in its morn,
" Forbid the ſwelling ſtreams of verſe to flow;
" And blaſt the op'ning bloſſom ere it blow."

Yet he who claims the ſenate's next regard,
Succeeds another Flamen and a bard.
The muſes droop'd to ſee their fav'rite Young,
Who erſt ſo ſweetly and ſo ſharply ſung,
How each purſuit at bottom was the ſame,
And ev'ry boſom felt one thirſt of fame.
Now trench'd, alas! with grief's deep-wounding plow,
And midnight horror black'ning on his brow,
He courts deſpondency in all her gloom,
And draw's reflection's dagger from the tomb;

Reject

Digitized by Google

Rejects the proffer'd laurel as a toy,
And weeping, groans, "O my departed joy."

Weſt on the purlieus of yon ſacred bow'r,
Where balmy zephyrs fan the op'ning flow'r;
Where the rill trinkles thro' the winding grove,
And ev'ry thruſh and linnet warbles love.
A youth of gentle mein the pow'r deſcry'd,
Mild as a faun, and modeſt as a bride;
The Lesbian muſe exulted as he came,
New-ſtrung her lyre, and own'd her antient flame:
But he declin'd the honours of the place,
And bluſhing ſpoke with half-averted face.
"I come not hither, wit's immortal ſire,
"New charms to urge, or laurels to acquire;
"To breathe the ſalutary breeze I ſtray,
"And contemplation guides my pathleſs way;"
Such worth and diffidence Apollo ſwore
Did never grace the ſoul of bard before.
"Who ſeeks not to obtain but merit praiſe,
"Shall reap a fairer mead than wreaths of bays.
"Henceforth let ev'ry art I boaſt be thine,
"And fair Hygeia crown the gift divine.
"Of all the pow'rs that own my parent ray,
"Hygeia blooms moſt amiably gay;
"Among the woodland nymphs ſhe ſcours the plain,
"And mirth and muſic mingle in her train."

Now riſing murmurs float along the vale,
And double ſweets perfume th' aſcending gale;
With charms improv'd all nature ſeem'd to glow,
When her own Thompſon climb'd the mountain's brow.
"O thou the child of blooming fancy born,
"Bright as the noon, and beaut'ous as the morn,

Digitized by Google

" Who ſtray'ſt with rapture thro' the flow'ry plain,
" And to creation's wonders tune the ſtrain;
" Why yield thy bloom to indolence a prey,
" And let her vapours ſtain thy mental ray?
" She, ſallow goddeſs, ſickens in thy face,
" Lolls in thy limbs, and loiters in thy pace.
" Awake! for thee ſpring brightens ev'ry flow'r,
" For thee brown ſummer decks yon arching bow'r;
" Ariſe! plump autumn ripens; riſe and ſee
" How her rich cluſters bend their load to thee:
" Turn not away, to fair ambition blind,
" For thy own ſurly winter frowns behind."——

Now crouds on crouds aſſemble round the throne,
To verſe, to virtue, and to ſhame unknown:
Yet ev'ry ſcrambler for the laurel preſs'd,
And each concludes his own pretence the beſt:
This *on an epigram wou'd found his claim,*
That *from an empty ſonnet conjure fame.*
One brought a bury'd fragment back to day;
Another caught a particle aſtray:
Some taught the Grecian comedy to doze;
And others tortur'd Horace into proſe.
Soft, ſtingleſs ſatires, odes, and roundelays,
Puns, panegyrics, paſtorals and plays,
In long expanded undulation ſpread,
Form'd one vaſt, various, ventilating ſhade.

Through this umbrageous arch, if fame ſpeaks true,
Facetious Cibber thruſt himſelf to view:
Firſt gap'd a thoughtleſs Wiltol, and anon
Self-pluming ſmil'd a courtly Foppington:
Thro' folly's diff'rent masks ſucceſſive paſs'd,
And in a ſtarv'ling poet ſtop'd at laſt:

Then

Digitized by Google

Then thus before the ſhrine with ſuppliant knee,
"Protect, propitious pow'r, my cauſe and me:
"Grant that no fev'nfold plates compoſe my skull,
"Nor that, tho' ſometimes doz'd, I'm always dull:
"Witneſs this genuine offspring of my brain,
"A work that Pope himſelf durſt ne'er prophane."
Then pull'd the Careleſs Husband from his breaſt,
And by that ſample bade him judge the reſt.
This ſaid, protracts each muſcle of his face,
And ſtands th' unrival'd hero of grimace.
'Twas then at firſt, if verſe belief may claim,
Phœbus forgot his gravity and name;
And in a fit of laughter dropp'd the ſpray,
Which Colley nimbly ſnatching, bore away.

*** The CENTINEL does not remember to have received any Letter ſigned *Non-Compos*.

Granticola's Letter cannot be inſerted.

No. 24. *Thurſday, June 16th,* 1757.

* *Militia potior.* HOR.

IN this age of levity and ridicule, it is extremely difficult to procure a ſerious attention to any propoſal, however important, or however wiſely calculated for the public benefit; but ſure if there ever was a propoſition deſerving ſuch attention from every true Engliſhman,

* When this number of the CENTINEL firſt appeared the public received it with ſuch univerſal applauſe, that the publiſher being unable to anſwer the demand, it was inſerted in the LONDON CHRONICLE; notwithſtanding this, two London-bookſellers reprinted it immediately, and ſold this ſingle paper alone, one edition for ſixpence, and the other for three-pence.

Digitized by Google

it is this for the eſtabliſhment of a National Militia, now under the conſideration of the legiſlature; on the ſucceſs of which I ſincerely think, that our glory abroad, our ſecurity at home, and our very being as a nation, intirely depend.

So manifeſt is the truth of this to the meaneſt and moſt abſurd underſtandings, that I never met with one of that kind who has not been clearly convinced of it; to ſuch, therefore, I ſhall not here addreſs myſelf, but to the wiſe and ſagacious only, many of whom, to my great ſurprize, I have found of a very different opinion: To theſe then, I ſhall endeavour to prove in as few words as poſſible the truth of the following propoſitions.

1ſt, That ſuch a Militia may ſoon be rendered not at all inferior to our preſent regular forces.

2dly, That it will effectually ſecure our liberties, properties and religion.

3dly, That it will ſtrengthen the hands of government.

4thly, That it will reduce the price of our proviſions and manufactures, and extend our trade.

5thly, That it will increaſe the number of our people.

And, Laſtly, That it may be carried into execution without any expence to the public.

Firſt then, I ſhall endeavour to prove that a *Militia* may very ſoon be rendered not at all inferior to our preſent regular Forces: And whoever will look back on the behaviour of theſe forces for ſome years paſt both by land and ſea, will be convined that this is no very arduous undertaking; nor be under any doubt but that after a few days exerciſe, they will behave as valiantly as our regiments at Falkirk, Preſton-pans, or Oſwego, or our fleets in the Mediterranean. Nor can I indeed comprehend fromw hence their inferiority ſhould proceed; unleſs ſtrong beer ſhould inſpire leſs true courage than gin, or being trained in a country church-yard,* produce a leſs familiarity

* The paragraph in the Militia-bill, here alluded to, runs thus—"They ſhall be exerciſed thus: twenty men at leaſt in a body ſhall "be exerciſed three Sundays in every month, in the pariſh church-"yard, before and after divine ſervice."

Digitized by Google

familiarity with death than performing the same exercise in the gay scenes of Hyde-park or St. James's. If it be objected that they will be deficient in military knowledge and experience; I answer, they will fight the better: The utility of these qualifications in the day of battle is a vulgar error, propagated like all others, forwant of reasoning; for all fighting being in its own nature contradictory to common sense, it can never be promoted by knowledge: military knowledge therefore can never be that sort of knowledge which enables men to fight, but that which enables them to find out good reasons for not fighting; or if they should be bad, to call in the assistance of councils of war and court-martials to make them better. Much less sure will experience induce men to fight, unless we can believe that wounds and bruises, like coffee and tobacco, though disagreeable at first tasting, grow pleasant by frequent repetitions.

Secondly, That such a Militia will secure our liberties, properties and religion. The liberties we so justly value in this country are these, that every one may think and write, and say and do whatever he pleases; but properties comprehend all things of which we are in possession, by whatever means they have been acquired; these can certainly no way be so effectually secured to us as by the use of arms, by which we may at all times defend ourselves from the attacks of judges and juries, from writs and ejectments, from goals and pillories, with all the tyranny of justices, and impertinence of constables, grievances not to be endured in a free country. As to our religion, a scheme of this kind must have most salutary effects, since a bill only for its establishment has already produced unanimity between our church-divines and dissenters in one sensible and pious opinion; an event perhaps not easy to be remembered on any other occasion.

Thirdly, That it will strengthen the hands of government, which in this nation being by the consent of all true patriots allowed to be the sole right of the lowest of the people, or mob, with whom such patriots wonderfully agree in their political sentiments, what can so effectually secure to them the dominion they now exercise over us, as putting arms into their hands, and teaching

Digitized by Google

teaching them how to use them? this must certainly strengthen the hands of these our governors, and consequently of government itself.

Fourthly, It will reduce the price of our provisions and manufactures, and extend our trade; because when the good people of England are thus armed and disciplined, they will be enabled to take away meat, corn and malt, and all other provisions, from forestallers and ingrossers, butchers, millers and farmers, at a reasonable price, of which they themselves must always be the best and most impartial judges. When the price of provisions is thus happily reduced, that of our manufactures must inevitably fall in due proportion; and the reduction of these must as certainly carry more of them to foreign markets, and consequently extend our trade. The truth of this has been so often demonstrated by all writers on trade, and all whose trade is writing, that it is here needless to say any more on the subject.

Fifthly, That it will increase the number of our people: to be convinced of which, gentle reader, figure to thyself all the handsomest young fellows in every county, each armed like the hero in a romance, dress, powdered and toupeed by the reforming hand of a gentael serjeant; then turn thy eyes to the numerous groupe of fair spectators in Sunday gowns and clean linen, who will not fail to attend so tempting a show; then, if thou hast not lost all feeling both mental and corporeal, thou canst not doubt but that so much valour on one side, and so much beauty on the other, will certainly produce much mutual affection, and that this will as infallibly be the cause of much procreation, and in a great measure repair the losses occasioned by our migrations to America, and the depredations of gin. If it be objected, that to balance this many lives will be lost by the institution of these forces, by the accidental discharge of their firelocks, or the too valiant use of their swords in drunken quarrels; I answer, these accidents may sometimes happen; but, as on the most moderate computation, every man in these corps will probably beget three children before he kills one man, it cannot fail to increase the number of our people. Though this good effect of this truly national

scheme

Digitized by Google

ſcheme has not, that I know of, been obſerved by any author, who has undertaken to recommend it to the public, yet has it not eſcaped the quick-ſighted eyes of our ſagacious legiſlature, who, on this very account, have this year voted a large ſum to the Foundling hoſpital, and propoſe to increaſe it ſtill further as ſoon as their national forces begin to act in the ſervice of their country.

Laſtly, That it may be carried into execution without any expence to the public, and this by a method ſo extremely obvious, that it is ſurpriſing the wiſdom of parliament has not diſcovered it. The method I mean is no more than this: that as every man who attends on the days of exerciſe, and continues ſober, is by the preſent bill to receive ſixpence, I would have it further enacted, That every one who is drunk on thoſe days ſhould pay the ſaid ſum of ſixpence, to be applied towards the ſupport of this national force: a very ſmall penalty, ſure, for ſo great a neglect of duty where the ſafety of his country is at ſtake. Now whoever has been preſent at a fair, a ſeſſions, a horſe-race, an aſſizes, a cricket-match, or a viſitation, or any other numerous meeting in the country, muſt know, that on the moſt enlarged computation the number of ſober cannot exceed the proportion of one in ten of thoſe who are drunk; and there is no reaſon that I know of to ſuppoſe that the majority will be leſs on this occaſion. If ſo, the public, we ſee, will receive nine times the ſum every day that it will be required to pay, and conſequently the remaining eight parts will amply ſupply theſe forces with arms, ammunition, cloaths and accoutrements. But if this ſhould not be found quite ſufficient, conſidering how frequently they will probably be loſt, a ſmall matter laid on oaths, many of which they will readily learn from the inſtructions of their ſerjeants, would eaſily ſupply all deficiencies, and if the landed officers of theſe corps would ſubmit to the ſame penalties, it would much increaſe the fund: but as theſe gentlemen, who are to receive nothing for being ſober, may think it hard to pay ſixpence for being drunk, I would by no means inſiſt on their being included, eſpecially,

Digitized by Google

cially, as I doubt not, but the Sum thus raiſed will be ſufficient to defray all expences, and totally to indemnify the public revenues.

The objections made to this ſcheme are ſo frivilous and abſurd, that they are by no means worthy of obſervation; but of one or two I will juſt take notice. It is aſſerted, that gentlemen of eſtates in the country, will never ſubmit to the duty of officers without pay; but whoever conſiders how ready theſe gentlemen are on all occaſions to execute the offices of juſtices of the peace, commiſſioners of taxes, and turnpikes, how earneſt to ſpend half their time and all their eſtates to acquire ſeats, and to attend their duty in parliament, from whence no poſſible advantage can accrue, muſt be ſatiſfied that this is but an unjuſt ſuſpicion, founded on no reaſon, and inconſiſtent with the true zeal, which they have ever ſhewn in the cauſe of their country.

It is alſo apprehended, that many of theſe gentlemen, by indolence, corpulency, age or gout, will be rendered incapable of fighting; but the very reverſe of this is certainly true, becauſe theſe very infirmities will make it impoſſible for them to run away.

And now having demonſtrated the truth of every one of my propoſitions beyond the power of all miniſterial ſcribblers to diſprove, I ſhall conclude, by recommending this neceſſary ſcheme to the protection of all true lovers of their country, and earneſtly wiſhing, that nothing may prevent it from being put in execution as ſoon as poſſible: then O Britain, O my country, will I congratulate thee on the conſummation of thy proſperity, and the happy period of all thy calamities. Long have thy true patriots wiſhed to ſee thee engaged ſingly in a war with France, which from thy natural ſuperiority muſt always be attended with glory and ſucceſs; long haſt thou groaned under the oppreſſions of mercenary allies abroad, and rapacious miniſters at home: but at laſt the time, the happy time is arrived, when our wiſhes are all fulfilled, and our misfortunes wiped away; when we are in full poſſeſſion of ſuch a glorious war, without any allies, or any adminiſtration at all.

ADVER-

Digitized by Google

ADVERTISEMENT.

MY correſpondents and ſubordinate CENTINELS *pour in their ſpeculations in ſuch abundance, that I find myſelf under the neceſſity of multiplying my days of publication: I ſhall appear for the future twice a week, i. e.* Tueſdays *and* Saturdays. *My 25th paper will be publiſhed next Tueſday.*

No. 25. *Tueſday, June 21ſt,* 1757.

Man the lawleſs libertine may rove——

AS it is a point with me to encourage every attempt for the public pleaſure or advantage, I can by no means refuſe my ſervices to an artiſt, who this morning has applied to me; I ſhall take this earlieſt opportunity of giving him my beſt recommendations.

The exigences of life have been parents of the arts; and thoſe arts deſerve moſt encouragement which redreſs the greateſt. This perſon will by no means allow the ſtomach that honour given it by the Roman poet, either in the call, or the ſupplies of nature. He aſſerts his benevolence to have pleaded more in this matter than his appetite; though a Norman; and the neceſſity propoſed to be ſupplied, he affirms, is greater than hunger: in this he appeals for determination to the Britiſh ladies.

To ſhew the value of his remedy, he ſtates the exigences of the caſe; and they are indeed deplorable: cuſtom, more powerful than nature, has given birth to the diſorder for which he offers his certain and never-failing remedy.

He appeals to all women, whether to be ſeen is not more neceſſary than to eat; whether twenty diſhes may be compared with one *opera*; or all the parade of a deſert to the twinkling lamp-light of Vauxhall? Of what value

Digitized by Google

value is a good face if it be kept at home, for the admiration perhaps of a husband? or what is the use of diamonds if they glitter only within the walls of her proper habitation?

To be seen is to live; to be immured is a sort of breathing death; nothing better: and in order to be seen there occurs the fatal necessity which gave birth to his proposal. Are the chairmen sufficient to carry the lady abroad? no; they can only set her down at the door of the rendezvous: the chariot? the same objection! Will the husband assist? no!—— there must be a *companion*, and a husband is *nobody*: that is the voice of every married woman in the kingdom.

Here lies the necessity, and how is it to be remedied? There are people who can have companions; but such may as well remain at home: if the lady be handsome no woman alive will walk with her. Nay, without this objection, unless chance have disposed her and her acquaintance in the same quarter of the town, how are they to get out together? to the Summer-diversions very difficultly: to those of the Winter 'tis impossible. How often has a lady sent to every acquaintance in the world to accompany her to the play, where perhaps too she had an appointment; and to every one in vain: all engaged or lazy. They expect company, or they won't dress; or BARRY don't act, or they don't look well today! What distress! what disorder! As things stand at present no woman is mistress of herself; not even when she's married. They are reduced to buy tickets for a concert, and forge the name of captain somebody who sent them, or they must bespeak an acquaintance for the opera a month beforehand.

They must dine by one o' clock if they live in different places, for one must take up the other, that they may go in together. The Irish have their *green rooms* for the play, and *tea rooms* at assemblies, for the meeting of those who come singly; and in France women go in like the lawless libertines alone: but we scorn to borrow customs from our neighbours; and from Paris we cannot descend to take any thing that is useful.

She

Digitized by Google

She who would flame in the forehead of the glittering crowd at a ridotto, is immured, becauſe none will be eclipſed by ſtanding near her. She who amidſt the tiſſues of a court would ſtand ſingle, the precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea, leaves braſs to ſhine where ſhe could place the diamond: not willingly, for to be admired is to live: but none will ſhew the pale moon, where ſuch a ſun appears.

This is the ſituation where the only objection is beauty: where character is concerned, 'tis over. She who has made one unhappy trip, nay, ſhe who has but been ſuppoſed to make it (for at this time vice and ſcandal are one thing) muſt plunge into the crime and ſhame for ever. She muſt give ſuch countenance as ſhe can to thoſe of reputations that deſtroy her own, for none will give her any. 'Tis impoſſible to live from public places; and 'tis as impoſſible for her to get any other companion to them.

This is the condition in which my artiſt repreſented the women of our country to ſtand according to the preſent ſtate of things, and for which he propoſed his remedy. Lords have their *led captains*, why not ladies their dependants of the ſame order? becauſe there are men who will do what women cannot.

Women can no more live in the world without a companion, than man could in paradiſe: no woman will be the convenience of another: to this he reduced the ſtate of the caſe; and under this neceſſity he produced his art for the aſſiſtance.

He has been the diſciple of *Vaucanſon*, he had ſtudied *Des Cartes*'s philoſophy; and he propoſes to the ladies of Great Britain (for 'tis the only country in the world where they are wanted) to make a larger kind of *automatons*.

As his maſter fabricated the little *grocer* of wood and wire, who at the command of his cuſtomers went into his ſhop, and brought out the tea, the coffee, or the chocolate they called for; he has made, and he brought with him, a very beautiful ſpecimen of them, a ſet of *ladies* of the ſame materials. They can ſtand ſtill, or walk; take hold of the arm, or let it go; roll their

Digitized by Google

eyes, and make a curt'sy; as either of those motions may be convenient. These he presumes are all the qualifications necessary to a lady's companion in public, and these puppets he proposes to sell at a moderate rate to the women of beauty and accomplishments, that they may use them in the place of those human creatures with whom they commonly appear; and have them at their command at pleasure. It will not be necessary to engage this lady a month beforehand, because she will be the property of her owner; and she may be dressed over night, that there may be no waiting upon that account. By this means the Norman proposes to remedy all those inconveniences which at present keep the ladies from public; and to add a lustre to the British assemblies. He has also, ready made, some fine gentlemen of the same materials, for ladies who will go to the price of them.

His art is that of *Prometheus*, but he has no intent of aiming at the prophane part of it. 'Tis sufficient for him to have made the women: he would not, if it were in his choice, give them life. He calls no vultures to his side; nor wishes to displease their Jupiter, or his customers.

As his women will perform all the offices of companions to ladies of virtue and discretion, he does not desire to give them their impertinences; and he humbly proposes them as rivals to those *automatons* of the same character, which ladies, when they can, carry about with them.

In the first place they will have just as much beauty as the owner pleases, for white and red will give them that as naturally as to life: and they will be foils in point of taste, because they may be dressed just as the lady pleases. The artist is sensible, that there are some among the living companions who have the rudiments of this complaisance: but he does not apprehend they push it quite so far as it may be carried in these. That for farther advantages, these ladies of his making will have no *will*, so that they'll not be impertinent on any occasion. They'll not want to sit when the lady had rather walk, or to walk when she's sitting: in short, they

Digitized by Google

they will be perfectly free from that terrible female disorder the *fidgets*. They will have no *eyes* to see, when it is proper they should be blind: no *tongue* to tell tales, or talk nonsense; no *ears* to hear a private discourse; nor obstinacy to stay when it is proper a companion should take her leave. They will do what they should, stay as long as they are wanted, and begone when they are inconvenient; and what would a reasonable woman desire more in a companion. In fine, they will shew to the world the existence of that paradox, a good woman with a head upon her shoulders: and if the lady desire the singular pleasure of tyrannising, they will be as humble as poor relations.

It is impossible I should fail to approve so useful a proposal. I have desired him to carry it largely into execution: but till a sufficient number of these ladies can be got in readiness, I would recommend it to my virgin readers to forget the condition of those who are willing to appear with them, and being gentlewomen, can do it with decency; and to those who are married, that they would venture abroad with their husbands: by that time they have seen the contempt with which the wise and virtuous treat them for this singularity, the puppets will certainly be ready to supply their places.

No. 26. *Saturday, June 25th,* 1757.

Servitus crescit nova——
——Multa & præclara minantis. HOR.

May it please YOUR HONOUR,

IF I did not think myself a person of consequence to you, I should not trouble you with this epistle: but if you expect to continue your paper with success, you will find, by my history and qualifications, which I beg leave to lay before you, that I am very capable of serving both you and the public; provided your honour will please to confer upon me a certain place in your gift.

Digitized by Google

My father was a country clergyman, and greatly beloved by his parishioners, for the just discharge of his duty. As his living was small, and his family large, he could not bestow a liberal education upon all his sons. I happening to have better parts than the rest, he singled me out for a scholar; and taught me the rudiments of grammar himself. I have nothing to blame him for, but his suffering me to go where I pleased: and play with the rabble of boys in his parish; by which means I early contracted such a rusticity of behaviour, and such habits of vice, as I cannot correct to this day.

At the age of eighteen I was sent to the university; where I sometimes got half a crown by making exercises for richer students than myself. I was ready at Latin, and by the other lads esteemed a poet: but I had sense enough to distinguish betwixt making of verses, and writing poetically. The learning which my father instilled into me, was but little improved by my stay at the university: and though I there acquired some new habits, no better than my old ones, I still retained my original rusticity; kept company with the most disorderly students; and spent more time in gaming and drinking, than in studying. And thus happening to break some of the university statutes, I was, at about the age of twenty, unluckily dismissed; with the character of a gamester and a drunkard.

Upon quitting the university my father endeavoured to qualify me for a divine, by domestic instruction; but I had always a strong aversion to that profession, and in my own mind devoted myself to the law for which I was better qualified; as being a wrangler by nature, and now made a disputant by art. But, to please the old gentleman, I pretended to study the Bible; and stealing some passages out of sermons, and tacking them together, I shewed the result to my father, as my own composition; with which he seemed very well satisfied. But still continuing my old courses, when out of his sight; my enemies, at length, acquainted him with the dissolute life I led. He first threatened me with imprisonment; but instead of that, sent me to a foreign university, to finish

Digitized by Google

finish my divinity ſtudies, under an able profeſſor of his former acquaintance.

Here I continued two years, leading the ſame kind of life I had done at home; and herding chiefly with gentlemen of my own country; whom I aſſiſted in various ways; and particularly in tranſcribing colleges for them, to ſupply my pocket-expences. Indeed I ſometimes engaged too far in their quarrels; and can ſhew ſome marks of my ſervices, by a cut I received in my face, and a wound in my ſword-arm. Making but little progreſs in divinity, I was remanded back to England; improved with a ſmattering of French. Upon my arrival at London, I received the melancholy news that my father was dead.

Being, therefore, obliged to depend entirely upon myſelf, I ſettled in town; and ſometimes wrote a pamphlet for the booksellers: but finding their pay inſufficient to ſupport me in my favourite diverſions; and happening, under promiſe of marriage, to have a child by my laundreſs, I reſolved to alter my condition; and ſet up for an inſtructor of youth in private families.

Unable to procure teſtimonials of my character, or tolerable letters of recommendation, I was glad to accept of any family that would receive me; and accordingly lived ſucceſſively with a grocer, a curate, and a country-gentleman; whoſe ſons I inſtructed in French and Latin. But, for being too familiar with the grocer's maid, and the curate's daughter, I was ſoon diſmiſſed their ſervices; where indeed I lived little better than a footman.

I was ſomewhat more fortunate with the country-gentleman, for I lived with him more than a year; till happening one day to drink a little too much, whilſt we were out a hunting I fell from my horſe, and broke my leg; which being ill ſet, I made ſo limping a figure, that I was obliged to return to London; for my leg not healing, and my body breaking out in blotches, I wanted the aſſiſtance of a good ſurgeon on more accounts than one. Being, upon my recovery, left in great diſtreſs, I married my caſt-off laundreſs, to keep my promiſe with her. But ſhe proving a vixen, a jilt and a gin-drinker, I am now more wretched than ever; and want

Digitized by Google

again to change my situation. Several gentlemen frequent her; and among the rest, to increase my misery, an university chum of mine; who, to do him justice, excels in gilding vice and in writing novels, which wonderfully please the booksellers, and hit the reigning taste of the times. I envy him, as a more successful author than myself; and hate him, for his intimacy with my wife.

To relieve me from these unsupportable troubles and vexations, and enable me, at length, to do some good in the world, I humbly pray your honour to appoint me your moral purveyor; and provide me with an ass and a cart for the purpose. I am so well qualified for the post, that I cannot suspect you will refuse it me; especially as you may reap some fruits of my labours.

By the tenour of your papers, you aim at correcting the vices of the age; and changing dross into gold. In this undertaking I may prove an useful assistant, by collecting the false coin, the debased metal and dross of the human species; and bringing it to your honour's refining-house, to be remelted, new moulded, and meliorated. At least, my course of life intitles me to ask this employment: for I am bred a gentleman, and become a proficient in the fashionable vices. I hope my marrying below my dignity, and being abused by my wife, will be no hindrance to my promotion. I have kept good company, both abroad and at home; and still frequently meet them at night-houses, &c. which shews me, that some of them only differ from the vulgar in external appearance, and are no better than dross internally. One night or other, a lucky run of the dice will give me a qualification to make as shining a figure as they do; and enable me to thank you in a proper manner for my post. In the mean time, as I am acquainted with the principal places of public resort in town, I shall not want for loading.

My design is, by degrees, to clear the capital of its moral rubbish; and as the town empties, to follow the best company into the country. That I may not interfere with the penny-post, the general post, or the news-men,

Digitized by Google

news-men, I propose to receive no parcel, that does not outweigh a pound.

That the persons whom I take in may ride commodiously, my cart shall be furnished with seats across, like a caravan. And as I may sometimes happen to have too much loading for one cart, your honour will give me a discretional power of employing another, occasionally.

This being only the rough-draught of my proposal, I doubt not, upon reconsidering it, and joining experience with my theory, of making many great and useful improvements in it.

I hope to afford the world a fair opportunity of getting rid of its tools and implements of vice: which my cart shall make a halt in every street to receive. Any one person in a family need only to have his bundle ready, against I call for it. But as it might blast my design in the bud, to set out with an empty cart; in failure of better loading, my wife and my chum might have the first ride in it.

Dimidium facti, qui benè cepit, habet.

If my petition be granted, I promise to serve your honour with the utmost industry and fidelity; and verily believe you will not repent of your generosity. In full expectation of a favourable answer, I subscribe myself

YOUR HONOUR'S

most devoted, and most humble servant,

VICE CARTER.

P. S. My cart, upon due notice given, might, in imitation of my cousin-germans, the gold-finders, wait at the doors of persons of fashion, to take in a loading privately, about two in the morning, when the prying vulgar are asleep. But I submit the conduct and regulation of every thing to you; and shall punctually follow your private instructions.

I so

Digitized by Google

I so far approve of this project, as hereby to permit Mr. *Carter* the liberty of trying how he can execute it; and should be glad to find him as serviceable as he proposes. I expressly order, that his cart be closely covered, to keep his goods invisible; and prevent the least injury from happening to any of them. I likewise charge him, inviolably to conceal the names, not only of the person, or persons, to whom the parties and parcels belong; but also of those who deliver them to him. To execute his office well, he must act with the utmost caution; and hurt no living creature. On these conditions, I wish him better success in his new employment, than he has deserved in his old ones.

No. 27. *Tuesday, June 28th,* 1757.

Fugienda petimus. SENECA.

IT is an observation of Sir *William Temple*, that *France appeared in his time designed for greater atchievements and empires than had been seen in Christendom since that of Charlemaign.* But he lived a great while ago.

He founded his assertion on five things, 1. *The greatness of their land-forces.* 2. *The growth of those at sea.* 3. *The courage of their officers.* 4. *The conduct of their ministers.* And, 5. *The remissness of those who should oppose them.*

This might be plausible in his days, but things are altered *greatly for the better*, every body knows: such observations might *then* wear a face of terror; but when we compare these several articles at *that* time with their condition *now*, certainly there can be nothing in them worthy to throw the *bold Briton* into a consternation.

But though we need not at present *condescend* to fear the conquests of France, in the literal and ordinary way, there is another method, whereby they seem attacking us;

Digitized by Google

us; and this its progreſs threatens the very name and aſpect of the *bold rough Briton*, with an entire deſtruction. This is the introduction of their language, their manners and their habit. If, after another age, our deſcendants ſhould, as ſeems very probable, ſpeak univerſally the French tongue, and appear only in the French habit; uniting with theſe French heads and French hearts, whether we ſhould in that caſe be Britons, or *Frenchmen inhabiting England*, I ſhall leave to greater caſuiſts: certainly the dreſs and language of one country, worn and ſpoken in another, are the great marks of conqueſt.

The French are cunning: they have weapons of various kinds for different purpoſes; while they are cutting us down with ſwords in the diſtant America, they will be ſnipping and twiſting us into ſubjection here with ſheers and curling-irons: while our countrymen in that quarter are ſubdued by their ſoldiers; we ſhall be conquered by their hair-cutters and taylors. This is the danger of Britain: and it is but juſtice to our age and country to replace with theſe articles thoſe obſolete and idle means from which the ſtateſmen of another period feared the liberty of Britain.

The head-dreſs of our fathers is ſhrunk up before the unmerciful ſciſſars of this new and foreign generation: there ſeems to be a law throughout the kingdom, that none ſhall look like a gentleman or a man, except a lord chief juſtice or a lord chancellor; and if one looks into the court particularly, half a dozen exceptions among the nobility of the laſt age are all we ſee. One would ſuppoſe the king of Great Britain were ſurrounded in his own apartments by foreigners; and often that there had paſſed ſome act that none but French ſhould be admitted, except my good lord chamberlain.

Theſe people ſeem in this article to have tried how far they could diſgrace the human countenance, and ſee us follow them. The origin of their preſent faſhion is from a print of Job and his *tempters* by one of their great engravers, in which the devil has his hair thrown back in the height of the new taſte.

They

Digitized by Google

They have removed the pocket, which decorated the knee of our grave anceſtors, by ſeveral ſtages to the ſide; and have taught us to carry hats that cannot be worn, becauſe in their country there are certain ſeaſons in which it does not rain.

A few years ſince they made us pye-bald to the neglect of our own manufactures; and as ſoon as our own people had learned to make thoſe velvets, we were commanded by 'em not to wear them. We obeyed. We have not the courage to put on a pair of breeches till we are aſſured they are wore in Paris, upon the honour of our valets; and a taylor who does not ſpeak French is not qualified for his buſineſs.

Our tyrants, for in this reſpect we muſt acknowledge ourſelves conquered, were, I remember, this time two years, wantonly cruel: they left us to ourſelves till we had cloathed for the Summer in white; and then ſent over the edict that we ſhould appear in green. A puppet uſed formerly to be the engine ſent on theſe occaſions; at the time I am ſpeaking of, it was an **********, any thing of wood and wire will ſerve.

Such is the perfect ſubſervience of the Britiſh ſpirit to their lords and ſovereigns in dreſs the French, that no ſooner they underſtood *green* to be the Paris-colour than they were metamorphoſed. Aſk the firſt man why? For what reaſon that particular colour!——Sir, 'tis the king of France's hunting uniform. A glorious reaſon! How worthy a thought for the *free Briton* to glory in wearing the *King of France's livery.*

Purſue your queſtions, and the anſwers are all equal. ——Have you been in France?——Who has not? —Did you hunt with the king?——oh upon an elephant with the cham of Tartary?——But let us ſuppoſe the man had been there, and had joined that moſt pompous cavalcade, would it not have been more to his honour *not* to have worn the uniform. Sure it is the credit of a Briton, among a herd of French, to be diſtinguiſhed, not to be confounded with them. Would he not wiſh inſtead of looking like themſelves, to be ſhewn with the pointed finger——that's an Engliſhman; a countryman of their CUMBERLANDS, *&c.*

He

Digitized by Google

He who can desire to give up *that* superiority, is in his heart a Frenchman.

If it were mean to wear this particular dress there, how much more to bring it home, to strut upon English ground in a French badge of servitude.

They say in arts we improve what we adopt. 'Twere well were it as true among the valuable as it is in these. We have found the way to add meaning and distinction to that which in its proper country was but the acknowledgement of universal slavery. At first, when we met one of these dapper foresters, one asked, is this the green man of Epping or of Tyburn road, and the laugh went no farther: now we are to judge whether he be friend or enemy to his country by the colour; and 'tis a reflection surely on the wearer, and the object of his distinction, that the livery of the French king is become the badge of attachment to the English court.

The *green man* on our sign-posts, its proper situation, has been used to bear three senses; that of a *Savage-man*, that of a *huntsman*, and from some good old story, that of a *dy'd man*.

The sense of our green man is quite changed: and, in the common way, to its opposite. It no longer expresses a forester or savage; 'tis the character of the most decent and most civilised creature among mankind, the beau.

According to his genius or his fortune, this gentle animal decorates and embellishes it with the *cord*, the *buttonhole*, the *lace* or the *embroidery*: but here his understanding is not able to break through the difficulty. Shall he wear the ornaments in *gold*, to shew his attachment to the yellow orange, or in *silver* to compliment the white horse of Hanover.

The gardeners have a *striped rose*; they call this, because the red and white are both in it, *the York and Lancaster*; happy shall he be who first upon his French coat wears the silver lace to the gold buttonhole, and calls himself the *Hanover and Orange*.

To such an height this ambition of dress is carried by these bastard English, that a true Briton would almost wish

Digitized by Google

wiſh to ſee his countrymen reduced to the painted bodies of their honeſt anceſtors; though he who has taſte would perhaps adviſe the ladies to have themſelves adored by declining even that ornament.

If we would receive ſuch a faſhion, how gallant a ſight would it be to face a body of French forces with our former victories on our breaſts; a Marlborough ſhould conquer them an age after his death; and they would drop their ſwords before the repreſentation of a Ramillies. It may be uſeful to commemorate great ſucceſſes every way; but I only propoſe theſe for the preſent; we may diſplace them *when we have gained ſuch others.*

No. 28. *Saturday, July 2d,* 1757.

———*this is worſhipful ſociety.* SHAKE.

TWO former letters from a relation of mine, dated from Bath, having been very well received by the public, I ſhall without further preface lay before them a third, written by the ſame gentleman from his ſeat in the country.

COVERLEY-HALL, June the 24th, 1757.

To the CENTINEL.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Was favoured with your obliging anſwer to my two laſt letters at Bath, ſome time before I left that place, but finding nothing worth your notice more than what I had communicated, I deferred the ſatisfaction of writing to you again, till I could have more leiſure, than the diſſipation of that ſcene affords, to addreſs myſelf a third time to ſo reſpectable perſon. I arrived here a few weeks ago from midnight revels and pale faces,

to

to green fields, ſhady walks, and the healthful-painted cheeks of country milk maids. As I have the greateſt reverence for the memory of my benefactor, your good old friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, I continued, after my father's death, not only all the old ſervants I found in the ſervice, till they dropt off one by one, like mellow fruit, but preſerved likewiſe a veneration for the old houſe, old furniture, old walks and old cuſtoms, which the good knight uſed ſo much to delight in: every thing therefore continues here in the ſame ſituation it was in during the viſit of your great predeceſſor, the SPECTATOR, which he ſo ingeniouſly and naturally deſcribes in the 106th, and ſeveral of the following numbers of that immortal performance, but alas! though every *thing* (as far as the nature of things are capable of being preſerved by human aſſiduity) is ſtill in *ſtatu quo*, moſt of the old domeſticks have followed their ever-honoured maſter, during my abſence abroad, and very few even of the tenants or neighbouring gentlemen are alive now who flouriſhed at that memorable æra: inſtead of the honeſt chaplain who uſed to preach the biſhop of St. Aſaph's and Tillotſon's ſermons, I found upon my return from travel a finical young coxcomb, whom my guardians had preſented to the living in my abſence, who talked every Sunday from the pulpit half an hour, a parcel of unintelligible ſtuff, which it ſeems he retailed from a book juſt publiſhed, tending to prove that the omiſſion of the doctrine of future rewards and puniſhments was an indication of a divine miſſion; the leiſure hours of this young champion in divinity, I found upon enquiry, were ſpent, not in compoſing the differences among his poor pariſhioners, as were thoſe of his predeceſſor, but in promoting diſputes among his ſuperiors, and writing things of five acts which he called tragedies, and then modeſtly citing MILTON and one of the fathers as an apologetical example for his own practice. I find the WIDOW, notwithſtanding *her fine hand*, has many years ago *bid this world good night*; WILL WIMBLE lies under a grave ſtone of his own ſculpture; and moſt of the cotemporaries of that ſilent gentleman who was in Worceſterſhire

Digitized by Google

ceſterſhire in the year 1711, now reſt in ſome church or church-yard in the neighbourhood of this village; but their ſons, nephews or grand-ſons ſtill perpetuate the old names; among others, a gentleman not far from Coverley does much honour to his family, and that is Sir JOHN WIMBLE, the very identical nephew of WILL WIMBLE, who is mentioned in a letter to Sir ROGER, by that memorable mechanic, as being an Eaton ſcholar and *taking to his learning hugely.* *

Sir JOHN, the preſent baronet, is turned of fifty-ſeven, who after having ſpent moſt of his time in the world, as a man both of buſineſs and pleaſure, is now retired to his ſeat in Worceſterſhire to paſs away the remainder in repoſe and acts of benevolence; here this truly worthy Engliſh gentleman bewails the preſent ſymptoms of the approaching diſſolution of this once flouriſhing kingdom, which appear in the diſſipated lives, the unregulated expences, depraved appetites, and abandoned profligacy that rages through all ranks of people. As I ſhall have occaſion perhaps to mention this gentleman in my future correſpondence with you, I thought it not improper to give you this ſhort ſketch of ſo valuable a character; a few days ago I had the pleaſure to accompany the good baronet to a weekly meeting of the neighbouring gentlemen and clergy at a bowling-green in his own pariſh, kept by one of his old ſervants, now dignified by being the father of a large family and churchwarden for the year; as I never had been at one of theſe rural aſſemblies I muſt confeſs I had no ſmall curioſity to ſatisfy, for a true country ſquire or country parſon were animals that I was as much unacquainted with as a rhinoceros or an elephant; accordingly, on the day appointed, I called upon my worthy introductor, and having left my equipage at his houſe, we walked over the church-yard, and croſſed the mill-bridge, and two little cloſes to the place of weekly rendezvous; as we approached to the ſtile I perceived a reverend perſonage of about twenty ſtone weight, leaning over the uppermoſt bar, who preſenting us with a very roſy countenance, ſomewhat leſs than half an acre in circumference,

* See the 108th number of the SPECTATOR.

Digitized by Google

ference, congratulated both us and himself that we were come at last; "for, sir JOHN (added he) had you "stayed one quarter longer all the fat would have been "roasted away, and 'tis the *loveliest* haunch we have "seen this season, 'twas a good buck, and died well."

I found by this that I had really been in a great measure the innocent cause of spoiling a very lovely part of an animal, who, I fancied, had *lived a good life*, because a reverend pastor assured us *in verbo sacerdotis* that he *died well*. Upon enquiring of my guide who this respectable figure was, he whispered me that it was doctor TURTLE, who about three years ago had been presented by Magdalen-college, Oxford, to a very good living in the neighbourhood; that indeed the doctor was by no means concerned in the *Achaian* league, or any other *Grecian* plot whatever, nor had he much concerns with the old Romans, but in lieu of all that, he was the best bowler upon the green, was an incomparable judge of venison, fish, and wild fowl; kept a leash of the best grey-hounds in the county, and was very well versed in sir HARRY SPELMAN's book, *concerning the divine right of tythes*. I found afterwards, that in consequence of such accomplishments, the doctor was the very first upon the green list of subscribers, and that all disputes upon the turf were decided by his judgement, from whence there was no appeal. Having by this time reached a little tent that was occasionally pitched in one corner of the green, for the accommodation of the bowlers, I was presented to all the club then present, one by one, and a little scrip of dirty parchment being handed down to me I enrolled my name among these worthies; after which ceremony we were summoned to dinner by doctor TURTLE, who had been, ever since his first accosting us, superintending the abovementioned haunch of venison in the kitchen. The good rector having taken his place in the great elbow chair at the upper end of the table as perpetual president of the club, I being a stranger, and a newly initiated member was by the general suffrage of the company placed on his right hand, after which the rest took their seats without much ceremony. For the first quarter of an hour

Digitized by Google

nothing was said but, *pray sir give me a little more fat; 'tis finely roasted—Mr.* SENTRY *let me help you—some more, sir, of the white muscle*—and such like very pertinent sentences: but the edge of appetite being a little taken off by a serious and constant application of knife and fork to the fat, and the brown as well as the white muscle, my *spiritual* neighbour, who had been hitherto very busily employed in the *flesh*, began to ask me several questions about my travels, to all which I answered in a manner as I thought would give him most pleasure, and indeed I had such success in my endeavours to accommodate my discourse to the relish of this *great man* of the place, that I presently found I began to be no inconsiderable favourite; in confirmation of which, before the cloth was taken away, he addressed himself to me in the following manner. "Mr. SENTRY I find "you are not only a very sensible observant man, but "likewise you seem to understand what is due to the "clergy, therefore I will entrust you with a secret "worth an empire." You may be sure I made proper acknowledgments for such a favour, and after having expressed repeated assurances that I would never be ungrateful, the well dew lapped divine taking me by the hand continued, "the secret, my dear sir, is this; *to* "*every three mouthfuls you eat, drink a glass of wine,* "*and you will eat as much again. This*, Mr. SENTRY, "was told me many, very many years ago by a senior "fellow of our college, who died about twenty years "since of an apoplexy, and lies buried in our cloisters. "He was a great man, Mr. SENTRY, but we are all "mortal; therefore, as the text says, *let us eat and* "*drink, for to-morrow we die.*" I must confess I never saw any preacher give a better example to his precept than the doctor had done to this last scripture exhortation. As soon as dinner was over, we adjourned again to the green, where lots having decided who were to enter the lists first, and likewise who and who were to be friends and antagonists, the champions having stripped into their waistcoats, and substituted handkerchiefs of a week's wear in the room of their wigs under their hats, the rest of the company withdrew into the tent to tobacco,

Digitized by Google

tobacco, ſtrong beer, and obſervation both upon the contenders at bowls and the preſent contenders for power in the adminiſtration. Whilſt two warm partymen of different ſides were in violent diſpute about what neither was acquainted with or intereſted in, I took an opportunity of writing out a copy of the liſt of the preſent year's ſubſcribers, which (though you are at preſent unacquainted with the gentlemen therein mentioned) I have taken the liberty to ſend you, as in a future letter I may in all probability delineate moſt of their different characters; a thing you cannot expect me to do at preſent. The liſt runs thus: doctor RALPH TURTLE, juſtice FLOOD, ſir JOHN WIMBLE, 'ſquire TADPOLE, alderman SQUAT, doctor JALLAP, a phyſician, Mr. RHEUBARB, an apothecary, counſellor LEATHERHEAD, beſides nine parſons, four attorneys, an half-pay captain of foot, the two repreſentatives of an adjoining borough, who never come, the high ſheriff, and your humble ſervant. When the aſſembly broke up my good friend ſir JOHN preſſed me very warmly to finiſh the day at his houſe, but the evening being very fine, and Coverly not above four miles ride, I made my excuſes and returned home, ruminating, according to cuſtom, on the characters I had that day ſeen, particularly on that of my new friend the rector.

But before I cloſe my letter, I cannot omit mentioning that I was agreeably ſurpriſed in my way home to ſee the very ſign of the Saracen's head, which was originally intended (as we are informed by the SPECTATOR) by the father of my preſent tenant, for the head of old ſir ROGER, and converted by the worthy knight's own order into the preſent grim countenance by the addition of a very enormous pair of black whiſkers, which ſaid pair of black whiſkers have been waſhed down by ſix and forty winters rains all over the cheeks of the ſaid baronet-ſaracen, or ſaracen-baronet, which you will. When you next write, I ſhould be obliged to you if you would inform me, whether the report in the country is true, that the regiſter-office in the Strand has been applied to for perſons pro-

perly qualified to manage political affairs. I am, dear couſin, with the profoundeſt reſpect,

Your moſt obliged

and affectionate kinſman,

ROGER COVERLEY SENTRY.

No. 29. *Tueſday, July 5th,* 1757.

——— Os
Magna Sonaturum.

THE planet *Venus*, under its ſeveral names of *Phoſpher* and *Lucifer*, the *Evening* and the *Morning* STAR, has furniſhed the poets with many beautiful alluſions; but there is not one of them who has uſed it ſo boldly or ſo happily as the prophet ISAIAH. He has compared the ſplendor of the *king of Babylon* to the luſtre of that ſtar eclipſing all the leſſer ſovereigns, and expreſſed his deſtruction by its fall from heaven.

Mr. MASON, a poet who would have been diſtinguiſhed in an age more fertile of genius than the preſent, has taken this paſſage, and ſome others, from the ſame chapter of the prophet, for the foundation of an ode, which he entitles, *on the fate of tyranny*. With what tranſport muſt he, who has not read the Bible, go through the beautiful ſtanza, wherein the elegant Engliſh writer has paraphraſed this ſublime and happy thought of the Hebrew.

O Lucifer, thou orient ſtar
That roll'd the morning's roſy car
Reſulgent thro' th' ætherial way,
How art thou fall'n, thou ſon of light!
How fall'n from thy meridian height.——

I have

Digitized by Google

I have limited the rapture of admiration to thoſe who have not read the Bible, for to ſuch as retain the original, this paſſage elegant as it is, muſt appear in the utmoſt degree poor, mean and diſpirited. To *roll the chariot of the morning* is a very fine image; the epithet *roſy* is perfectly elegant; and *refulgent* and *ætherial* are delicate and well choſen words: there are, therefore, in this ſtanza of the modern poet, all the beauties of language, words the moſt happily ſelected, and moſt muſically arranged; but it is in the original we muſt look for the ſublimity of the thought. What majeſty is there in this ſhort ſentence! *How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, ſon of the Morning!*

Theſe are the words of Scripture, and they are ſuch that it is impoſſible to alter them but for the worſe.

What is all the finiſhed elegance of this celebrated poet's phraſe, compared with the ſimple dignity of this plain and great expreſſion! what his *orient ſtar* to ISAIAH'S *ſon of the Morning!* This verſion is not by many the firſt, but it is one of the ſtrongeſt inſtances our language has afforded how idle are all attempts to paraphraſe the language of the Scriptures.

It were unjuſt to name this author, eſpecially as it may here appear to be done with ſome degree of cenſure, without ſaying ſomething farther of the odes, among which this *on the fate of tyranny* is publiſhed. Their ſubjects are extremely different, and they are all conſummately elegant. It is become a faſhion to ſtudy the language of odes more than of any other ſpecies of poetry: and it is no more than juſtice to ſay every thing that is graceful, finiſhed and harmonious, is found in theſe; they abound with images, and thoſe of the moſt ſtriking kind; and they are varied with the moſt lively and the moſt happily choſen deſcriptions. The apoſtrophe of MILTON in the firſt ode, which is *to Memory*, is extremely fine and juſt: the ſecond is *to Independency*; and this, after ſome elegant phraſe to the author's patron the earl of HOLDERNESS, concludes with a happy thought from the mouth of Indepency,

Who calls thee his, yet makes thee mine.

In this

Digitized by Google

In this ode there is a very beautiful and lively image of the Moon, seen upon the surface of the *Humber*,

As yon chaste orb along this ample tide
Draws the long lustre of her silver line.

The heart must have no feeling either to poetry or patriot virtue that is not charmed with his honourable mention of old ANDREW MARVELL.

Indeed one great article of this poet's praise is that he dares give it to another; not to the dead alone, but to one who is living, and whom others look on as his rival, the author of the Church-yard Elegy. We have a strong and noble instance of this free spirit in the third ode, the subject of which is Melancholy.

Thro' this lone valley let me stray,
Wrapt in some strain of pensive GRAY;
Whose lofty genius bears along
The conscious dignity of song;
And scorning from the sacred store
To waste a note on pride or pow'r,
Roves when the glimm'ring twilight glooms
And warbles thro' the rustic tombs.

In this ode the image of the Ivy *chaining the stones* that make some martyr's monument is extremely beautiful; nor can any description excel that of the pale retreat

Where drops the little weeping rill
Soft tinkling down the moss grown hill.

The beauties of language, imagery and description, are this author's in an eminent degree; but in the ode on tyranny, which is the fourth and last in this collection, we have another instance of the force and greatness there is in a plain thought expressed in the most unornamented words, superior to all the additions of language. Mr. MASON putting into his elegant language the expressions of the prophet, when men see the tyrant fallen, says

Is this the man whose nod
Shook kingdoms? whose inexorable rod, &c.

ISAIAH

ISAIAH on this occaſion uſes theſe plain and much more majeſtic words,

Is this the man that made the earth to tremble!

This and the former are two inſtances, out of thouſands, that ſhew the ſuperiority the Bible (even in the Engliſh tranſlation, far as it is from equal to the original) has over all other writings.

With all the harmony not only of Mr. MASON's, but of moſt other late odes, there is a dearth of meaning; with all the florid and redundant beauties of deſcription, there is a barrenneſs of thought. When we read them we are pleaſed; and when they are this author's odes, the oftener we read them the more we are pleaſed; but when we have read them a thouſand times we are not improved; they ſerve barely to amuſe, (the meaneſt purpoſe of writing.) Of all that has ſo ſtrongly affected, nothing remains with us.

If it be true, as LONGINUS has affirmed, that the ſtrongly imprinting things on the reader's memory is one great character of ſublimity, ſure this accuſes the modern odes of a deficiency in one of the eſſential articles of that compoſition.

If I may run from theſe modern writings very far back into antiquity, I ſhall produce PINDAR, as one whoſe language and whoſe thought and manner cannot be ſaid to rival indeed, for nothing can rival the Scriptures, but of all poetry the moſt to reſemble them. There is in him the fire of imagination, and this great ſimplicity of language. His thought is majeſtic in the higheſt degree, and his numbers are often rude, and always irregular. 'Twas then a ſpecies of writing above the limitation of that poliſhed elegance which is now made its character.

HORACE introduced among the Latins this delicate care of ſounds: his

Quem tu; Melpomene———

is an inſtance of it; but with this ſoftneſs and ſmooth elegance he preſerved often, if not conſtantly, the dignity of thought that characterized the original.

The

Digitized by Google

The language of the Bible has not been enough considered, indeed not enough regarded; else it would have been found in many neglected instances truly and justly harmonious. The Hebrew is often in these places elegantly constructed; and even in our translation the writers have in many passages, without considering or perhaps knowing it, been carried away by the spirit and sound of the original into a kind of measure.

This is evident in the two passages I have quoted here from ISAIAH: the first, describing the terrible and precipitate fall of *the king of Babylon*, runs all in *dactils* to the last foot, which terminates it happily as a *spondee*; nor could any measure or quantity have been devised more proper for such an expression than these five dactils and that concluding foot of graver measure. On the other hand, the latter passage marking the sad change of his state, *a heap of dust for a king of Babylon*, moves in one grave and equal pace, and that altogether different from the former.

I have readers who are not acquainted with the terms that name our feet in verse; but these will perceive the propriety of the measure in either place; they will find these words run off the tongue which describes the fall of the tyrant, and that those move slowly which represent him fallen.

We see in these instances the difference between the *prophet* and the *poet:* they were once called by the same name, and with reason, when the prophet was no more inspired than the poet, for they were then alike. In these instances we see they differ *toto cœlo:* it is the difference between natural and superior powers, Genius and Inspiration.

No. 30.

Digitized by Google

No. 30. *Saturday, July 9th, 1757.*

O (quam te memorem!) virgo: namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat. O dea, certe;
An Phœbi soror, an nympharum sanguinis una?
Sis fælix, nostrumque leves quæcumque laborem.

VIRGIL.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

I Cannot help expressing my concern to you on account of the little encouragement given to the sons and daughters of Harmony, who, at this melancholy period of national distress, kindly exert their melodious talents to banish care and anxiety from the foreboding thoughts of gloomy Britons.

Music and Singing are certainly divine perfections; they excite the mind to commendable operations and moral virtues; they restrain irregular desires, asswage sorrow and inspire courage.

By the virtue of the Dorian measure a musician of old preserved the chastity of CLYTEMNESTRA, the wife of AGAMEMNON, from the solicitations of ÆGISTHUS, who slew him out of revenge: by the soft Lydian notes the antients were moved to pleasure and dissipation; and by the bold Doric sounds they were roused to valiant deeds of arms.

They were both held in high estimation by the wise and holy men of old: DAVID appointed four masters to superintend the hymns and songs; and AMBROSE, bishop of Milan, when he was watching in the church with other pious men, for fear of the Arians, introduced Singing to remove the solicitude of tediousness: and we are assured, from undoubted authority, that the holy assemblies in the Eastern parts did, from the very beginning, use Singing.

I own

Digitized by Google

I own that it grieves me to reflect that an excellence of such use and antiquity should, in our days, be so much slighted and disregarded: and it brings tears into my eyes whenever I read the humiliant advertisement of the incomparable MINGOTTI.*

What a disgrace it is to the present times that a lady of her exquisite merit should publicly complain for the want of that indulgence which she tells you has been always shewn to her predecessors? what a mark of British ingratitude to put her to the blush of solicitation, instead of being forward to anticipate her wishes?

Has not the warbling *Seignora* held the polite world by the ears all the Winter? did she ever refuse to exert the enchanting melody of her voice but when the natural indispositions of her sex forbade her appearance, and obliged her to squawl at home somewhat out of tune! When accidents of this sort happened did she not graciously condescend to give public notice of her incapacity, and from day to day cram the news-papers with apologies and expostulations?

But, notwithstanding all this good nature and humility, how ungratefully and cruelly has she been treated? not to mention the shock her delicacy must receive at being obliged to address the public in the form of a petitioner—what a mortifying circumstance must it be to her to be drawn about the streets in a plain chariot and pair, while LUCY, who has a voice like a raven, rolls about in a fine lacquered carriage fit to make an appearance at an ambassador's public entry?

For my own part I cannot help considering the lovely MINGOTTI as something more than woman: when I hear the thrilling notes of this ravishing warbler I cannot persuade myself that the sounds are mortal; I can't think of nothing less than a goddess in a romance; and was I to contrive an equipage for this harmonious divinity, it should be a splendid vehicle formed in the shape of a shell, richly embossed with all kinds of musical instruments, and drawn by linnets and nightingales yoaked together with fiddle-strings.

But,

* A singer in the Italian opera.

Digitized by Google

But, to the great ſhame of Britons, not only the muſic of this quavering enchantreſs, but the inſtrumental melody of her brother in harmony, have been, though equally applauded, yet equally unrewarded. For I do not find that the incomparable ſir JOHN GIGARDINI,* the moſt renowned knight of the moſt noble order of the fiddle-ſtring, with his matchleſs merit, is yet in a capacity to drive a ſet of bays, or that he is likely to obtain a patent of peerage; ſo that he ſtill remains greater than peers, yet leſs.

Now the Winter entertainments are at an end, thrice happy are thoſe fortunate people of faſhion whom theſe darlings of *Apollo* and the *Muſes* will condeſcend to viſit at their country ſeats, and help them to diſſipate the tedium of the Summer ſeaſon. Bleſt with ſuch company they may leave the wild notes of the feathered choriſters to vulgar ears, while, in the ſhady bower or cooling grott, they thrill with extacy at the more raviſhing ſounds of ſcientific harmony!

The charms of Muſic are better felt than deſcribed. ORPHEUS, the famous muſician of old, by his commanding lyre made the beaſts tame, and the trees dance before him; and where would be the wonder if the modern ORPHEUS ſhould, by his enchanting ſolo, draw a woman of faſhion into his arms, and, as the offspring of a ſilent duet, bleſs poſterity with an infant Handel?

But to thoſe who have not an opportunity of hearing theſe excelling Italian artiſts, it will be no ſmall entertainment to liſten to our own home-ſpun warblers and muſicians who are perched up in the ſeveral orcheſtras of Ranelagh, Vauxhall and Marybone. In theſe days of national calamity and ill ſucceſs, when we have not ſo much as a bonfire or a ſingle peal of bell-ringing for all the millions we pay; when, inſtead of one Engliſhman beating two Frenchmen, the monſieurs have drubbed us every where even-handed; in the midſt of all theſe diſcouragements and diſaſters it is ſome comfort, however, to hear a good ſong for our money: and we are greatly obliged to Mr. LOWE for his kind advertiſement,

O acquainting

* A celebrated performer on the violin.

Digitized by Google

quainting the public that his voice ſtill retains all its native ſweetneſs.

Though Muſic and Singing are undoubtedly more practiſed than they ever were in this nation, yet, from the little encouragement given to the artiſts, they are not ſo generally eſteemed as it might be wiſhed. We uſe Muſic indeed in our churches and in the field of battle; and I do not ſee why they may not be made equally ſerviceable in all private and public aſſemblies. One ARCHYTAS, a Grecian, invented a muſical inſtrument which checked the irregular ſallies of imagination and ſilenced impertinence. An inſtrument of this kind would be highly uſeful at Weſtminſter-hall, at political coffee-houſes, and at all oratorial meetings.

When a conceited rhetorician is hurried away by the impetuoſity of verboſe nonſenſe, what an agreeable triumph it would be to ſtrike him dumb, and put him to the bluſh without ſaying a word! and what a vaſt deal of trouble it would ſave the chairman in all clubs and ſocieties, if he could keep the members within the limits of ſenſe and decency without fatiguing his lungs by calling them—to order! to order! But I refer theſe hints to your conſideration, and am,

SIR,

your conſtant reader

and humble ſervant,

PHILHARMONICOS.

INTELLIGENCE to illuſtrate the above.

THE 12th of laſt May The Suſpicious Huſband, *Ranger by Mr. Garrick, was performed at the theatre in Drury-lane, the profits of which were given by the patentees to be applied to the uſe of the Marine-ſociety: a very noble donation that ſpeaks for itſelf more forceably than words can deſcribe: but what ſhall we ſay to the taſte, the benevolence and patriot ſpirit of our people of quality, who were ſo far from being emulous in filling the houſe that ſome of the ſide boxes were almoſt empty, while at Mingotti's benefit they were riding*

Digitized by Google

riding upon one another's backs for the encouragement of a woman whose merit is vox & preterea nihil, *where they seemed attentive to sounds for which few of them have taste, and listening to a language which scarcely one in fifty understand. We are assured that, upon comparing the receipts of each of these benefits, the ballance in favour of the sing-song fair was upwards of* 400 l.——*What an honour is this to the nation!*

We are assured that lord Lighthead, *lady* Arabella Sonata, *colonel* Drawl, *and several other people of the first distinction, have opened a subscription for the support of several French cooks, German butlers, and other foreign gentlemen servitors, who have been discarded, or are now actually out of place, for having worn their masters cloaths, stole their linen, purloined their wine, and picked their pockets when drunk, and such other trifling offences which it would be the utmost rudeness to punish; it would, moreover, stamp upon the prosecutors an indelible character of want of politeness.*

No. 31. *Tuesday, July 12th,* 1757.

Nos duo turba sumus—— OVID.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR, NANDO's Coffee-house.

A Very odd sort of a story is whispered about here, and I am assured it is really fact; I therefore communicate it to you, as I make no doubt but you'll find some end in it, either for instruction or amusement.

A young gentleman who resides near the Temple, and has been long smitten with a very agreeable lady, whose affections were before engaged, was on Tuesday afternoon last drove to such a pitch of despair, by the

Digitized by Google

frequent repulſes and indignities he had met with from the cruel fair one, who granted him an interview which he promiſed ſhould be the laſt, that, drowned in tears, and ſeemingly in the greateſt anguiſh of mind, he vowed, with the moſt bitter imprecations, not to outlive that night; and accordingly haſted from her, leaving her under ſome concern leſt he ſhould have ſo little command over himſelf as to attempt his life; for which reaſon ſhe diſpatched a ſervant to follow him, who after having ſeen him as far as the New-river-head, Iſlington, and not knowing the cauſe of his errand, returned back to his miſtreſs, and acquainted her that he had left him taking a turn round the adjoining field.—The lady had no ſooner heard of the ſituation of her lover than, ſuſpecting he could have repaired thither for no other reaſon than to drown himſelf, immediately gave the alarm to her brother and ſome others of his acquaintance, who, with the utmoſt precipitation, hurried away to the ſpot, where, to their great terror and diſappointment, he was not to be found. Upon this it was propoſed to have the *reſervoir* dragged; but on mature deliberation they agreed to make further enquiry; the reſult of which made it appear our *inamorato* had changed his intentions, if ever he had any, of drowning himſelf; and was, at that time, ſeeking a relief for his melancholy, by throwing halfpence to the performers at Sadler's wells.

Yours, &c.

NIC. PRYABOUT.

I cannot help cenſuring this gentleman's conduct in the ſevereſt manner; for though I would by no means encourage the horrid crime of *ſuicide*, yet I hold that when a man ſolemnly engages to drown or hang himſelf he is bound in honour to do it, and ſhould be looked on as a ſcoundrel in caſe of failure.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

AS I was the other day walking from Charing-croſs to the Temple I followed a young lady all the way, partly out of curioſity to ſee whither ſhe went, and

and partly out of good nature to take her up if she fell down, or to prevent her fall; which I was all the while under the greatest apprehensions of; and you must own, Mr. CENTINEL, I had sufficient grounds for my fears, when I acquaint you that the heels of her shoes were about six inches high, sloping from behind toward the middle of her feet, where they ended in points about the bigness of my finger; so that though the lady seemed to walk upon these stilts with great dexterity, yet she could not forbear tottering first on one side and then on the other, upon the least default of the pavement. I had the happiness, however, of seeing my charge arrive home without any other accident than that of soiling the sides of her shoes, which, by the frequent slips her feet made, could not be prevented.

I intended, Mr. CENTINEL, as soon as I came home, to acquaint you with the affair, that you might entreat the ladies to have at least more regard for themselves than to trust their persons abroad on those elevated slippers, for indeed they hardly deserve the name of shoes, as they are generally buckled quite over the toe, and discover almost the whole foot. But if I was excited to this, upon the first remark of this kind, how much more was I confirmed in this intention upon seeing, the very next day, a lady, to all appearance several months gone with child, venturing abroad in exactly the same manner: nay, Mr. CENTINEL, no longer ago than last night I made one in a dance where about a dozen ladies trusted themselves to jump about the room all night long, supported only by this means.

They went, however, through every figure with the greatest agility and ease, to my no little surprise and astonishment, by which I found the lady I had first observed to be but a novice in the art of walking in modern shoes. I have heard, Mr. CENTINEL, many encomiums upon the seating of the Dutch women on the ice, who are said to go many miles, and carry a basket of eggs unbroken to market. I must, however, prefer the skill of my countrywomen who can keep themselves suspended upon such slight foundations, and doubt not in time, if modesty would permit, but they

Digitized by Google

would be able to exceed even that celebrated ſtilt-walker, that uſed to entertain the town ſome years ago, by ſtepping over the rails in St. Paul's church-yard, and the walls of Hyde park.

A gentleman was to-day obſerving upon this head, that he ſuſpected the ladies had received leſſons from ſome of the celebrated equilibriſts, by which they had been ſo happily inſtructed to keep themſelves duly ballanced. He added alſo, and that he had it from ſecret information, that the hoop-petticoats now in faſhion were of equal ſervice to the long poles which the dancers on the tight rope make uſe of; for which reaſon, he ſays, we ſee thoſe ladies who are the greateſt artiſts, to ſhew their dexterity, go (without hoops) in *pet-en-lairs*, a kind of dreſs not much unlike that worn by our female rope-dancers.

If this be the caſe, and this humour of ballancing increaſes, I expect ſhortly to ſee my pretty country-women, inſtead of wearing their hats flat on their heads, or cock'd half upward, carrying them, ſupported only on the edge bolt upright, as the famous equilibriſt at Sadler's wells holds the wheel in his mouth; or elſe that, inſtead of having ſtraws platted into the uſual form of hats, they will carry a parcel ſtanding upright on their heads: but *haud Roma in una die conditur*—arts advance by ſlow and ſure degrees; I cannot expect to ſee all this at once; I am, however, very glad to find the ladies arrived at the perfection of keeping themſelves upright; to oblige them to which ſo many inventions have heretofore been made without ſucceſs.

I am nevertheleſs deſirous, Mr. CENTINEL, that you would caution the unexperienced ladies, and thoſe alſo whoſe condition requires a more than ordinary care, that they would not depend too much upon their judgment in the equilibrium, leſt by ſlips, which may be irretrievable, they *fall* down and never be able to recover themſelves again.

I am, Sir,

your humble ſervant,

T.

Saturday,

Digitized by Google

No. 32. *Saturday, July 16th,* 1757.

Sed vos qui tandem? Quibus aut veniſtis ab oris?
Quove tenetis iter?

VIRGIL.

THE famous lawgiver LYCURGUS commanded the Lacedemonians never to hold converſe with ſtrangers, nor to ſtir out of their own country; for he uſed to ſay, that though they might acquire riches by their commerce with foreigners, yet they would grow poor with reſpect to their virtues.

This might be an admirable edict in a ſtate where a rude auſterity of behavior, and a ſavage kind of valor, was eſteemed the perfection of virtue: but it would be very unadviſeable in our polite days, ſince travelling is become a part of our education, and deemed an eſſential requiſite to civilize our manners.

Surly cynics have in all ages been enemies to foreign peregrination: and we read in a chronicler of Charles the Firſt that few went into Italy who did not return diſſolute and debauched. In the like manner it has been ſaid of our young gentlemen who travel, that they come back ſhamefully depraved and corrupted; that they bring home nothing but incredible tales for idle prattle, ridiculous faſhions for vain imitation, and abominable vices for horrid examples.

But theſe are the obſervations of rigid dotards who are outrageouſly virtuous, and whoſe cenſures are as unjuſt as themſelves are unpoliſhed. Thoſe who know the world can perceive a diſtinguiſhing grace and propriety in the the behavior of thoſe *tranſmarine* geniuſſes who have ſucked the air of the continent: they have not that narrow way of thinking called Virtue, nor that ſtiffneſs of appearance termed Decency, which render our home-bred Britons ſo awkward and domeſtic. It is with

Digitized by Google

with great concern, therefore, that I view the rising generation, who, by the unfortunate war with France, are deprived of the finishing stroke which gives so high a polish to modern education.

Mourn ye unhappy youth! who are doomed to end your progress within the musty circumference of Oxford and Cambridge. What manners can you learn from formal principals and humdrum fellows of colleges? what improvements can you make in gallantry from easy conquests over bedmakers and innkeepers daughters, whose ready subjection robs you of the means of glory? what pleasure can you receive from large and costly libraries, furnished by the misapplied liberality of stupid sages who vainly endeavoured to make the universities the seats of learning? you know how to appropriate books to better use than reading; and you undoubtedly honor the name of that incomparable artist who converted octavos and duodecimos into tea-chests, and metamorphosed quartos and folios into easy chairs for Cloacina: you know that learning only serves to fill the mind with prejudices, and to destroy its privilege of free-thinking: you very prudently despise the fame of being scholars, and ambitiously aspire to the reputation of fine gentlemen.

But alas! this cruel war prevents you from an opportunity of rendering yourselves complete in the latter character. Oh! what a horrid figure must you make in company, you—who must eat, drink, dress, laugh, dance, bow, walk, and, worst of all, even talk *l'Anglois*? how you must blush when you hear mention made of the magnificent and desolate Tuilleries, the court and gardens of Versailles, Marli, the *Chateau of Meudon*, the comedies, the *operas comiques, &c. &c.*: —but above all, how must you be ashamed never to have paid your fees to those paragons of procuration who are guardians of the delicia of Paris? how awkward must you appear who have never seen the inside of a hotel, nor slept in the arms of a *fille d'opera*? will you not have reason to curse America, and exclaim that—*War hath murdered Taste*?

But

Digitized by Google

But be not quite diſconſolate, for even thoſe who have been in that ſweet country of refinement and politeſſe will, in time, to their misfortune, neceſſarily become anglicized in many particulars. Faſhions are things of a fugitive nature, and even they who are acquainted with Paris will ſoon become ignorant of the reigning mode of that captivating metropolis; for as the rude monarch of that well-bred people has been ſo uncivil as to turn his beſt friends out of the kingdom, we ſhall have no opportunity of imitating thoſe fleeting models of grace and delicacy. Indeed, if the war continues, we may now and then by chance pick up a ſtraggling marquis; and, if we ſhould be ſo fortunate, I hope that he will be publicly exhibited at the moſt noted places in London, that all taylors, periwigmakers, *&c.* may copy the embelliſhments of his perſon for the ornament of their cuſtomers.

But what the ladies will do, I am at a loſs to conjecture, for in all probability we ſhall make no female captives among the French; and as their king, by his declaration of war, has made it death for any of his ſubjects even to correſpond with any one in England, they cannot ſo much as ſend over an inanimate madame Catherine, dreſſed *au dernier goût*, by way of pattern. . . . . .

Who knows but that even now a flounced negligee may be an odious ſight at Paris? and that while our pretty fair ones parade in public naked to the waiſt, with their lovely limbs downwards barely ſhaded with a little tranſparent drapery to denote that they are *toujours prêtes*—perhaps the French belles may wear handkerchiefs and petticoats, decently to hide their nakedneſs?

To look at many of our beauties who walk abroad one would be apt to conclude that they had jumped out of bed in a fright, and forgot to put their cloaths on. An honeſt countryman not long ſince met with one of theſe modiſh females in the Park; ſhe was arrayed in a white calico negligee, which played with the wind, and wantonly twined about the calf of her leg for want of the intermediate oppoſition of an under petticoat: having viewed her with great eagerneſs, he ſuddenly went

Digitized by Google

went away full of ſurpriſe and confuſion, and when he got home he ſpread a report all over the country—that he had ſeen a London lady walking in the Mall with nothing but her ſhift on.

If, perchance, Modeſty ſhould be faſhionable among the French ladies, it is very unfortunate that my countrywomen cannot have an opportunity of following their example, ſince they have been ſo very obliging to imitate them for many years paſt in a contrary quality.

But as all communication between the two nations is cut off, I hope it may excite us to exerciſe our own invention, and if we apply ourſelves in earneſt to the important ſtudy of *bagattellerie*, I do not in the leaſt doubt, from our growing attachment to trifles, but that we ſhall make ſuch curious improvements in the *minutiæ rerum*, that we ſhall ourſelves ſoon become ſubjects of imitation.

No. 33. *Tueſday, July 19th*, 1757.

Quoth he, in all my life, till now,
I ne'er ſaw ſo prophane a ſhow:
It is a Paganiſh invention
Which Heathen writers often mention.

HUDIBRAS.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

WHEN HERCULES had demoliſhed the firſt Troy he eſtabliſhed, in eternal memorial of the enterprize, the *Olympic Games*; and, in imitation of that killer of giants and ſearcher of adventures, every hero of eminence recorded his exploits, or the great turns of his fortune by the ſame means, from AUGUSIUS down to GARAGANTUA.

The

Digitized by Google

The chaſte Greeks had indeed only *four* of theſe; but the Roman world was overrun with them. In the place of the ſcant number of their original inventors they had the *Floral* and the *Megalenſion*, the *Capitoline* and *Circenſian*; but not to fatigue your readers with hard words, although it might diſcover much erudition, I ſhall, for the honour of my native country, the ſole end for which this letter is wrote, drop at once to the annals of Britain, and thoſe authentic regiſters of her glory the papers of daily intelligence. From theſe I ſhall aſſert that by as much as the Romans excelled their maſters the Greeks in the quantity of thoſe honourable exerciſes, by ſo much we of the preſent celebrated period in Great Britain exceed them and their originals together.

The buſineſs of this addreſs to you, Mr. CENTINEL, will be to enumerate the *games* of old and the *ſports* of preſent time, and poſſibly ſomething may occur in the compariſon of their nature as well as number, which, as it will be doubtleſs to the honour of our own time and people, ſhall not be buried in ſilence.

When things are honourable, the more there are of them the more is the honour; when they are uſeful, the oftener they are executed the greater the utility: in number the antient games are not a fiftieth part of thoſe which will immortalize our time; and for frequency, we have more in a week than old Greece ſaw in a century.

Their ſacred ſports came once in three, five or ſeven years, like a Hebrew jubilee; ours call forth the ſlaves of buſineſs to jollity and merriment ten times in a fortnight: I would not fear to oppoſe in this light (were there no juſtice Lediard) our *Tothilfields* to their *Olympus*; nor do we want our CASTORS and our HERCULES, although it chances that we want a PINDAR

To carve in poliſhed verſe the conq'ror's images.

That moſt faithful regiſter of important occurrences to which the eyes of all Britain look up for diverſion, buſineſs, love and ſcandal, invites the ſlave of traffic to-day unto no leſs than twelve different diverſions, all of

Digitized by Google

of the antique kind; and I think there appears no moderate portion of the free British ſpirit in that manifeſto which ſome time ſince ordered the northern road to be kept clear of carriages for nine miles, that the baker and the taylor might be unmoleſted in their foot-race.

The number of our games is not more to our honour than their variety; their variety than their intent. Our anceſtors (but theirs were barbarous times) trained their large breed of horſes to war, and made them with their hard breaſts beat down walls: we laugh at the rude faſhion; we mend the kind with the light Arabian, and train them up to ſpeed.

Let no little wit ſneer at this as out of the war-trade. He muſt have ſeen few modern campaigns who does not know the uſe of running away! to a proverb it reſerves men for future adventures: and 'tis hard if an Engliſh horſe may not deſerve praiſe for that which was the glory of the Greek ACHILLES.

If we bring to the view together the antient *Circus* and the modern *Field*, what compariſon can be pretended. There the wreſtler entered naked and greaſed; a woman could not look upon the ſport: the delicacy of a modern fine gentleman would have been ſhocked at it. There men were to ſhew what they could do; we entertain ourſelves with what they cannot. What is ſo decent as the appearance of a couple of our race-runners tied up in ſacks; or where is the competition of pleaſantry between their beaſtly cuſtom of two perſons wreſtling naked, and our couple of hardy bumkins cramming down the hot haſty pudding.

My principles, Mr. CENTINEL, may be debauched by cuſtom, but I confeſs I think there is more diverſion in ſeeing a reſtiff aſs ſtand ſtock ſtill in the middle of a courſe, and bray at all the beating of his ragged rider, than to follow with my aching eye the ſpruce jockies, and fancy I ſee a trial of ſpeed when the raſcals have agreed beforehand who ſhall win.

I don't pretend to blame this practice when their maſters betts depend upon it; but when their own half crowns

Digitized by Google

crowns influence them they are mercenary dogs, and ſhould have no quarter.

As I am ſo great an admirer of every thing that does honour to my country, I cannot but ſee with a peculiar ſatisfaction, the riſing cuſtom of exchanging a parcel of trifling conſiderations that regarded an intereſted commerce, or dirty traffic, for theſe public, general and uſeful eſtabliſhments.

It was with a ſingular pleaſure I read of the advance made on this head in the antient and honourable county of ***** —of the ſixty pound plate given by the *knights of the ſhire*, and the other ſixty pound plate given by the *members for the city*. What an example! what true Briton does not rejoice in the ſound? how do I hope to ſee, inſtead of accounts of this bridge built, that road mended, this hoſpital endowed, or that manufacture ſupported, of races and cockfightings eſtabliſhed by the *repreſentatives* throughout the kingdom.

We have been induſtrious long enough; it is time we ſhould divert ourſelves. A few tradeſmen might be enriched, or a few wretches maintained by the old method, this rains gold upon every alehouſe.

While I am doing juſt honour to the ſpirit that reigns on this head, I cannot help delivering my mind freely with reſpect to that magiſtrate beforementioned, however it may offend him.

I cannot ſee why the middle rank ſhould not have their amuſements as well as people of quality; why a tradeſman may not have a right to loſe his bet, or break his neck, as well as a profeſſed gameſter; (with ſubmiſſion be it ſpoken) he can often as well ſpare his money, and be as well ſpared as the other.

I am ſenſible that buſy perſons may ſay all theſe things are againſt law; ſo are lotteries; ſo is perjury; ſo are robberies, murder, and a thouſand other exploits that we ſee people daily amuſe themſelves withal.

As to their being wrong in themſelves that is juſt as cuſtom makes them. When I hear a ſour philoſopher, upon ſeeing half a dozen country 'ſquires amuſe themſelves at a drag net, repeat the ſtory of PLATO, who, when a young nobleman ſhewed how well he could

Digitized by Google

drive a chariot, told him it was a pity he had not been bred a coachman; I laugh at the ſober fool, and whiſper in his ear, what I am almoſt afraid to write down for you to publiſh, that I am glad to ſee thoſe people good for any thing.

As fond as I am, Mr. CENTINEL, of moſt of our modern diverſions, I muſt needs ſay there is one I am glad is aboliſhed. As great a friend as I am to cricket and priſon bars, I am an utter enemy to boxing and broad ſword: as much reſpect as I have for the artillery ground, I deteſt the amphitheatre: it was the only remain of brutal antiquity, and I am mighty glad we are rid of it. I have always thought they who recorded the accounts of thoſe exploits of old, wrote ſatires on their country. Take an example.

ARRACHION had gained the laurel as wreſtler at two Olympiads, and had vanquiſhed two of his three opponents at a third: but the laſt of them ſeeing, by the fate of his companions, that ARRACHION's ſtrength was at arm's end, cloſed in upon him, and ſeizing his throat with both hands, while his legs were twiſted about his, made it his point to choak him. ARRACHION, unable to diſentangle himſelf, broke one of his opponent's toes. The agony made him let go his hold and fall off, and ARRACHION at that inſtant expired.

All Greece was preſent, and their acclamations tore the ſkies! —— Horrible devils! —— fiends! that could enjoy ſo miſerable a ſpectacle.

The man who had deſtroyed eight people without anger or offence, only to ſhew he could do it, did not deſerve pity: but they who enjoyed the anguiſh and the ſlaughter, by whatever name they might call themſelves, or in whatever country they might be born, were not Greeks but Barbarians. I hope you join in the opinion, and am,

your's with reſpect,

W AN OLD BRITON.

Saturday,

Digitized by Google

No. 34. *Saturday, July 23d,* 1757.

Love, the moſt gen'rous paſſion of the mind,
The ſafeſt refuge innocence can find;
The ſafe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wiſhes, and ſecured by truth.
DRYDEN

I Am juſt now favoured with a very pathetic epiſtle from a lady; and in complaiſance to the ſex, think myſelf under an obligation to poſtpone to another day what I intended for the entertainment of this.

Mr. CENTINEL,

'THOUGH your ſuperior good ſenſe may ſet you above the influence of thoſe tender follies which ſo frequently bring misfortunes on my ſex, yet I will ſuppoſe you have a heart full of commiſeration for woes you are incapable of feeling, and in that confidence will preſume to intreat your advice in an accident which has involved in the greateſt perplexities a young perſon, who otherwiſe might have been happy to the fulleſt extent of all her wiſhes.

'I am, ſir, the ſole daughter and heireſs of a gentleman of eight hundred pounds per annum. I loſt my mother in my very early years; but the extreme tenderneſs of my father towards me left me no ſenſe of that misfortune. About ten months ago I happened into the acquaintance of a young gentleman, who, according to my opinion, has every requiſite not only to pleaſe, but to command the reſpect of all who know him. He made his addreſſes to me; but very privately, as his eſtate is ſomewhat inferior to that I was born to enjoy. My father, however, was ſo much taken with his perſon, character and behaviour, that

Digitized by Google

'it was at last agreed between us he should venture to 'declare his passion, and implore his sanction to our 'loves: but, alas! just at the time this was resolved 'upon, that dear parent was seized with a violent 'fever, of which he died in a few days, and left me 'under the guardianship of his brother.

'Here, sir, began my calamities; the funeral obse-'quies were no sooner over than my uncle proposed a 'marriage between me and the son of his wife by a 'former husband; a gentleman in whom, if I was not 'prepossessed in favour of another, I could find nothing 'to approve. I will not trouble you with the shock 'this discourse gave me; but resolving to put an end, 'if possible, to all farther sollicitations on this score, I 'freely confessed to him that my heart and vows were 'already engaged to another; on which he flew into 'a great rage, told me, it did not become a maid of 'my age to chuse for herself; that he thought his son-'in-law was every way worthy of me; and in fine, 'that he was determined I should either marry him or 'nobody.

'The distraction I was in, and which still hangs 'upon me, is not to be expressed: sensible of the power 'the late cruel law has given him over me, I have tried 'every means to soften his obdurate heart, have had 'recourse to tears and complaints, have remonstrated 'to him how unhappy even the person, whose interest 'he espoused, must be in marrying a woman who never 'could be brought to love, or even like him; and how 'inhuman it would be to separate two hearts linked 'together by the strictest ties of mutual love. But all 'this has not the least effect, my uncle is wholly go-'verned by his wife, and I am every day compelled to 'endure the double persecution of their importunities, 'and the nauseous addresses of the man I hate.

'My lover, who is all despair, talks of nothing but 'obliging his rival to resign either his pretensions or his 'life; my tears, perswasions and commands have alone 'hitherto prevented the rash attempt; how long they 'will have any force I know not, and I am every hour 'trembling for the consequence.

'I am

'I am now but two months turned of eighteen, and 'sure it is utterly impossible for me to support, for 'near three whole years, this load of anguish, which, 'instead of diminishing, gains every moment some 'addition to its weight. My lover would fain prevail 'on me to suffer him to have recourse to some needy 'clergyman, for a sum of money, to privately join our 'hands; but though I as earnestly desire this union as 'himself can do, yet I confess I have not courage to 'enter into it this way.

'Pity, sir, I beseech you, the agonies I suffer for the 'mischief which has already happened to me, and the 'dreadful apprehensions of the yet worse that may be-'fal me; and if it be in the power of wit or reason 'to extricate me from the miseries I am at present 'plunged in, exert those charming qualities for the 'relief of one who will always retain a due sense of the 'obligation. In the mean time, be assured I am, with 'the greatest respect,

SIR,

your most humble and
most obedient servant,

AMELIA.

I am extremely affected with poor AMELIA's case; but dare say there are at this instant ten thousand of his majesty's subjects who labour under the same unhappy situation. This, however, is no consolation to a person of a generous way of thinking, and it is only from her own fortitude, patience and resolution, she can hope relief.

Severe as the late marriage-act has been accounted, it binds not for ever; the shackles it hangs upon the heart will of themselves fall off in time; dear one and twenty will at last arrive, and young ladies will then be at liberty to pursue their wishes.

Nothing can be truly called a calamity to which we can see an end; I hope therefore the good sense AMELIA is mistress of, will enable her to consider that this

Digitized by Google

decree of the legiſlature only delays, not fruſtrates the conſummation of her happineſs, and aſſured that an hour will come in which ſhe will have it in her own power to triumph over the obduracy of her uncle, bear rather with indifference and contempt than grief, the little teaſings ſhe may 'till then ſuſtain from his importunities.

Beſides, though ſhe knows and beholds with horror the length of the chain by which ſhe is bound, yet ſhe knows not what events fortune may have in ſtore to ſhorten it; her uncle may die,—the young ſpark grow weary of proſecuting an unſucceſsful ſuit, and drop it of himſelf; —a thouſand accidents may happen to eaſe her of this part of her vexation.

The greateſt difficulty which, according to my opinion, this lady has to combat with, is to reſtrain the impatience of her lover from breaking into actions which, in all probability, would more effectually than the late act has power to do, put a total period to all their hopes.

I am very ſenſible that the fire of youth, eſpecially in our ſex, when agitated by any violent paſſion, is wild, ungovernable, deaf to all remonſtrance, ſets every thing at defiance, and a lover debarred, like this gentleman, the enjoyment of his wiſhes, is ready, when any advice is offered him, to cry out with the poet,

——— No law is made for love:
Law is to things which to free choice relate:
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate.
Laws are but poſitive; love's power, we ſee,
Is nature's ſanction, and her firſt decree.

But if the gentleman in queſtion can have ſo much command over himſelf, as to forbear ſeeking that ſatiſfaction which he may imagine both his love and honour demand for this intruſion on his rights; yet may theſe rivals, who doubtleſs are equally incenſed againſt each other, by ſome accident meet together, words may ariſe between them, the ſwords may come for ſecond courſe, and there is no event more dreadful than what may juſtly be apprehended from ſuch rencounter.

I cannot therefore help thinking, but that it would be a very prudent expedient for this favourite lover to paſs the,

Digitized by Google

the time of his deprivation either in the country or ſome foreign part: ſuch proper methods might be taken as to prevent any interception of the letters between them; they might lay open their whole ſouls to each other every poſt, and enjoy a more undiſturbed felicity than any they can expect to find amidſt the ſnares, plots and artifices that may be put in practice by thoſe whoſe intereſt it is to divide their loves. But above all, I would fain corroborate the reſolution AMELIA ſeems to have taken, never to ſacrifice her honour and the intereſt of her future family to a too haſty gratification of her paſſion; as there was ſome ſhort time ſince a clergyman of the church of England under ſentence of tranſportation for an offence of this nature, I ſhould be ſorry to ſee another of that ſacred robe dragged like a common felon to the bar of a court of judicature.

Y

No. 35. *Tueſday, July 26th,* 1757.

Nugæque canoræ.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

'FEW books have more excited the general attention than the *private hiſtory*, which at this time threatens, or perhaps flatters the polite world, from the hand of Mr. NASH; *The Revolutions of BATH and TUNBRIDGE during that Gentleman's Adminiſtration.*

'It is of the leſs conſequence, as only the *polite world*, who may properly enough be called the *uſeleſs world*, are concerned: but as I do not ſet that *tribe* altogether ſo low, as thoſe in general affect to do who pride themſelves upon underſtanding, the ſubject appears to me not wholly beneath conſideration.

'If

Digitized by Google

'If it might be done without wandering from the 'pupoſe, I think I could ſay ſomething in their favour. 'There *is*, and therefore Nature has intended there '*ſhould* be ſuch a claſs; and nothing proceeds from her 'hand in vain. I have accuſtomed myſelf to contem- 'plate all her works; ſo ſhould thoſe who judge of any 'one of them; and while I admire the *bee*, I can 'amuſe myſelf with the *butterfly*.

'Let me endeavour to lead your readers into the 'ſame road of entertainment, and let us for this 'morning divert ourſelves and them, with the expec- 'tations and the fears raiſed by this uncommon propoſal.

'Don't let the gravity of your *wiſe* people think the 'entering upon ſuch a ſubject too great an humiliation. 'We muſt condeſcend to our diverſions, when they do 'not riſe to us: if the emperor was cruel who for his 'diverſion killed flies, the philoſopher has paſſed through 'the world without reproach, who acknowledges the 'playing with his cat as a frequent and favourite amuſe- 'ment.

'I aſſure myſelf, Mr. CENTINEL, your candour 'will admit the apology, and you ſhall give me leave 'to trifle with the ſubject, though nobody is more diſ- 'engaged than I am from the buſineſs of this important 'book, not one of all the expectants wait with more 'impatience for its appearance; while they look for it 'with eagerneſs or with terror, following the dictates 'of their maſice, or their fear, I wiſh its publication 'merely from curioſity.

'A hiſtory of the *beau monde*, is, I ſuppoſe, a hiſtory 'of intrigue: there are but two other employments 'that conſume their time, play and debauchery: and 'theſe I apprehend are ſo perfectly alike at this time, 'and any preceding, and with one ſet of men and an- 'other, that they will not be worth reciting.

'The amours of fifty years among a multitude of 'people of high paſſions and no religion, muſt riſe to 'an aſtoniſhing account, and be of an amazing variety. 'I don't know whether their hiſtory may not be of as 'much uſe to the world, as the memoirs of a woman of 'pleaſure. What a confuſion of fathers muſt the ſtory

'of

'of that great period produce among thoſe whoſe *blood* 'is their pretence to diſtinction: what innumerable 'miſtakes in heirs will it diſcloſe ——— but they 'have been born in wedlock! what a multiplicity of 'maiden grandmothers!

'From the work, ſir, let us turn our eyes upon its 'author. His age demands reſpect; and his infirmities 'compaſſion. We ſee a man worn out in our 'ſervice, and ſolliciting in the decline of life, our pro-'tection: it were ingratitude and inhumanity, ſhould 'we refuſe it. If any ſay it is in the ſervice of our '*pleaſures* that he is grown old; we muſt not liſten to 'the reproach: our pleaſures are our buſineſs; and we 'ſhould be aſhamed of the diſtinction.

'If the life of this veteran has been undiſtinguiſhed 'by any great actions; neither does it, that I have 'heard, ſtand accuſed of any baſe ones; if it be not 'marked with glory, neither is it ſtained with infamy. 'A man whom every one likes, and whom nobody 'reſpects, is not at this time a ſingular, nor has been 'at any, an uncommon creature. It muſt be ſtrange 'if a trifling character ſhould in ſo trifling an age want 'more recommendation.

'The claims of ſober merit have been a great while 'diſregarded: would not one wiſh the great ſhould be-'ſtow their notice upon ſomething? what is moſt like 'themſelves, is the moſt natural object of their regard; 'and I believe it will be allowed, the age has not pro-'duced a perſon, born without a title, who is in every 'ſenſe more perfectly a modern man of quality.

'Is there any thing that can farther be ſaid to pro-'voke theſe peoples liberality? if you can aſſiſt me, 'Mr. CENTINEL, don't refuſe the help. Generoſity, 'nay profuſion, is in them always a public virtue: 'for their money cannot fall into hands wherein it will 'be more uſeleſs than in their own.

'I had the honour, but let me ſay more, I had the 'happineſs once to know a nobleman, who never ſuffered 'an animal that had been ſerviceable to him, to periſh 'miſerably. About his kitchen crept the antient cats, 'the court-yard was the baſking-place of ſuperannuated

'maſtiffs,

Digitized by Google

'mastiffs, and the best pastures about his house were 'allotted for the food of horses too old for labour: they 'were fed, and they were indulged, according to their 'several natures; and the services that were past, were 'understood as their title to that indemnity. I can 'remember every body applauded his humanity who 'ordered this; but they who were most eager to com-'mend, are slow to imitate. Ease in the decline of 'life is the due of merit in its vigour; and it is but 'honesty to contribute, though we flatter it with the 'title of generosity.

'If it be said in viewing the merits of this author I 'cast a veil over his foibles, I shall bid him who makes 'the sour remark, do like me. Few men have passed 'through life without faults; none without censure. 'People who are separated from the common herd never 'fail to be abused by it: and ambition has such a vari-'ety of appearances, that his condition may have 'seemed to some a state to create envy. From the 'minister, whose meal is at the expence of a fortune, 'to the *lyrist* whose inverted trencher serves as the desk 'whereon to write his praises, no man was ever distin-'guished but he was censured in the same degree. To 'be railed at, is a mark of differing from the rest of 'the world; and it is not easy to do that, otherwise 'than for the better.

'I have said this to silence the little malice that may 'have been indulged at this author's expence; and the 'little wit, to shew their own face to those who may 'have thought the debauch, or the white hat, because 'they belonged to one so eminent, subjects of satire or 'of raillery. But I shall to the humane and generous 'urge his cause a little farther. We are to make allow-'ances for the best; for men were not intended to be 'perfect. To those who thrust the foibles of Mr. NASH 'into the face of such as would be his friends, I shall 'say, I suppose they mean their severity as praise; they 'acknowledge malice itself has nothing worse to charge 'upon him; and I shall bid those who advance his fol-'lies against the subscription, shew me the man who 'has lived so long with fewer.

* If

Digitized by Google

'If this were his beſt praiſe, it is far from ſmall or 'trivial: to be free from vice is the firſt ſtep to virtue; 'and few of us, even of the beſt, have a title to this 'negative applauſe: But in the preſent inſtance there 'remains much more to be advanced. If he has made 'his fortune without induſtry, he has reduced it in a 'great meaſure by generoſity: and what ſome may 'allow an article of praiſe, that generoſity has often 'been to worthy objects: if he be chargeable with 'fooleries that would have diſgraced a fop, he has the 'merit of charities that would have done honour to a 'biſhop.

'As to the work, we are ſure it muſt have a title to 'our notice. If written with ſpirit, how entertaining 'ſhall we find it! and if with truth, how terrible! 'There may be many who will fear; but there are none 'but muſt deſire to read it. For my own part, 'indifferent as I am, Mr. CENTINEL, I rather wiſh 'than expect its being finiſhed; and perhaps I ſhould 'have ſaid leſs upon the ſubject, had I ever thought I 'ſhould ſee it publiſhed.

'You muſt acquit me of any charge of endeavouring 'to ſuppreſs the publication, ſince I have told you I 'ſhould be extremely pleaſed to read it; but as to the 'author's intereſt in that particular article, we know it 'is often the leaſt concern in ſubſcriptions; and proba- 'bly, though the gain would be great from publiſhing, 'he may get more by letting it alone. The power of 'doing miſchief is now the ſource of reward; we may 'carry it from the places of amuſement to the ———, 'and there does not appear any reaſon why he who is 'ſo circumſtanced ſhould not demand his contribution 'of the frivolous, as well as of the great.

'As to the author, if you ſhould aſk in all this, 'whether I am his friend or enemy, I ſhould anſwer 'neither; but as to his book, with all the amuſement 'it would afford, I can hardly ſeriouſly wiſh its appear- 'ance: a hiſtory of the people of faſhion for the laſt 'fifty years would be a ſatire on the human ſpecies.

I am, ſir, your humble ſervant,

W R. R.

Saturday,

Digitized by Google

No. 36. *Saturday, July 30th,* 1757.

Tanquam fas non ſit, tanquam ſit turpe negare:
Tanquam non liceat; nulla puella negat.
Caſta igitur nulla eſt? caſtæ ſunt mille. Quid ergo
Caſta facit? non dat; non tamen illa negat.

MARTIAL.

OLD people daily lament the encreaſing vices of the age, and particularly complain that women were never ſo publicly indecent, nor coquettes and courtezans ſo numerous as in our days. The fact may be true, but we are apt to miſtake the cauſe. Women are not more bold and abandoned in their nature now than formerly, but they become ſo by evil education. Parents indiſcreetly indulge wanton levities in their daughters when they are young, which, as they encreaſe in years, ſtrengthen into confirmed habits. In the innocence of youth little coquettiſh airs have an engaging ſmartneſs, which pleaſes their miſtaken fondneſs: but they do not conſider, that what they admire leads to their ruin; and that thoſe airs, which they now mimic with artleſs ſimplicity, they may hereafter be forward to practiſe with a licentious intention: for a *coquette* in *leading-ſtrings*, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, is a *courtezan* in *embrio*.

Girls formerly were not allowed to go to public places unleſs attended by ſome diſcreet matron; but now they are permitted to range round the whole circle of vanity, with no other company than their own giddy acquaintance. It was once eſteemed an unbecoming behavior in a man to attempt to ſtare a lady out of countenance; but the indecency is now reverſed. Circumſtances ſeemingly trifling, often lead to fatal errors: and I am inclined to think, that the looſe mode of dreſs among the

Digitized by Google

ladies has no ſmall influence on their behavior. From affecting to *look* like courtezans, they are inſenſibly led to *act* like them: and the tranſition is not unnatural.

If *Fanny Murray* * chuſes to vary the faſhion of her apparel, immediately every *Lucretia* in town takes notice of the change, and *modeſtly* copies the *chaſte original*. If *Fanny* ſhews the coral centre of her ſnowy orbs—*miſs* to outſtrip her, orders her ſtays to be cut an inch or two lower; and kindly diſplays the whole lovely circumference: nay, I have ſeen women of the ſtricteſt virtue approach ſo near this *ſtandard of impudicity*, that *Clodio* himſelf has been puzz'ed to determine whether they were lawful game. Indeed I can foreſee one advantage which will attend this extravagant imitation; and I do not doubt but that in a few years, the ſight of a ſnowy boſom will be as great a treat, as in the days of *queen Beſs*: for I obſerve, that as modeſt women expoſe the nakedneſs of their perſons, the courtezans artfully conceal theirs.

But this depravation of manners is to be imputed to the negligence of parents, who, inſtead of checking the firſt appearance of indecency, encourage its progreſs. Modeſty of manners cannot be too early inculcated. The happineſs of poſterity depends on our ſerious attention to this important point. As women are educated themſelves, they will for the moſt part train up their children: and if the mother has not imbibed the principles of chaſtity, ſhe cannot tranſmit the divine bleſſing to her daughters. It is eaſier to ſecure them from all opportunities of temptation, than to teach them fortitude to reſiſt the occaſion; and parents who permit them to go where they pleaſe, and in what manner they pleaſe, are accountable for all the fatal conſequences of their indiſcreet behavior.

There are few ſo ignorant, as not to be ſenſible of theſe irreſiſtible truths; and they are ready to charge the failing of the imprudent fair to the improvident management of her parents; and yet cannot diſcern, that they are leading their own daughters into the ſame errors, by the like blameable inattention. But a blind

* A celebrated London courtezan.

Digitized by Google

partiality and overweening fondneſs deceives them: they fooliſhly think *their* daughters an exception to all general rules; and vainly expect them to purſue virtuous ends, without teaching them the means to attain them. But if they ſwerve from the rugged path which leads to Virtue, and ſlide into the ſmoother tracks of Pleaſure and Intemperance; they cruelly abandon them as a prey to Vice, and with unrelenting rage they furniſh them for crimes, which it was once, perhaps, in their power to have prevented.

But admitting that parents have fully diſcharged their duty, and that their children have ſlighted their inſtructions and fruſtrated their paternal care; yet they are ſtill their children: and though fallen, yet Nature directs them to ſtretch forth the hand of Affection, if poſſible, to raiſe them from the abject ſtate into which Vice has plunged them.

Whatever Paſſion ſuggeſts, Reaſon dictates this behavior. How can we expect that forgiveneſs from the Father of all Beings, which we deny to our own children? indeed, to reinſtate them in our affections, is impoſſible; unleſs we could forget: but to forgive, ſo far as to lend them our aſſiſtance, is in our power; and it is Godlike to exert it. Why, inſtead of endeavouring to reclaim them from Evil, ſhould we yield them up a ſacrifice to Vice and Miſery? why, becauſe a daughter has fallen a victim to the cruel artifice of one man, ſhould we compel her to wanton with a ſcore? why, becauſe ſhe has reſigned her body to pollution, ſhould we drive her among the herd of proſtitutes to debauch her mind.

Though it may ſeem a bold aſſertion, yet we need not ſcruple to affirm, that Incontinence is not always a proof of Unchaſtity. Many unhappy fair ones, won by ſoothing ſolicitations, have confided in falſe promiſes, and devoted their perſons to an indiſcreet affection, who have nevertheleſs retained their chaſtity, and been unpolluted in their minds.

They indeed who court their ſhame, and by their indiſcreet behavior and wanton allurements, tacitly invite the authors of their ruin; they muſt be thoroughly abandoned

Digitized by Google

abandoned; and before their perſons are ſtained, their minds muſt have been corrupted.

Paſſion and prejudice will not allow this diſtinction: but if we diveſt ourſelves of prepoſſeſſion, calm reflection will force us to acknowledge that it is juſt.

Some urge the neceſſity of exerciſing this rigorous cruelty to deter others from the offence: but allowing it to have this effect; yet we may venture to ſay, that this diſtant motive never ſways the rigid individual: but I deny that it produces the ſuppoſed effect: for daily experience teaches us, that nothing can reſtrain a feveriſh affection, nurſed by temptation, and matured by opportunity: yet, though it cannot prevent the crime, it will aggravate the conſequences; for when they know that they are cut off from all hopes of forgiveneſs, they give way to deſpair: and many have been confirmed in vice, by an ill-timed ſeverity, who, by gentle and rational uſage, might have been made proſelytes to virtue.

G

No. 37. *Tueſday, Auguſt 2d,* 1757.

Cormina jam moriens canit exequialia cygnus.

I DO not pretend to comprehend all the meanings in the following myſterious letter: I hope there are none but good ones: if the hand from which it comes were known, there could not need an apology for printing it unaltered.

Mr. CENTINEL,

'YOU have read of men who underſtood the language of animals, and of revolutions in ſtates occaſioned by their diſcourſes; but they have been ignorant who delivered down the traditions: more brutes ſpeak than we are aware of, and the knowledge of their converſa-

Digitized by Google

'converſations is not to be obtained by any magic 'ſecret, but by a good quickneſs of ear. A defect in 'my eyes threw me to the care of a very egregious hero 'in the field of medicine, and I ſubmitted to his reme-'dies: I cannot ſay they had the promiſed effect upon 'my ſight, but they have given me a miraculous acute-'neſs of hearing. Without cabaliſtical rites I can hear 'the language ſpoken by our brethren of the earth and 'air; and if you will permit me, I'll give the world an 'inſtance of the advantage. Chance led me ſome days 'ſince (ſtrolling ſlowly by my dim light) to a waſte 'corner near St. Giles's, where repoſed upon an old 'water-pipe, I heard the following dialogue between '*lady Suſan Squeak*, a *ſow* of condition, and *lord* '*Gregory Grunt*, a *porker* of quality.'

Gr. What has diſturbed you, lady Suſan? What paper is that you are trampling to pieces? — is it the bill of your Engliſh milliner; or has ſome plebeian *boar* inſulted you with his paſſion?

Sq. Read! read! read there!

Gr. Why 'tis a printed paper.——

Sq. Read, read, lord Gregory!

Gr. "The Daily Advertiſer, Wedneſday, July the "twenty-ſeventh." Why how has this provoked you?

Sq. We and our whole race are given to deſtruction! read there! that paragraph.

Gr. [Taking out his glaſs.] "Wanted at *Chipping-* "*ongar* a ſchoolmaſter to teach Latin, &c. the ſalary "*ten pounds a year.*"

Sq. Poh! that's not it! the next! the next, lord Gregory!

Gr. "*A hog-butcher* is wanted at *five-and-twenty* "*ſhillings a week.*" O horrible! — Four ſhillings a week for inſtructing their children, and five-and-twenty for cutting our throats. — Britain thou wilt be famous for cultivating the ſciences; unkhh!

Sq. Let us retire to the centre of this thick inviting puddle, and mourn our fortunes where no ear can hear us.

Gr. No, lady Suſan, let us face theſe enemies! let us no longer ſnort and grumble out our grievances; they have ſtarved us by feeding their *poor* upon our

Digitized by Google

the *grains* and *raſpings**, and now they are determined to deſtroy us. —— Let us remonſtrate!

Sq. No, good lord Gregory! — Let us ſolace, while we may, in theſe delicious quagmires; if we muſt faſt, let it be with patience! and when death comes, we muſt ſubmit; while we live, theſe ſoft delights are ours; theſe they do not envy us!

Gr. O lady Suſan, but I know you had rather have an intrigue than a good meal, for you are a ſow of quality.

Sq. I own my weakneſs!

Gr. But all are not of your mind —— It ſhall be ſeen we have ſome pigs of ſpirit! —— I'll give it 'em, and home, depend upon it.

Sq. A ſpeaking hog! —— Who ever heard of it?

Gr. Nothing ſo common. —— Beſide, as there are but two of us that have the faculty; but two remaining of all the race of that great boar *Mars* animated when he killed *Adonis*, we need but ſpeak out to be worſhipped —— Come the worſt, we two ſhall find employments: doubtleſs the men of learning will hereafter become *bacon butchers*, and they will be glad of us for ſchoolmaſters.

Sq. 'Tis better as it is.

Gr. Nay! if you hate trouble, this is the life of eaſe: —— Speak only, and you ſhall be kept as a wonder. You ſhall be fed with apricots and peaches, lodged in a golden bed inſtead of this *foul* puddle ——and

Sq. Stop, ſtop, degenerate lord Gregory: *foul!* this delicious puddle foul — I bluſh for you! —— Let us tear theſe papers; and while that can be done, preſerve our throats —— But let us not degrade our genealogy: we are of Oriental origin —— Removing into this Weſtern world we have improved the cuſtoms of the Eaſt; we have their indolence, but better pleaſures: what is their *down*, my lord, to this mellow, jelly, yielding owzy bed!

Gr. You rave!

Sq. I feel what I enjoy. This log's ſuperior to the beſt *wench pillow* † and dirt! — O ſpeak not of it! it

* modern pariſh expedient. † Amuſement of the Chineſe.

Digitized by Google

fills the pores, and creates thoſe tickling itchings we allay by rubbing. Not *Chi-ho-am-ti* ever felt ſuch exquiſite delight when his *ear was tickled*, as I, when I get a poſt; but when I find the corner of a wall, 'tis rapture! ——— I pity thoſe who call *champooing** pleaſure.

Gr. Good lady Sufan! ——— Heaven preſerve your ſenſes! ———

Sq. Kings have been mad as well as I, when ſuch a thought inſpired them: ——— too great for ſubjects! ——— 'tis a delight too much for human nature. ——— And you would have us give up this?

Gr. For what is better ———

Sq. Nothing's better! ——— You'd have me talk! for what? to be lock'd up as a wonder ——— to be gaz'd at as a monſter ——— to be mew'd up in a parlour like our *gigantic couſin of the Hay-market.* ——— To keep company with the *tall woman* and the *Norfolk dwarf*; the *painted mare*, and the *tame crocodile* ——— to be fed beaſtly! ——— liberty and eaſe are my delight, not gormandizing: ——— every two-legg'd creature of condition can do that: the very members of your Arthur's and George's. ——— Then, my lord, they who ſpeak muſt hear! intolerable! ——— I muſt converſe with every coxcomb wit of the Temple, and hear the indecent jokes of women of quality: ——— a hog of any delicacy cannot bear it.

Gr. You will be admired by all the world, and ſhewn before ———

Sq. The royal family? or the royal ſociety? ———

Gr. Nay, if ———

Sq. I will hear nothing of it!

Gr. Would you not be admired?

Sq. Perhaps for a fortnight ——— novelty will give charms to any thing. I remember when you was as fond, my lord, of that ring in your noſe, as if they had hung a ribbon acroſs your ſhoulders; ——— but I ſuppoſe by this time it would be no pain to you to part with it. ——— Novelty that dazzled you will always ſtrike mankind. ——— If a ſtraw could raiſe itſelf up on the end, they would croud to ſee it, as innumerably as if it were

* Amuſement of the Chineſe.

Digitized by Google

it were balanced on the chin of Iſabella: but would the ſhow be the better for it? as much as they were! —— Give me what's natural, for that will laſt: let a hog do nothing but what the nature of a hog requires. Was any creature of our ſpecies ever the better for ſpeaking! we have nothing to do but to loll upon our a——s, eat what we can get, and hold out our necks when they lift up the knife; for this we were born, and this we muſt ſuffer; this was the life my father *Gammon* liv'd, and this the death my mother *Griskin* dy'd; and to this, my dear lord, we muſt all come, whether we talk or whether we are ſilent.

Gr. Madam, I take my leave of you; you are too paſſive for one of my ſpirit to converſe with, neither hog nor man that ſubmits to ſuch a fate deſerve a better.———Have not I ſeen your eldeſt ſon burnt in the ſtreet, the throats of your young family cut in their cradle, your daughter *Swaſh* barbecu'd, and your favourite *Squall* whipped to death to make him tender; nay, have not your own teats been cut off, while you were pregnant, to try whether *ſir Epicure Mammon*'s diſh were palatable? and yet you are content with your condition.

Sq. You ſee I have diſcretion, if I want your fire: while you rave, I tear the paper; which is doing our kind the moſt real ſervice. But, my lord, I ſee ſomething to admire even in your faults: and I'll give you the reaſons of my conduct.———If our railing could take off the edge of their knives, you ſhould hear me ſcream as loud as you can for the heart of ye; but ſince we can't deſtroy them, let us leave them to deſtroy themſelves; we contradict our own intereſt when we rouze them from their lethargy. ———All power owes its original to knowledge, and knowledge flows from learning, why would you ſupport a foe that will reduce himſelf; let our enemies go on their own way; and learning will in another year or two be as low among their ſtudents as their nobles; you won't have a man left that can ſpell his name: then, my lord, then will be the time for us! one of us in ſuch a land will be reſpected with a vengeance; when they begin to feel their own

Digitized by Google

own want of ſenſe, then they'll reverence it in others. ——As it is, my dear lord *Gregory!* (while ſo many men ſpeak) a hog of any diſcretion will be ſilent?

'So ended the converſation of our two friends; 'pray give it to the public; and don't ſuſpect I who 'tranſmit it, made it for them. It is among men 'one plumes himſelf upon the eloquence of another, 'a brute of any ſpirit would diſdain it.'

I am,

your humble ſervant,

W DEPARCUS.

No. 38. *Saturday, Auguſt 6th,* 1757.

Quid domini faciant?

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

'THERE is an Iriſhman a ſervant in a family 'we viſit whom you have often remarked; I 'need not name him when I have reminded 'you how often we have been entertained with his extravagances: but I ſhall ſurpriſe you with one later than any you have heard, and which will add not a 'little to his character.

'He was with me this morning, and acquainted me 'with great concern, "he was *under a neceſſity* of "leaving his lady's ſervice: he had a *little affair* upon "his hands, and muſt be for ſome time *inviſible.*" I enquired what it was, and told him I would get it ſettled. ——"'Twas impoſſible, he anſwered; he had "wounded his adverſary, he feared mortally, in a "*rencounter.*"

'I had been uſed enough to this extraordinary character to keep my countenance at this declaration; I

'was curious to hear the ſtory of a duel fought by a 'footman, and aſked with an apparent concern, and a 'reſpect due to the nature of the accident, what had 'been the occaſion, and who was his antagoniſt?'

"Give me your permiſſion, ſir, ſaid he, and I will "relate the accident. We were laſt night at my lady "HARRIOT PAM's rout; your honour knows lord "GEWGAW has brought a French valet from his tra- "vels; and this fellow ſeeing my lady go up ſtairs, "ſaid in the public hall, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, "his maſter was a happy man; all the ladies were in "deſperation for him! that lady, ſaid he, that went "up now, who is one of the fineſt women in the king- "dom, would not ſay no, whatever he pleaſed to aſk "her. I believe the fellow meant nothing but to play "the *Gaſcoon* for his maſter; but characters are not to "ſuffer for ſuch follies. I took him gently by the ſleeve, "led him to the door, and there told him he had in- "ſulted a lady who was under my *protection*. My "lady's *honour*, I added, *was my own*, and I demanded "ſatisfaction: I inſiſted that he named time, place, "and weapons for the encounter; or I ſhould lead him "back by the noſe to the company.

"My gentleman told me he was a man of honour; "we parted when our principals left the aſſembly; and "punctual to the moment, let me do juſtice to an ene- "my, he came into Hyde-park this morning. I waited "near the Powder Magazine: my antagoniſt advanced "from the Gate, and he drew before he came to the "Serpentine river.

"The French, ſir, you know, are full of parade. "I took him juſt under the ſhort ribs, while he was "making a flouriſh. He dropp'd and cry'd in a weak "voice, *juſte ciel!* I have ſent him a ſurgeon; but not "daring to venture home, I preſume to requeſt your "honour to give my lady the detail of this adventure, "which ſeparates me from her commands."

'So ended the relation: I diſmiſſed the fellow with 'ſome money, and my advice to retire to another 'kingdom till the noiſe of the unhappy affair ſhould be 'over; but before I let him go I entered into ſome 'ſerious

Digitized by Google

'serious discourse with him. I told him custom had 'reserved this manner of decision to people of a differ-'ent rank; but he answered, "no condition exempted "man from sense and feeling, and that a man of spirit "never felt without resentment. He knew the thing "would appear particular to many people here; but he "could not help vulgar prejudices. It was not com-"mon among servants of this nation, he was sensible; "but he believed *courage* was *national* to the *Irish*, "just as *England* had the *scurvy*." 'he added an im-'pudent illustration that took from the merit of his 'harangue. But upon the whole parted with his com-'mon spirit.

'These were his sentiments; and as near as I can 'recollect, his words: many of them were so particular 'that you will easily imagine I remember them punctu-'ally. I have repeated the story to half a dozen people 'that came in, and it has been received by all with 'vast laughter: for my own part, I see it in another 'light. The ridicule of character is, with me, lost in 'the justice, and let me say, dignity of the sentiments; 'and I hope I shall find you of my opinion.

'Many a man can think justly, and we see act 'greatly, who cannot express himself in proper lan-'guage; and we see they may act the heroes, who speak 'fops. I never supposed merit, of whatever kind, de-'nied to any rank, and am extremely pleased with this 'proof, that foibles do not infer the absence of virtue; 'but that a coxcomb may be a man of honour.

'This fellow would have received applause had he 'defended the purse or jewels of his lady from a robber: 'what reason is there he should not have more praise 'for defending her reputation; much more valuable?

'There may be supposed differences of spirit in dif-'ferent degrees; but if that be more than supposition, 'chance, not any thing in nature, has made the diffe-'rence; and certainly courage as much becomes the 'footman as the first rank in human station. If there 'be any thing that strikes me particularly in this acci-'dent, it is the mixture of such unequal qualities in 'the same man; and the caprice of Fortune, in putting

'people

Digitized by Google

'people out of their places. It is pity this fellow had 'not the ſpirit we have ſeen without the impudence; 'and having it ſo, it would have been a proof that 'imagined deity was blind indeed when ſhe gave him a 'livery.

'There may be room for more reflection: this inci- 'dent ſets that nation in a point of eminence extremely 'to be envied, in which ſuch courage is hereditary. 'We ſee the value of Ireland in this inſtance; and 'ſhould learn to reverence what we are too apt to ridi- 'cule. The ſame ſpirit that called out this ſingle 'Frenchman would be terrible to his countrymen in the 'field.

'It is unhappy, that the artifice of this people has 'found the way to turn their courage in ſome degree 'againſt ourſelves. There is no part of the French 'force that could be terrible to an Engliſh ſoldier but 'their Iriſh regiments: they have been ſignally uſeful to 'that people on all occaſions, and it is a reproach to 'our policy that we do not engage them in greater 'number. I am no native of Ireland who write this, 'that, Mr. CENTINEL, you can atteſt for me; but I 'ſhall add to their character, that courage is not more 'general among them than fidelity.

'We ſee here the men, from among whom regiments 'might be raiſed for the moſt deſperate ſervice: let 'us uſe them well, and there is nothing we may not 'promiſe ourſelves in return. What may not be ex- 'pected from a corps of men fighting for their country: 'every one of which would be ready to call out his 'man to ſingle combat. We are apt to entertain an 'ill opinion of the lower people of that nation, becauſe 'we ſee too many of the worſt; and becauſe from our 'own diſpoſitions, we are ready to drown a thouſand 'inſtances of virtue under one of vice: but we have 'here a proof, that all thoſe of the lower claſs are not 'the wretches they are repreſented.

I am, SIR,

your very humble ſervant,

W BRITANNUS.

Tueſday,

Digitized by Google

No. 39. *Tuesday, Auguſt 9th,* 1757.

Di, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui: ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine merſas.

VIRG.

THE ſixth book of the Æneid has always been a favourite with me, for the noble ſentiments of morality and the inimitable ſtrain of poetry which run through it; I frequently read it with the moſt tranſporting pleaſure, and after finiſhing it, I cannot but look down very much upon the degenerate ſtate of poetry among the moderns: for the ſtrong nervous thought and natural expreſſion, they have ſubſtituted pretty conceit, quaint phraſes, turns, ſtrokes, and I know not what, tending to a general depravity of taſte among us. Filled with theſe thoughts, I lately retired to reſt, when *queen Mab* immediately appeared to me, and from the mixture of ideas fluctuating in my mind, ſhe dreſſed up the following ſcene to my imagination.

I thought ſhe commanded me to ſet out on a journey through the head of a modern writer, which I inſtantly agreed to, and the goddeſs accordingly took me in her chariot. In a ſhort time we arrived at the apartment, where the bard ſat, *ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought.* At my firſt approach towards the intellectual regions, a terrible effluvium "*proceeding,*" as SHAKESPEAR has it, "*from the heat-oppreſs'd brain,*" ſtruck my ſenſes; but I was ſoon diverted from that uneaſy ſenſation by a perſonage who offered to be my guide: from a conſcious ſimper, a careleſs diſpoſition of his perſon, and the tenor of his diſcourſe, I knew him to be VANITY, and accepted the compliment. Our way

was

Digitized by Google

was through a thick skull, of which we at once took possession, and plunged into the abyss.

At our first entrance a confused noise assailed our ears, and we were instantly beset by a number of phantoms placed round the portal. The god *Somnus* lay stretched at full length, diffusing round him vapours and insensibility; a group of wild *Dreams* and *Reveries* hovered over him, and below flowed the river of *Animal Spirits*, dull, slow and lazy. Numbers were gathered round the banks begging a passage into this gloomy world, but the *Charon* of the place, a torpid, decrepid fellow, known there by the name of PERCEPTION, gave a few of them a tardy admittance, and to the greater part he was entirely deaf. Among those, whom he rejected, I perceived a train, which I took for the nine *Muses*, but was informed they never had attempted to pass that way, and upon a nearer view I found they were the amiable band of *moral virtues*, who seemed to be extremely dejected at meeting with a repulse from any human being. They gave me to understand, that it is now become fashionable to discard them every where, at which I expressed my uneasiness, begged a more intimate acquaintance with them, and advanced towards the boatman, PERCEPTION, who, with the help of his spectacles, at length descried me and received me into his care.

The river had a great many turnings and windings (for *ductile dullness new meanders takes*); but after some trouble we at length reached the opposite bank. An uncultivated track lay before us, dreary and dark, no ray of light to break through the mist; impenetrable obscurity involved the scene, and vapours rolling over vapours made every thing an universal blot. I pursued my journey with all possible expedition, and arrived at the *Repository of Ideas*, as it is here called, they key of which was kept by MEMORY. I addressed him in the politest terms, and as I supposed this to be a storehouse of universal knowledge, I begged to be favoured with a view of the several acquisitions he had made. I desired he would produce some *occult qualities*, of which I had no manner of notion; I begged to

Digitized by Google

be favoured with the ſight of an *idea*, and I called for ſeveral of the *metaphyſical train* too tedious to enumerate; in *divinity* I remembered ſeveral things of which I never could attain a clear conception, and I have not arithmetic enough to recount the multitude of the *mathematical* ſpecies which I wanted; the debates which I have heard in *Weſtminſter-Hall* gave me occaſion to enquire for many of the legal band, and I was curious after an infinite multitude of the *Parnaſſian tribe*, mentioned in a pompous ſtyle in ſeveral modern poets. I longed to ſee an *envenom'd ſhaft taking its fatal aim, winds wafting prayers on roſy wings to heavens*, &c. and though no pains were ſpared to gratify my requeſt, I muſt own, that I remained as much in the dark as ever.

The next place we came to was the *Lugentes Campi*, or the Mournful Fields, ſacred to *Venus*, and I was ſhocked in a a very ſenſible manner, to find ſuch a prodigious waſte in the human frame. I met with nothing here but *Cupid's* darts, conſuming fires, and all the modern train of loves artillery. As I was ſufficiently acquainted with theſe, from a conſtant and unwearied peruſal of our modern tragedies and other poetical productions, I haſtened to the ſeat where JUDGMENT preſided.

JUDGMENT ſeldom made any deciſions of his own, but was biaſſed in all his decrees by ſeveral that ſurrounded him, with ſo much authority, that I ſuppoſed they were in the commiſſion. The chief of theſe was PRIDE, with a lofty air and ſupercilious brow, which called to my mind the excellent remark in the Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide his mind,
Which the weak head with ſureſt biaſs rules,
Is pride, *the never-failing vice of fools.* POPE.

Next in place was ILL-NATURE, callous and hardened to every gentle ſenſation of humanity, and quite a ſtranger to that delicacy of elegant minds, which beholds the merit of another with pleaſure; but on the contrary,

Digitized by Google

contrary, every thing ſhining with the ſmalleſt degree of luſtre is the object of his averſion, and he is never pleaſed but with the misfortunes of his neighbours. PREJUDICE alſo ſeemed to have no ſmall influence with the court, and VENALITY, with itching palm, frequently gave a new turn to every thing, being ready to engage on either ſide in politics, to abuſe a worthy character in ſatire, or exalt a baſe one in dedicatory panegyric.

From theſe principles I could eaſily imagine to myſelf what kind of opinions were likely to ariſe, and therefore haſtened towards *Elyſium*. In my way I perceived a deſolate tract, which may be called the region of Tortures. Here I ſaw *Grief*, *Deſpair*, *Envy*, *Revenge*, and all the agonizing cares that made this place worſe than what the poets fable of their *Tartarus*. In one part was to be ſeen *Ambition* falling back, like the ſtone of *Siſyphus*; in another place *Hunger* was tantalized with the hopes of a ſupper, but the worſt of fiends, cruel *Want*, forbids the touch. Here ſtood a pillory, with *Defamation* nailed to it by the ears, there a blanket ſtretched out, and a bard going to be toſſed in it.—Here a tumultuous playhouſe at the damnation of a virgin muſe; the ſneering beaux in the boxes diſplay their falſe teeth; the pit riſes enraged, the gallery opens its rude throats, and nothing is to be heard but "*throw him over—won't y' ha' ſome orange chips—won't y' ha' ſome nonpareils——off the ſtage, off, off,*" till at length the catcal whizzes, and the poor poet in the mean time is ready to expire, and pangs as bad as hell torment him.

Had I all the pens of all the ſcribblers of the age, I ſhould not be able to relate every occurrence in my adventures, and I was by this time admoniſhed by my guide that we were arrived at the ſeat of Happineſs. Here we found INVENTION happy in a review of all his airy beings, that were fluttering round him in a variegated dreſs, preſſing and crowding upon each other, as if to force a paſſage into open day. I ſtood for a time wondering at this mighty buſtle, and then enquired what might be the cauſe of it. To which INVENTION

Digitized by Google

replied, "that bright band which you behold so eagerly "gathering about the gates of life, are the chosen few "to which *Apollo* has appointed a new birth into the "world, and they are now impatiently waiting till "proper bodies are prepared for them by those *poetical* "*midwives*, commonly called *booksellers*. They were "all in the beginning wafted over by PERCEPTION, "whom you have seen, and were thence conveyed to "the repository of Ideas, in the care of MEMORY, "till in the various course of human contingencies, "they are again called forth, and by my skill arranged "in proper order for their appearance among the "sons of men."

Thus having said, he led me round the whole extent of *Elysium*, gave me a complete view of all his intellectual train, and at length dismissed me through the ivory gate to breath the vital air, to which I was highly pleased to find myself restored, and the joy occasioned by this reflection operated so strongly on my spirits, that I felt myself in some agitation, and was instantly wakened out of my dream.

G

No. 40. *Saturday, August 13th,* 1757.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem,
Dulce est desipere in loco. HOR.

THE CENTINEL being indolently disposed, avails himself of the two following letters, the first of which he received about a fortnight ago, the other, yesterday; and either being too short for a whole paper, he has tacked them together for this day.

Mr. CENTINEL,

"THERE is hardly any thing more mysterious "and surprizing to people in the country in "general, whose riches consist, like the old patriarchs, "in

'in corn, cows, ſheep, &c. than our London account 'of the price of ſtocks in Exchange-alley:—books 'ſometimes *open*, at other times *ſhut*, is Arabic to 'them; and I never could thoroughly explain the affair 'to any but old widows and maidens, whoſe little fortunes lying in the funds, they watch both principal 'and intereſt as cloſely as a Pruſſian CENTRY does his 'enemy—for it is death in that army to uſe your eyes 'otherwiſe than ſtraight forward.

'But, if your country folks are puzzled, at our 'Change-alley affairs, we are no leſs ſo with their 'hiſtorical account of the important matters among 'themſelves: of this kind is the following! faithfully 'remitted to me from Windſor, during a late election 'there.

Prices of votes and other commodities at Windſor, &c.

"Old votes—one hundred guineas, commonly called "gentlemens pounds.

"New votes—nine-five—and a court promiſe of "future employ.

"To any one who ſhall be able to keep back a "voter from joining the oppoſite party—fifty pounds "with thanks.

"For a broken head—if it bleeds freely—five guineas, "and a ſurgeon gratis.

"For a dry broken head—fifty ſhillings.

"To thoſe who uſe *hangers*, and will venture to ſtand "againſt the ſame weapon—ten guineas.—N. B. No "puſhing weapons are allowed, till matters come to a "puſh.

"To thoſe who uſe and will ſtand the oaken ſtick—"five guineas—ten guineas, if a quarter-ſtaff.—N. B. "Great encouragement at this time to reapers and hay-"makers, who will bring their ſcythes and hooks with "them, and know how to uſe them advantageouſly.

"For a falſe oath, twenty ſhillings—if detected, "only half—and ſecurity to the party to keep him "from the *pillory*, by a written order of Mr. F—x—"to all juſtices of peace whatever.

"To any coachman, who will drive over a voter in "the oppoſition—five pounds.

Digitized by Google

" To ditto, if he will overſet the coach of any " voter coming to Windſor, and prevent their appear- " ing by breaking their limbs, &c. — five guineas—and " thanks.

" To any one who will contrive to put *laudanum* " into the drink of any voter, before the poll begins, " ſo as to ſet him aſleep, and render him uſeleſs—ten " guineas, and promiſe of a place in the exciſe or " cuſtoms.

" To any bruiſer who will ſqueeze any voter, as if " in friendſhip, and break his ribs,—ten pounds and a " life-guardman's place, if of a proper height—— " otherwiſe, to be one of the yeomen of the guard.— " N. B. To encourage artiſts, theſe places generally " ſell for 60 l. at leaſt. To perſons who can only " make a noiſe, and ſtop up the paſſages leading to the " Town-hall, 5 s. a day." —— ' There were many ' other articles with relation to your noblemen and ' gentlemen voters——but truth is not to be ſpoke at ' at all times!

Yours, &c.

T. K.

Mr. CENTINEL, August 8, 1757.

' THE following epiſtle I met with at a neighbour- ' ing ſea-port, and ſhewed it to our curate, who ' ſaid that the girl's ſentiments were much the ſame ' with that of Ovid's heroines, were theirs to be ſtript ' of poetical decorations. A day or two afterwards ' he brought it to me, as likewiſe an attempt to verſify ' it; both which I herewith ſend you, and am

your friend and conſtant reader,

M. C.

Lovin Der Charls,

" This with my kind lov to yow, is to tel yow after " al our ſport and fon, i am lik to pay fort, for i am " with Child, and wereof mi ſiſter Nan knoſe it, and " cals me hore and bich, and is redy to ter mi ſol owt, " yet Jack Peny kices her every tim he cums aſhor, " and the ſaaci Dog wud a lade with me to, but I wud

" not

Digitized by Google

" not let him, for i wil be alwas honeſt to yow, therfor " Der Charls, cum aſhor, and let us be mared to ſafe " mi vartu, and if yow hav no munni, i will pawn mi " new ſtaies, and ſel the ſmocks yow gav me, and that " will pa the parſon, and find us a diner, and pra Der " lovin Charls cum aſhor, and, Der Charls, dont be " afraad for want of a ring, for i hav ſtol mi ſiſter " Nans, and the naaty tode ſhal never hav it mor, for " ſhe tels about, that i am going to hav a baſterd, and " god bleſs your lovin ſol cum ſune, for i longs to be " mared accordin to yowr promis, and i wil be yowr " own der vartus wife tel deth."

SA. HAZARD.

" *P. S.* Pra dont let yowr meſmate Jack ſe this, " for if yow ſhud, he'l tel owr Nan, and ther wil be " the Devil to do."

Dear object of my love, whoſe pow'rful charms
With bliſs extatic fill'd my clinging arms!
That bliſs is paſt; and nought for me remains,
But foul approach, and never-pity'd pains!
For (Nature baffling ev'ry art I try'd)
My ſiſter has my waxing waiſt deſcry'd;
And brands me oft with each opprobrious name;
Tho' the crack's conſcious ſhe deſerves the ſame.
Her looſe aſſociate, ſated, from her flies,
And oft, tho' vainly, to ſeduce me tries;
True as a wife, I only want the name;
O haſte to wed me, and reſtore my fame!
No lack of coin our union ſhall defer,
For my pawn'd ſtays will well ſupply, my dear;
And thoſe good ſmocks which once your fondneſs gave;
Thoſe ſmocks I'll ſell, or any cloaths I have:
What theſe produce, will pay the coupling prieſt,
And furniſh dainties for our nuptial feaſt.
O how I long my loving Charles to ſee,
Haſte then my life, to happineſs and me;
Nor anxious be 'bout that material thing,
For I've juſt ſtolen my ſaucy ſiſter's ring.
In vain ſhe may expect me to reſtore;
No! faith,—the ſlut ſhall never have it more.

Come

Digitized by Google

Come quick, my love, for far ſhe ſpreads my ſhame,
Come! patch my virtue, and defend my fame:
Take me, and make me ſoon thy lawful ſpouſe,
Then heav'n ſhall bleſs thy due regard to vows;
And will reward thee with what laſts for life,
A tender, duteous, fond, and faithful wife.

P. S. *Theſe earneſt dictates of my anxious heart,*
I beg you wou'd not to your friend impart;
For oft, beneath fair friendſhip's ſpecious ſhew
Lurks the falſe trait'rous undermining foe.

G

No. 41. *Tueſday, Auguſt 16th,* 1757.

Κλῦτε, φίλοι, θεῖός μοι ἐνύπνιον ἦλθεν Ὄνειρος.
OMHP. IAIAΔ.

THOUGH it is the duty of a CENTINEL to be always awake, he may ſometimes receive ſhrewd hints of intelligence while aſleep, provided he is properly viſited in his dreams by the ſpirit that preſides over the unſubſtantial regions of fancy. Without any further preamble I ſhall communicate the particulars of a viſion which lately diſturbed my repoſe, immediately after I had been indulging a melancholy ſeries of reflections upon the fate of my country.

Methought I heard the wind howl and the hail clatter, and ſhrunk with horror at the ſeverity of the weather, I found myſelf on the top of a bleak hill, roughened with hillocks, and covered with fragments of ſtones like the remains of an ancient cœmetery: I caſt my eyes upon a plain to the ſouthward, and beheld ſuch a ſcene of deſolation as ſmote my heart with grief and dejection; for the ſpace of four miles the ground exhibited the ruins of a mighty city; ſhattered ſpires, half-demoliſhed cupolas, roofleſs palaces blackened with the ſmoke of conflagration,

Digitized by Google

conflagration, decayed porticos, broken columns, and innumerable heaps of brick and ſtone, formed a ſcene at once magnificent and deplorable. The face of the adjacent country was parched, bare and barren of herb, tree or living creature; a dreary ſilence reigned all around, and I began to think I had been tranſported by ſome inviſible hand into the neighbourhood of Balbec, or of the Ægyptian Heliopolis, deſtroyed by the pride of brutal conquerors. I ſaw the ſun riſe in the eaſt with a dim and ſickly aſpect, and a thick fog vaniſhing from the ſame quarter; I perceived a ſtrong citadel ſurrounded with all the outworks of modern fortification; there I heard the exploſion of artillery, a white flag was diſplayed upon the ramparts, and the field was gradually covered with armed troops. Having ſatiated my view with theſe objects of horror and diſmay, I turned my eyes to the northward, and the viſible horizon preſented a wide, extended, naked proſpect of uncultivated lands, except in ſome parts, where I diſcovered a few wretched cottages, ſkirted with ſmall fields of oats and barley, inſufficient to reward the peaſant's toil; here and there appeared the miſerable inhabitants ſingly and diſperſed, they ſeemed to be the remnant of ſome earthquake or other dire calamity; their looks were meagre, wan and diſpirited; they were embrawned with filth, ragged and forlorn; their locks hung down, lank and diſhevelled; the men wore wooden ſhoes, the women walked barefoot; and they ſpoke a diſſonant jargon, compounded of different languages, which I partly underſtood. While I contemplated theſe circumſtances with pity and ſurpriſe, a venerable old man aſcended the hill, accompanied by two youths of a very prepoſſeſſing appearance; they were clad in homely ruſſet, but they approached with an air of dignity which ſhone through the ruſticity of their attire; their features were ſenſible and manly, and their eyes replete with ſweetneſs and vivacity: advancing to the ſubmit, the ſenior ſurveyed the plain below, and heaving a profound ſigh, "For your ſakes, "my ſons (ſaid he) I am contented to ſurvive the ruin "of my country! in vain I employed my influence, "exhauſted my eſtate, and expoſed my life in her de-

"fence;

Digitized by Google

" fence; the measure of our guilt was full, and the " vengeance of Heaven is completed: I, who was born " to princely titles and possessions, whose progenitors " were ennobled for illustrious deeds of patriot virtue, " and whose heart beat high with the pride of fortune " and prosperity, have lived to see myself reduced to " the lowest ebb of indigence; to see my houses plun- " dered and destroyed, my friends and kindred slaugh- " tered, my fellow-citizens enslaved, my native soil pos- " sessed by implacable enemies, myself driven from " society, and obliged to take refuge in an obscure re- " treat with you my children whom I have trained up " with all the pleasing anxiety of paternal care: you " are already well acquainted with the history of your " unhappy country, I promised to indulge you with a " sight of her once glorious capitol! this hill which is " now called *Mount Louis*, was formerly distinguished " by the name of *Hampstead*; and these the remains of " *London*." So saying, he turned aside his head, and the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks. I no sooner heard this explanation than my heart died within me, " where have I slept (said I) while this dismal change " was effected? where are my wife, my children and " my friends? where are the villas that beautified this " once delightful spot? where is that wealth, conveni- " ence and satisfaction that every where appeared in " these subjacent places? where are the crouds of happy " people that Augusta was wont to pour forth? where " are the liberties, the laws and constitution of my " country?" I broke off this mournful soliloquy that I might attend to the conversation which passed be- tween the old man and his sons, one of whom, with the deepest marks of anguish, desired to know the state of the nation immediately preceeding this piteous cata- strophe.

" For more than half a century (said the father) the " nation had been hastening to its ruin. A stranger " having been called to the throne, introduced foreign " connections, to which the interest of the kingdom " was made fatally subservient: B———n was involved " in quarrels not her own: she engaged as a principal

" where

Digitized by Google

" where she ought to have acted only as an auxiliary;
" and paid as mercenaries those who should have co-
" operated as allies; nay, she even hired different
" powers to defend themselves from their natural ene-
" mies, as if it had been necessary to bribe them to
" their own safety; and as if that province had belonged
" to her alone. Every sinking state, every needy po-
" tentate, every rapacious el———r craved her pro-
" tection, sollicited subsidies, or listed in her pay.
" Her treasures were dealt out with a lavish hand,
" among a parcel of beggarly and ungrateful depend-
" ants. In a word, the veins of the ———— heifer
" were sluiced, and the hounds fatted with her blood.
" One would have imagined the —— was in a conspiracy
" against the state; and that the chief aim was to im-
" poverish the people. The channels of such profusion
" could not be supplied without laying grievous impo-
" sitions on the public, and therefore recourse was had
" to a scheme of corruption equally iniquitous, effectual
" and absurd. The subjects were bribed with their
" own money to load themselves with intolerable bur-
" thens, and even to perpetuate the oppression. By
" this infamous commerce all sense of honour and duty
" was gradually destroyed, and a tide of luxury break-
" ing in upon all ranks of people, completed the fatal
" degeneracy of the nation. A new succession required
" a repetition of the same sacrifice. B —— was still
" doomed to bleed. When her wealth began to fail,
" her credit was racked for the same pernicious purposes:
" she saw her debts daily increasing, and her taxes
" multiplying in the same proportion. The clamour
" of discontent, the appearance of bankruptcy and
" distress made little or no impression upon her. She
" ran headlong into exotic wars with a sort of frantic
" ardour; she redoubled her own load of impositions,
" as if she had been eager to incur the heaviest pressure
" she could bear. At length she became so stupid that
" she seemed to lose all sense of honour, shame and suf-
" fering. She was defeated by land, disgraced by sea,
" outwitted in the cabinet, baffled in all her schemes
" of action, commerce and alliance, ridiculed by her
" friends,

Digitized by Google

" friends, and pitied even by her enemies. Inſenſibi-
" lity was no longer a misfortune; had ſhe recollected
" her own ſtate ſhe muſt have been overwhelmed with
" deſpair. By this time ſhe crawled under ſuch a weight
" of impoſition as no other nation ever ſuſtained: her
" debt amounted to an incredible ſum, the bare intereſt
" of which exceeded a whole revenue of many a pow-
" erful ſtate. To raiſe money for the payment of this
" intereſt, every convenience, every neceſſary of life
" was loaded with double duties: nay, ſome articles
" paſſed through the ordeal of nine different taxations.
" We payed tribute for the food we eat, the liquor we
" drank, the attire we wore, the fire that warmed us,
" the candles we burned by night, and even for the
" light of the ſun by day, which the moſt wretched
" ſlaves are permitted to enjoy as the free gift of nature.
" Theſe exactions were ſcarce ſufficient for the intereſt
" of our national debt, even when mortgaged and entailed
" upon poſterity; but the expence of the government
" required a ſtill greater ſum, which other ſchemes of
" oppreſſion were invented to extort. Talent was ne-
" glected, virtue deſpiſed; ſloth, irreſolution, vice and
" univerſal profligacy prevailed. Our go———rs were
" arbitrary and inſolent, our ſtateſmen ignorant, weak
" and timorous, our councils diſtracted, our efforts
" languid and ineffectual.

" B———n in the midſt of this infatuation, pro-
" duced one man who ſeemed capable of reſcuing her
" from the brink of deſtruction: he inherited all thoſe
" great qualities which have diſtinguiſhed the moſt emi-
" nent characters of antiquity. He poſſeſſed the eloquence
" of DEMOSTHENES, the probity of ARISTIDES, the
" patriotiſm of LEONIDAS, the courage and conſtancy
" of SCEVOLA, the humanity, the politeneſs, the
" taſte of ATTICUS, and the incorruptibility of CATO.
" When he raiſed his voice in the ſenate, faction was
" huſhed, and envy charmed into attention, admiration
" and applauſe. He ſingly ſtemmed the torrent of
" enchroachment, and rolled it back upon its ſource.
" He aſſerted the rights of his fellow-citizens with ſuch
" a force of eloquation as all the perfidious orators of

" arbitrary

" arbitrary power could not withſtand. They ſhrunk
" before it like inſects from the blaſt. In vain they
" covered themſelves with the veil of loyalty and fair
" pretence; the edge of his eloquence ſoon penetrated
" the thin diſguiſe: it fell like the ſword of MICHAEL:
" it operated with the energy of ITHURIEL's ſpear.
" They could no longer conceal their real deformity,
" but ſtarted up confounded and abaſhed, the ſlaves of
" tyrrany and the tools of corruption. When he ex-
" plained the national grievances, expoſed the abſur-
" dity of a wicked and ignorant ad———n, and
" foretold the miſhaps of his country, every ear was
" ſtartled, every heart melted with affliction, every
" mouth acknowledged that the divinity ſpoke within
" him; yet were his oracles neglected. For a long
" time he experienced the fate of CASSANDRA: his
" countrymen owned he was inſpired, even while they
" diſregarded his prophetic cautions. They were lulled
" into a trance of ſtupefaction, from whence the magic
" of his tongue had power to wake them for a moment,
" and then they relapſed into their former inſenſibility.
" Time verified his predictions in a ſeries of calamities
" and diſgraces, which, like the actual cautery, ſeared
" them to the quick, and at laſt rouſed them from their
" lethargy. They recollected their condition with hor-
" ror; they did homage to the virtue they had ſo long
" overlooked; they turned their eyes upon him as the
" ſavour of the nation; every corner of the kingdom
" reſounded with his praiſe: they extolled him as the
" conſummate ſtateſman, the unſhaken patriot, the faſt
" friend, the pious ſon of the unfortunate En———d.
" They in ſecret wiſhed, they in public demanded that
" he might be employed to retrieve the deſperate affairs
" of the nation. Their ſenſe and reflection had returned
" too late: their ſhackles were already forged; their
" clamours were contemned; their ſuggeſtions oppoſed
" by a ſmall, but deſperate faction, which had already
" been concerned in betraying the intereſt and honour
" of their country: a faction ſupported by an army of
" mercenaries, and gilded with the countenances of a

Digitized by Google

" virtuous p———, whom their pernicious counſels " had fatally miſled.

" This cabal was become ſo inſolent and callous, ſo " loſt to ſhame, ſo deaf to all the dictates of honour " and decorum, that in oppoſition to the patriot, they " boldly ſet up as miniſter, a man without birth, for- " tune, intereſt, capacity, experience or virtue: proud, " gloomy, rapacious, turbulent and raſh: in his private " life, abandoned as CLODIUS; in his ſchemes, pernicious " and deſperate as CATALINE. His own partizans were " aſhamed of his character, which was expoſed over " the whole kingdom, to all the ſhafts of ridicule, and " all the poignancy of ſatire. At length among the " number of his dependants, he found, or formed an " author, who aſſumed the pen in his behalf. Degene- " rate as we were, I believe this was one of the few " writers who would have engaged as advocate in ſuch " a cauſe: but his performance was, if poſſible, more " contemptible than his ſubject: without learning, " judgment or humour, he attempted to reaſon, to re- " mark, and to ridicule. He was a meer ſhadow in " writing; his works reſembled the froth of the ſea, " or the bubbles which children blow in ſoap-water: I " may venture to characteriſe him as a vain, empty, " petulant, frigid proſtitute, who buzzed about for a " few weeks like a painted fly, and then returned to " his native obſcurity."——*The ſequel of this dream we muſt defer till another opportunity.*

C

No. 42. *Saturday, Auguſt 20th,* 1757.

Corpus onuſtum animam quoque pregravat.

HOR.

CARTER, with whom I brought my reader acquainted in my 26th paper, ſome days ago produced me four perſons and a full trunk, as the firſt fruits of his office, and gave me the following account

Digitized by Google

account of his expedition, which I wrote down as he ſpoke it.

'Your Honour remembers the day I received your 'laſt inſtructions. Having determined what road I 'ſhould take to find a proper loading for your purpoſe, 'and do juſtice to my own undertaking, I ſet out the 'next morning and got by noon to ****. My arrival 'occaſioned ſome buſtle in the place, and in half an 'hour's time I found my new faſhioned cart ſurrounded 'with a crowd of people, whom I harangued upon the 'ſubject of my errand: they expreſſed their approbation 'of my deſign by a general huzza; but I could ſee no 'ſigns of a loading amongſt them. At length a clergy-'man appeared, who I found had the character of a 'learned, ſenſible gentleman, of an exemplary life: I 'could eaſily perceive from the honour and reſpect 'which every one ſhewed him, that he was held in the 'higheſt eſteem. He ſaluted me in an obliging man-'ner, and enquiring into the nature of my office, ap-'plauded the deſign; and pointed out to me among 'the crowd, one, who, he ſaid, was the greateſt and 'moſt obnoxious fool of his pariſh, and conſequently 'ſuch an one as I ſought. This perſon was the ſpruce 'young gentleman here ſtanding before you. Your 'Honour ſees how ſmart and well-dreſſed he is. He 'has long practiſed at the looking-glaſs, a gay, chear-'ful, and triumphant mien, and always dreſſes after 'the neweſt French faſhion; but his talents perhaps 'will ſurpriſe you. The clergyman gave me his hiſtory 'in the following words.

"He was born in my pariſh, where his father pur-"chaſed a pretty eſtate, and left it to this his only "heir. In his youth he was ſent to ſchool, and after-"wards to the univerſity; and next made the tour of "France and Italy. As he was early indulged in the "gratification of every deſire, however fantaſtical, "vicious or extravagant; the univerſity did not reclaim "him. Since he left it he has minded nothing but "dreſs and diſſoluteneſs, and of late has grown fond "of the company of witlings, and the writings of "freethinkers. I am not for perſecuting thoſe who

Digitized by Google

" differ from me in ſpeculative points; being taught " by Chriſtianity, as well as by the light of reaſon, that " no man hath a right to compel another to declare " himſelf a chriſtian againſt the conviction of his own " mind: but what principles this man has, are no leſs " contrary than his practice to the peace and welfare of " ſociety, and therefore properly cognizable by the " civil magiſtrate. When a freethinker produces ar- " guments againſt Chriſtianity, I would not have them " ſuppreſſed, but fairly examined; as a detection of " errors greatly contributes to eſtabliſh the truth of " our holy religion. I often converſe with this per- " verted youth, and entreat him to aſſign his reaſons " againſt our religion; but, as if he knew no more of " good breeding than of the doctrines of chriſtianity " and of natural religion, he immediately falls a laugh- " ing, and tells me I am too ſtupid to underſtand " them. When I attempt to lay proofs and demonſtra- " tions before him, he draws up his noſe, and begins to " whiſtle, or calls over to me the names of all the " modern freethinkers he can remember, and often " mentions SPINOZA; in ſhort, he is the public di- " ſturber of my pariſh, and every one is ſcandalized at " his diſſolute life. As he has never done any body the " leaſt good office, nor given any real ſign of benevo- " lence, friendſhip or humanity, we ſhall all be obliged " to you, ſir, to rid us of ſuch a troubleſome fool."

' When the clergyman ended his diſcourſe, the people ' with one voice declared themſelves of his opinion, ' and directly huſſelled the freethinker into my cart. ' At firſt he was not extremely willing to go with me, ' but at length grew better reconciled, reſumed his uſual ' gaiety, whiſtled, laughed, ſung lewd ſongs, ſometimes ' curſed the parſon, and diſcovered great indignation ' that he ſhould fall a ſacrifice to the zeal of ſuch a ' furious bigotted puppy. I leave it to your Honour ' what you ſhall pleaſe to do with him; but in my ' humble opinion he ſhould not be dealt ſeverely with: ' if he were made to learn his catechiſm, perhaps he ' might begin to uſe his underſtanding, acquire a notion

' of

Digitized by Google

'of Chriſtianity, and be covered with ſhame for his 'paſt conduct.

'After having refreſhed myſelf I proceeded on my 'journey, and towards evening arrived at **. I had 'been ſtopped upon the road for a ſmuggler by ſome 'cuſtomhouſe-officers, who inſiſted upon having my 'cart opened, but finding only this gaudy fool in it, 'they went away laughing, ſaying I had ſmuggled a 'Frenchman.

'As ſoon as I put up at the inn I gave out printed 'bills to make known the purport of my coming, and 'my deſign of ſtaying only two days. That evening 'I received ſeveral parcels which your honour will find 'in the trunk, and early next morning four well look-'ing men brought me this gentleman, who appears ſo 'dark, diſmal and half-ſtarved. They gave me the 'following account of him: "he calls himſelf a moral "philoſopher, though his knowledge conſiſts in nothing "more than dry logic, and abſtract metaphyſics. He "is poſſeſſed with the ſpirit of diſputation. He talks "in all companies of abſtract ideas, fitneſs and unfit-"neſs, pre-eſtabliſhed harmony, ſufficient reaſon, &c. "inſomuch that nobody can ſpeak a word for him and "his jargon. He is ſuch an idealiſt, that he denies "the exiſtence of an external world, and the reality of "his own ſenſes. He deſpiſes the Bible, the clergy, "divinity, and all other branches of learning, beſides "his own; inſiſting that no books on thoſe ſubjects "are written in a ſcientifical, demonſtrative manner, "ſo as to ſatisfy any reaſonable creature. Nobody "can poſſibly tell any uſe his knowledge is of to his "country. He himſelf is, in reality, little more than "an abſtract entity. His behaviour is extremely rude "and uncivilized. He deſpiſes everybody, and thinks "no man has ſenſe enough to underſtand his profound "ſpeculations. He undertakes to reform every thing, "preſcribes laws to his Maker, and tells you how God "is obliged to act and deal with all his creatures. "He laughs at all the princes in Europe for not govern-"ing their ſtates according to his metaphyſical notions."

'Upon hearing this account of him, I immediately put

Digitized by Google

'him into the cart to his brother freethinker; and was 'entertained with their inceſſant diſputes as we drove 'along: they once grew ſo hot and loud in their diſ-'putation that I was obliged to threaten them with the 'diſcipline of the whip, to prevent their coming to 'blows. I would not therefore adviſe that theſe two 'gentlemen ſhould be kept together: It might perhaps 'be proper to allow the metaphyſician, for ſome time, 'a liberal diet, that he may feel he has a body; and 'then make him labour for the good of himſelf and 'others.

'The third perſon that here ſtands before you, I 'found at ————. As I entered the city, the free-'thinker and the metaphyſician were in the heat of a 'diſpute, and raiſed their voices ſo high that all the boys 'in the ſtreet, the footmen, the maids, and half the 'town, ran after me. Soon after I made known the 'deſign of my coming, a very genteel woman brought 'this man to me, reeling as he was: ſhe ſaid, ſhe had 'been compelled by her parents to marry this monſter, 'for the ſake of his eſtate; and related, with tears, 'the baſe uſage ſhe had ſuffered. "He games, ſays ſhe, "all day, and ſeldom comes home ſober: and I am "obliged to undreſs him, and do all the ſervile offices "about him. He ſhews me no civility; and has ſe-"veral times beat and abuſed me. When I aſk him "for money to keep the houſe he is always angry, and "ſcolds and ſwears at me: which treatment I muſt un-"dergo a ſecond time, if ſuch a dinner as he likes be "not dreſſed to the time, and in the manner he would "have it. I have brought him ſeveral children; but "he is always enraged when he finds me with child. "He is now grown more intolerable than ever: ſo "that, if you pleaſe, I will deliver him into your hands, "in hopes you will return him to me improved."

'Having found, upon ſtrict enquiry, that the complaints 'of this gentlewoman were juſt, I put this ſot, in his 'drunken ſtate, into my cart, where he ſnored the 'greateſt part of the journey. My freethinker and 'metaphyſician began a freſh diſpute upon the ſubject 'of this drunkard: the freethinker praiſed him for fol-

'lowing

Digitized by Google

'lowing the law of his nature; whilſt the metaphyſician 'deſpiſed him for acting unfitly, without a ſufficient 'reaſon; and by his beaſtly conduct degrading himſelf 'from a rational entity to a ſenſual one.

'The fourth perſon that ſtands before you is, as you 'ſee, a woman: ſhe is fifty years old, and has been 'twelve years a widow. I took her in at ———. 'She is a magazine of news; knows all that is done in 'her own town, and a great deal more that is not done. 'She goes conſtantly to prayers, and in company appears 'extremely devout. She has remedies for every diſeaſe. 'She is a famous match-maker; and knows beforehand, 'by her dreams, all the extraordinary events which 'come to her knowledge. She brings many people 'together by her dreams, and the news ſhe retails; 'but the ſcandal ſhe daily invents and propagates parts 'many more. She knows extremely well how to in-'ſinuate herſelf, and procure people's good opinion, 'by hypocriſy and flattery: but this good opinion 'continues no longer than till ſhe is known. At my 'arrival ſhe was grown ſcandalous, and univerſally de-'teſted. I ſtuffed her into my cart, whilſt all the 'boys of the ſtreet pelted her with dirt; ſo that I was 'glad to find I had brought her off alive.

'Theſe are the four perſons I bring your honour at 'this time. The trunk you will be pleaſed to examine 'at your leiſure. Some of the packets were thrown to 'me out of windows, and others were brought to me 'in the duſk of the evening: but it would be too tedi-'ous to relate all the circumſtances that attended the 'delivery of them.'

M

Tueſday,

Digitized by Google

No. 43. *Tuesday, August 23d,* 1757.

Magistratus, tanquam gladius, quibusdam datur, ad rempublicam contrucidandam. TULLY.

A Subordination of power is essentially necessary in the administration of all kinds of government, the better to secure the rights and liberties of the subject, and to dispense impartial justice to every member of the state. All men are by nature equal, and have equal right to every thing which this world affords: but at the original compact they resigned, or at least must be supposed to have resigned, their natural rights; and to have entered into a political covenant, by which they consented that the will of one or more should be considered and taken as the will of every distinct individual: and this real or supposed compact has introduced that subjection, which is so absolutely necessary for the peace and order of society; for if all men were allowed to retain an equal right to every thing, it would follow, that their several pretensions must be decided by force, and consequently men would live in a state of war.

Notwithstanding the opinion of the famous HOBBES, it is unreasonable to suppose that men were by nature in this hostile state: for as the ingenious baron MONTESQUIEU observes, we may safer conclude that they were naturally timid, and anxious for the preservation of their being, by pacific means. But with due deference to the judgment of so great a man, I cannot think, that the example of the wild man who was found in the forests of Hanover, which he brings in support of his thesis, is by any ways cogent or satisfactory: for it is natural to suppose, that a human being, savage and solitary, would fly from numbers, though of his own species.

Digitized by Google

ſpecies. But in order to make a fair experimental trial, we ſhould confront him, in ſuch his lonely deſolate ſtate, with an individul; and then we might make a fair judgment of the operations of pure nature: though even then, I am inclined to believe, that they would rather fly from each other, till the tokens of reciprocal fear gradually inclined them to approach and enter into a connection.

Thus it ſeems moſt probable that men were by nature inclined to peace; but after they became connected, and one found that he had more ſtrength of body, or ſagacity of mind, than his companion, than aroſe the ſuperiority; and then mankind entered into a ſtate of hoſtility, which made a political union neceſſary, in order to preſerve the weak and defenceleſs from the ambitious attempts of the more ſtrong and powerful.

Now, whether at the original eſtabliſhment of this union, the ſupreme power was lodged in a body politic ſole, ſuch as a monarchy, or in an aggregate body politic, ſuch as an ariſtocracy, oligarchy or democracy—it will naturally follow, that however the ſovereignty was eſtabliſhed, a number of inferior magiſtrates and miniſters muſt have been appointed, to watch and provide for the public good, and act for its ſafety and ſecurity.

By magiſtrates, I mean thoſe who have a judicial authority: and by miniſters, ſuch as are only entruſted with an executive power: and on the prudent and impartial appointment of theſe officers, the well being and regulation of every ſpecies of government does in a great meaſure depend. It is with infinite ſatisfaction that I congratulate my countrymen, on the great regard and ſtrict attention which is paid to the merits of every man, in whoſe hands the leaſt particle of power is depoſited; down from the *prime miniſter* to the *head-borough*. Were I to diſplay the excellence of every intermediate rank, between thoſe two extreme points of power, a volume would ſcarce contain the eulogum I ſhall therefore content myſelf with admiring the wiſe conduct which is obſerved in the choice of thoſe *worſhipful perſonages* called *juſtices of the peace*.

Every

Digitized by Google

Every man who is acquainted with the nature of our conſtitution, knows that their office is extenſive; and that conſequently, the diſcharge of it requires extenſive abilities and unbiaſſed integrity. It is to them that the legiſlature, for the moſt part, ſpeaks: it is to them that the execution of their ſolemn acts is committed: and it is to their ſagacity and penetration that they leave the conſtruction of their *myſterious edicts*.

Who can be better qualified for this important charge than wealthy and opulent tradeſmen? men, who have reaped the fruits of their labours, and ſurvived their induſtry: men, who from their long commerce and tranſactions with mankind, muſt be acquainted with the fraud and knavery of the world; and are conſequently the fitteſt to detect every ſpecies of impoſition and iniquity.

I know it is objected by ſome, that they are generally men of no learning and education, and therefore incapable of a proper diſcharge of ſo great a truſt: but I have always obſerved this to be the remarks of thoſe learned pedants who boaſt of their literature, and falſely imagine, that a liberal and learned education is abſolutely neceſſary to improve our underſtanding, and ſoften our manners: but daily experience convinces us that this is an erroneous tenet; and that learning, on the contrary, only tends to confound our judgment and corrupt our morals.

What the world calls learned men, are either rigid *dogmatiſts*, who draw concluſions which no one but themſelves can apprehend, or elſe they are rank *ſceptics*, who doubt of things, which every one but themſelves muſt believe: they are ſo accuſtomed to literary altercation and polemical diſputes, that their brains are turned with controverſy—and loſing their pure native underſtanding, they acquire a ſort of artificial reaſon, which miſleads them from error to error, like an *ignis fatuus*.

Will any one preſume to ſay, that ſuch men are fit to expound the laws of a nation, and to diſtribute juſtice to their fellow ſubjects? every impartial man will allow the contrary—and acknowledge, that the plain tradeſman,

Digitized by Google

tradeſman, who only knows his mother tongue (and that too in the vulgar dialect) is by far the moſt ſuitable perſon to fill an office of ſuch an important nature: as he is an utter ſtranger to all thoſe artificial quibblings, which *Tully* calls the *apices juris*, he is not likely to ſophiſticate the law; and by a ſyllogiſtical way of reaſoning, prove black to be white, and *verſâ vice*, white to be black.

I own I take great pleaſure in obſerving theſe *mechanical eſquires* employed in the exerciſe of their double calling. What can be more agreeable than to ſee a *cherry-cheeked grocer* retire from behind his counter (where he has been weighing of *ſugar-plums and dried figs*) and ſeat himſelf in his elbow chair to balance the *ſcales of juſtice*—and with great ſolemnity, ponderate whether he ſhall commit a ſtrolling courtezan to the *houſe of correction*, or give her a private invitation to his *bedchamber?* or to ſee a *ſquab upholſterer*, who after uſing his endeavours to diſcover and deſtroy thoſe *nauſeous vermin*, which infeſt the *domes of Morpheus*, and hinder the repoſe of the *natural body*—ſuddenly change his occupation, and exert his noble talents to detect and puniſh thoſe more noxious vermin who diſturb the peace of the *body politic*.

But I muſt obſerve, that though I think it dangerous for them to be *ſcholars*, yet I think it highly neceſſary that they ſhould know how *to read*. I have heard of a worthy magiſtrate in the country, who was led into a very dangerous miſtake, for want of this accompliſhment. It is ſaid, that a ſtatute was made in the time of ſome of our antient kings, againſt *firing a beacon*—this the juſtice unfortunately miſtook for *frying of bacon*; and innocently thinking himſelf bound to put the law in force literally, he committed ſeveral poor harmleſs countrymen for indulging their appetites, as he thought, contrary to the injunction of the legiſlature.

Digitized by Google

No. 44. *Saturday, Auguſt 27th,* 1757.

Vulnus alit venis & cæco carpitur igni. VIRG.

THE following hiſtory with which I preſent my readers this day, I can aſſure them is genuine; and did I not think my bare aſſertion of weight ſufficient to gain it credit, I could authenticate the facts by the teſtimony of many perſons now in London (well known to ſeveral of the firſt families in town) who lived in the neighbourhood of the lady's father, and were perſonally acquainted with him.

Miſs MOLLY PACKINGTON was the only daughter of a gentleman in Shropſhire, a very plain but ſenſible country 'ſquire, of a temper naturally warm and poſitive; but, after the firſt heat was over, eaſily reconciled. Miſs was brought up as genteely as a country education could admit: nothing was wanting that could be procured to the improvement of her mind as well as body: but the grand eſſential, the only preſervative of a girl with warm paſſions, was beyond the confined ſphere of her life; — I mean, a proper knowledge of the world. Reſiding altogether in a part of the country where there are few acquaintances of either ſex, whoſe converſation or behavior could inſpire her with that delicacy of thinking which is chiefly to be learnt from a variety of company, ſhe was the more ſuſceptible of wrong impreſſions; and a certain openneſs of temper, joined to a natural good will towards every body, rendered her incapable of ſuſpecting that to be wrong which her nature led her to approve.

Miſs MOLLY was juſt got out of her teens (an age of no very great experience, in country-girls at leaſt) when her father brought home with him one day to dinner a young ſpark, dreſt as fine as a lord; but his awkward

Digitized by Google

awkward carriage and behaviour plainly betrayed the ruſticity of his breeding. When they ſat down to table, the father, not much given to circumlocution, in his uſual blunt manner ſaid to her, "How doſt like him for "a huſband, Pol, ha? he's to ha' thee, girl, he's to "ha' thee; what doſt think on't?" — Here an accident put an end to his diſcourſe: TOM was going to ſet a turene of peaſe-ſoup on the table, but by chance turned it topſy-turvy all over the beau; who ſpringing up from table ran ſtamping about the room. TOM ſtood like a ſtatue up againſt the wainſcot, pale and trembling; the beau ran about crying; the father was ſwearing and making apologies; and miſs was juſt falling into a ſwoon. The footman flew to her from his poſt, where he was before fixt, and caught her in his arms. While TOM and the father were employed in recovering her, the lover was ſcraping off the congealed ſoup from the gold lace of his dear ſcarlet waiſtcoat, unconcerned for every one but his own precious perſon. The old gentleman, after MOLLY had come to herſelf, ſeeing the indifference of the wretch, though he was vext at heart, could not yet forbear laughing at his groteſque figure. The brute, in the utmoſt malice and revenge, ſnatched up a carving-knife, and made directly at the father, which probably he would have buried in his heart, had not TOM ſtept in between, and received the blow himſelf in his right ſide. The father ſoon diſarmed the villain, but not being of a miſchievous, though paſſionate temper, only gave him two or three kicks, called him dog, and puſhed him out of the parlour. When he turned round, a melancholy aſtoniſhing ſcene offered to his view, the footman lying on the floor weltering in his blood, with his daughter cloſe by, weeping bitterly, and kiſſing him with great eagerneſs and affection. He would have raiſed her gently by the arm, but ſhe tore herſelf from him, crying out vehemently—he has killed my HUSBAND.

What a diſcovery was here! — The father was rivetted awhile with amaze, but preſently flung out of the room, ſlapping the door vehemently after him, and retired to his cloſet, juſt as the other ſervants hearing an uproar

Digitized by Google

were going in. A surgeon was happily at that time in the house bleeding one of the maids, to whose care TOM was immediately consigned, and his faithful dear MOLLY was carried up to her own apartment.

The old gentleman in the mean while felt a conflict of anger and affection within him. He locked himself up for two hours, and spent his rage on a folio history of England, which he tore in a thousand pieces. At length his passion subsiding, reason and reflection took place: he sent for his daughter, resolved to rate her severely, and turn them both out of doors a packing together.

MOLLY came up, trembling opened the door, but did not dare to go in; her father flew to her, caught her in his arms, hung down his head, burst into tears, and wept so immoderately, he had only power to say, "My "child, my dear child, how could you do so?" A pathetic silence here ensued, while they both lay entranced, as it were, in one another's embraces on the same settee: but the father first broke it by saying, "I "hope TOM is not kill'd." This was succeeded by a fresh torrent of tears on both sides: — but it would extend beyond the bounds of my paper, were I to enlarge on every minute circumstance. Let it suffice, that miss at length owned, she had had a long intimacy with that footman who was brought up in the family from a boy; that *she* had persuaded *him* to marry her as last week, which he did, one morning while the father was a hunting; and concluded with assuring him, that no one soul knew the secret but himself and the parties concerned.

As to TOM, the knife having glanced against the lower ribs, his wound was not deep, though the effusion of blood had flung him into that insensible state resembling death, as before described. As soon as he was perfectly recovered, his master ordered him up stairs, and received him at first with a stern countenance, but presently after turned away from him, and burst into tears. He bid him with a faint voice immediately quit the house, keep the whole affair secret, and go up to London. He put a letter directed to one in town into his

Digitized by Google

his hand, gave him ten guineas, and wiſhed him a good journey: MOLLY ſhould write to him his mind by and by. "Will you not permit me then to ſee my dear "wife once, before I leave her?"—"Go, go, I have "done with you, pretend a quarrel between us to the "ſervants"—and then the old gentleman run out of the room, leſt he ſhould be ſeen to weep.

TOM obeyed his father-in-law in every point; and though it was a moſt cruel ſtroke to him to leave his poor wife behind him, yet ſomething encouraged him to ſet out with reſolution. As ſoon as he came to town, he carried the letter as directed, which when opened was found to contain a bill of 50 l. with orders to the perſon to procure him cloaths, &c. and to purchaſe as ſoon as poſſible a purſer's commiſſion in ſome man of war or other; which ſoon after offered. Handſomely equipt according to his ſtation, TOM ſet out on a cruiſe. Being the ſon of a country ſchoolmaſter, though his father died when he was very young, he had been taught accounts at home; and having a natural turn for buſineſs, he ſoon qualified himſelf completely for his poſt. His affability, his condeſcenſion, his humanity, and withal his ſtrict honeſty, gained him the love of the whole crew, as well private men as officers.

Pride was a principal ingredient in the mind of MOLLY's father, as poſitiveneſs was another. MOLLY therefore never once attempted to oppoſe her father's reſolutions in this caſe. She comforted herſelf with what he often told her, "'Twill be better by and by: "he ſaved my life, you know, from that villain." This conſideration indeed worked ſo ſtrongly in the old gentleman that I firmly believe, he had never been reconciled, had it not happened. Near a twelvemonth had now paſſed, and MOLLY had been ſent to live with a diſtant relation in North Wales dependant on the family. She had not been long there, when the fatal news reached her, that the ſhip, in which her huſband was embarked, had been ſunk in an engagement, and every ſoul periſhed: but after ſome time, which ſhe ſpent in lamentations, a letter was brought her by her father's ſervant: as ſoon ſhe ſaw the hand, ſhe ſhrieked

Digitized by Google

out, it was her loſt huſband's writing: ſhe devoured it with her kiſſes, and quite drowned it with her tears: at length ſhe opened it.—Good heaven!—her huſband alive! and coming home!—impoſſible.—Yet ſo it was. An engagement had indeed happened, in which the thirty gun ſhip he ſet out in had been ſunk, but providentially his good behaviour had advanced him to one of fifty guns but two days before.

After having been a little while longer at ſea, they had the good fortune to take a very rich prize, in which TOM's ſhare, as purſer, was pretty conſiderable. He returned to England; and being by this time well nigh forgot in the country where he had before lived, the father concerted meaſures with him, that he ſhould buy an eſtate in the neighbourhood, and advanced him what money was requiſite for the purchaſe. When this was effected, miſs was ſent for home again, and her huſband was inſtructed to make his addreſſes to her in due form, as though they had both been ſingle. At length, after the previous time ſpent in fictitious courtſhip, they received the congratulations of their friends, as a new-married couple. The father ſoon after died, leaving them in poſſeſſion of a large fortune, which they at preſent enjoy without the leaſt reproach from others, and with mutual ſatisfaction in one another. Thus was the honour and happineſs of two worthy perſons ſecured by the reſolute contrivance of a benevolent, but cautious parent.

Z

No. 45. *Tueſday, Auguſt 30th,* 1757.

Punica ſe quantis attollet gloria rebus. VIRG.

THERE ſeems nothing to be ſo much talked of, and ſo little underſtood, as *Wit*; and if one conſiders how very differently moſt authors that have wrote upon this topic, define it, it is not ſurpriſing.

All

Digitized by Google

All of them, since Mr. LOCKE, agree with him in his distinction between Wit and Judgment, and as I would not be particular in this respect from the rest, I shall take the liberty of quoting the passage:

——— "Thence, perhaps, may be given some "reason of that common observation, That men who "have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have "not always the clearest Judgment and deepest Reason: "for Wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and "putting those together with quickness and variety, "wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, "thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable "visions in the fancy; Judgment, on the contrary, "lies on the other side, in separating carefully, one "from another, ideas, wherein can be found the least "difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, "and by affinity to take one thing for another. This "is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor "and allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that "entertainment and pleasantry of Wit, which strikes "so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable "to all people."

So far, I say, they all coincide in their opinions, but do not long continue, for although they allow there is this distinction between Wit and Judgment, they immediately contradict themselves, and tell you Wit cannot be defined; or that it is opportunity and circumstance; others assert Wit is Sense, consequently Judgment; Mr. DRYDEN says———

Wit is fine language to advantage dress't,
What's oft' been thought—but ne'er so well express't.

Which of these is right—or are they not all wrong? Mr. ADDISON seems to approach the nearest defining what appears Wit to me; and yet, pardon my arrogance, he seems to have mistook his own meaning, in saying, That *anagrams* and *acrostics* are false Wit, according to his definition of it: for to say, that they do not consist of ideas, must be an error—what is it that does not create them in us of some species or other?

I am very apt to think, that a compound of these various definitions of it would come pretty near an entire definition, and that to try whether Wit be false or true, Sense (supposing a criterion for it) should be the standard. Were we to try it accordingly, I am very sorry to say, that but few of our modern productions would bear the test. What pieces can we boast of, that are not really dull and insipid, or that do not please by a kind of lustre borrowed from false humour or parody? I would not exclude these in their perfection, from coming under the denomination of Wit, though but of an inferior value? they bearing that proportion to Metaphor and Allegory as Drapery in painting does to Likeness.

Were I to assign a reason for this degeneracy of Wit, I should paraphrase the words of our modern journalist patriots, when they inform you of the reason of the decay of commerce. They say it is owing to the importation of French commodities; so in this it is occasioned by the introducing of French Wit. Modern French Wit chiefly consists in *double entendre*. Their fashions we generally follow to a nicety; nay, even make improvements in them; but in Wit we fall far short, for we degenerate *double entendre* into *pun*. Few make the material distinction between *double entendre* and *pun:* the difference is, the first never infringes upon grammar or spelling; the latter always upon one, sometimes both.

Though the complexion of this gay nation, and the peculiar genius of their language, will admit of numerous conceits this way, I am sensible ours will not; but this is far from an argument in favour of *puns*, which are infinitely more despicable. Notwithstanding a writer is very culpable for larding his lucubrations with this originally exotic *force-meat*, still his readers are more to blame than him: for the fondness of a writer for this species of Wit, would be of no longer date than the fondness of the reader. But this age that has produced the resurrection of *punning*, that was buried from the time of JAMES the First, likes more to be dazzled and surprised than instructed and improved.

The

Digitized by Google

The moderns love to have their imaginations warmed, more than nouriſhed—Like *epicureans*, they fall on thoſe morſels that require the leaſt chewing, in hopes of the ſooner enjoying others as delicious that they have in view.

I ſhall not trouble my reader in this place with the definitions of the various ſpecies of Wit, as Allegory, Metaphor, Simile, Irony, *&c.* he is, as I apprehend, and would willingly believe, already acquainted with their ſignification: but ſhall take notice here, that faſhion ſeems as prevalent in regard to Wit as any ornament of dreſs. From *Riddles* we jumped to *Acroſtics*, ſtuck a long while at *Rebuſſes*, and *Conundrums* were univerſally worn for a ſhort time. Then *Parody* was brought again into faſhion, and *Puns* are now become catholics. Nor is it ſurpriſing that it ſhould be ſo, for I look upon punning to be infinitely more an epidemical diſtemper, than that which ſometimes rages among the horned cattle; and it is confidently reported, that in caſe this diſtemper ſhould ſpread, and to prevent anti-miniſterial wits *grinding* any more *Stones*, or building *New-caſtles* upon their foundation, a bill will be brought in next ſeſs—n, to entirely prohibit it in the three kingdoms, under very ſevere penalties, in hopes of putting an end to the contagion.

What ſurpriſes me not a little is, that all thoſe authors that have ranked punning among falſe Wit, as well as ſome other kinds, have far from being the laſt in introducing among their productions a great quantity of the ſpecies they decry. The defects of others we perceive, note, and ridicule; our own we ſee in quite a different medium, and fancy they are excellencies, though of the very ſame nature as thoſe we before cenſured.

Let the faults of the greateſt writers be in ſome meaſure a palliation of my guilt. If I were to argue any thing elſe in my favour, it would be the depravity of the times that prefer romances, and the wit they abound with, to reaſon and the purſuit of nature, a knowledge of *phænomena*, or improvements in ſcience.

Perhaps

Digitized by Google

Perhaps it may be expected that I ſhould define what *true* Wit really is, by giving ſome examples; but as any thing like this from myſelf would be the ſummit of vanity, I ſhall inſtead thereof conclude this paper with a *true* ſpecimen of the *falſe* Wit, which was put into my hands by a friend, ſome years ago: the reader will eaſily conceive at what juncture it was written.

The COOK's JOURNAL, *or*, KITCHEN GAZETTE.

Tueſday, Auguſt 19, 1746.

IN this paper will be contained an eſſay, or diſſertation, on ſome *entertaining* ſubject occaſionally, with a regular and well-connected ſeries of facts, which ſhall be *treated* in their proper *courſe*, and according to their reſpective *deſerts*.

Extract of a letter from Mr. TURBUT *on* FISH-STREET-HILL, *to Mr.* WHITELOAF *of* BREAD-STREET, *preſident of the* CALVE's HEAD *ſociety in* BUTCHER-ROW *at the ſign of the Robin-hood.*

"Though the *fire* of rebellion, which ſo lately *burnt* among us, is now ended in *ſmoke*, yet ſuch is the ingratitude of the age, that both young and old ſtill haunt the *ſtews*, and nothing is heard but *broils* in our ſtreets. So true is it, that what is bred in the *bone* ne'er goes out of the *fleſh*. Never a barrel the better *herring*. My very *herb-woman*, forſooth, muſt *dreſs* her in rich ſtuffs, and no one in her eye is well-bred but her. As for the c—t, the *wheel* ſtill goes round and round in the ſame manner as uſual; and happy is the *dog* that ſhall be preferred to *turn* it. Is it not ſurpriſing that one man, as dull as a *ſtock-fiſh*, and as thick as any *Tewkſbury muſtard*, ſhould always rule the *roaſt*? Nay, I can aſſure you, a certain patriot that *bellows* ſo loudly, and *ſpits* forth his venom againſt the c—rt, would fain have a finger in the *diſh*: but, though he thinks himſelf ſure of a *place*, yet, as his deſigns are *ſmelt* out,

and

Digitized by Google

and his contrivances *blaze* forth, he will find himself a *gudgeon* at last. In a word, sir, our ministers go backward like *crabs*, and whenever they *treat* we are sure to *fare* but sorrily."

I am yours, &c.

COQUUS.

Yesterday arrived a *mail*, &c.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Italy. The Spaniards here are in a sad *pickle*, for the king of S. has so *soused* them that they are forced to cry *roastmeat*.

Genoa. We have brought our *pigs* to a fine market. We thought to *cut* and *carve* for ourselves, and a fine *mess* on't we should have made; but, alas! the proof of the *pudding* lies in the eating.

From the camp in Flanders. The soldiers are in high spirits, and threaten to make *mincemeat* of the French, and *slice* them without mercy. But *rabbit* 'em, I'm afraid they will save their *bacon* this season.

Breda. Several *state cooks* are expected here to *toss up* a peace, which shall suit every one's *palate*. As England has been the *drudger*, it is expected that she will have a *plateful*, and H-n v-r too will come in for a *sop in the pan*.

HOME NEWS.

London. The rebels thought to have a fine *dish* of milk, but it chanced to *burn* to, because the pope's foot was in it. Several of them are *trussed* up already, and several others will be made to pay *sauce* for it.

On Saturday last lord L v-t was brought pinioned to the tower, and, it is said, frets in the *gizzard*.

Yesterday lord K. and B. lost their heads. Lord K. did not *stomach* it; but lord B. was of a different *kidney*: he was always a free *liver*, and had always a bold *heart*. There was no one present but did *melt* with pity.

MURRAY holds his *tongue*, and gives but small *lights* into affairs.

This

This morning a *Rook* was secured, and committed by justice de *Veal* to the *Poultry* Compter. The mob wanted to fall *foul* upon him and *duck* him.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have often observed that people in different situations of life have always had different inclinations with regard to their choice of *roots* and *herbs*. A taylor, we know, is particularly fond of *cabbage*; a placeman is charmed with his *salary*, and a courtier often longs for *penny-royal*. *Rue* is almost every one's portion, but the *sage* is possessed but by few. The lover is enamoured of his *marygold* and sweet *margery*, the debtor owes his safety to the *Mint*,* and every one agrees that *time* is the most precious of all things.

No. 46. *Saturday, September 3d,* 1757.

Desine molle, precor, verbis convellere pectus;
Neve mihi, quam te dicis amare, noce. OVID.

SIR, To the CENTINEL.

'THE many instances you have given the public of a heart bent on branding villainy with its proper degree of infamy, and of giving to plaintive distress its proper regard, embolden me to trouble you with the subsequent lines. The kind caution your taking notice of them will give to the rest of my sex, who are involved in the same circumstances, and that secret check which your publication will give to the wantonness of the person herein branded, will be no weak motives to engage you to lay my case before the public.

'Know then, ah! know, Mr. CENTINEL, I once was happy in the affection of SCOTUS. If there ever was a villain he is one; if there ever was a monster,

'SCOTUS

* Debtors who live in that part of London called the MINT cannot be arrested.

Digitized by Google

'SCOTUS is a monſter! ——— But it is not my intention to inveigh, but to relate. May all the virgins of England learn wiſdom, and SCOTUS acquire honour whilſt he reads it!

'SCOTUS is a perſon of no conſiderable ſtature, of great vivacity, polite in his addreſs, and fluent in his ſpeech. If his countenance appears ſomewhat mean at firſt ſight, his behaviour always gains him friends. He has an openneſs which perſuades every one that he is honeſt, and he is ſo free in his cenſures of vice, that one would ſuppoſe him a miracle of virtue. To theſe charms my heart became a captive, after SCOTUS had paid me many a viſit. He aſked leave to pay his adreſſes in form; but he aſked with ſo much modeſty that it would have been ſavage to reſiſt, and cruel to deny him. My conſent he obtained; he obtained my parents likewiſe, by whoſe I determined to regulate my own. The ardour of his paſſion, the frequency of his viſits, and the charms of his language, I need not deſcribe. But all theſe were not ſufficient to render me happy.

'He was dependent on a relation, whoſe conſent was requiſite to his making a genteel figure in life: time was required to canvaſs this point, and I waited with patience the reſult of his meaſures; for SCOTUS always retained a preſence of mind able to encounter with any accidents, and capable of ſurmounting any difficulties. However, his affairs took ſuch a happy turn that it ſeemed probable for him to make me a ſettlement ſuitable to my portion, without any aſſiſtance from his relation: an advantageous partnerſhip offered, which would render him independent. Whilſt this was in agitation, I was perſuaded to be patient, and aſſured, that its completion ſhould be followed with that of my wiſhes.

'A great many difficulties were ſtarted, as SCOTUS told me, which protracted this affair for ſome months. Being impatient, I had the curioſity to enquire into the nature of thoſe difficulties, which he had hinted at, and found (can you believe me!) that the articles had been ſigned upwards of two months! when I ſaw

'him,

Digitized by Google

'him, I chided; he heard me, ſmiled down my anger
'and regained my eſteem.

'After this, ſeveral other difficulties were ſtarted to re-
'tard my marriage; a marriage that he had promiſed me
'before witneſſes, declared amongſt all his acquaintance,
'and determined by ſeveral letters I have now by me.
'It matters not to be too particular on this head: I
'ſhall haſten therefore to my cataſtrophe.

'SCOTUS being at laſt left ſole maſter by his partner,
'and unable to carry on ſo extenſive a buſineſs on his
'own bottom, takes a moneyed man into partnerſhip
'with him. Some days after executing the writings, he
'ſays to me, "My dear, I have a great ſecret to
"communicate to you; and if you reveal it, will never
"ſee you any more." 'I promiſed ſecrecy; and he
'proceeded thus; "On ſuch a day I intend to ſolem-
"nize our nuptials, and have got a pretty pair of ſtone
"buckles which I hope you will condeſcend to wear on
"the occaſion: to-morrow I will bring them, and will
"then take you with me to chuſe yourſelf ſome ſilks,
"or any other odd matter requiſite for the occaſion.
"As for furniture, ſhall let that alone till you come to
"my houſe, and ſee what is wanting: indeed, I ſhall
"want about five hundred [illegible], which I intend to
"borrow of my partner; but as he is averſe to our
"marriage, I have no other expedient to prevail on
"him, but *this:* to-morrow I'll ſend you a letter by
"my man, to which you ſhall reply, That I am a vil-
"lain; that you free me from all engagements, and
"ſet me at liberty to marry whomſoever I pleaſe. At
"the time you deliver it to the man, bid him tell his
"maſter, *he is a villain:* ſo that if my partner ſhould
"any ways ſuſpect my veracity, when I acquaint him
"of the diſſolution of our courtſhip, the man's evidence
"will be ſufficient to remove all his ſcruples, and I
"ſhall have the caſh without any heſitation."

'As my affection for SCOTUS was too great to give
'him a denial in any thing wherein his intereſt was
'concerned, I eagerly cloſed with his propoſal, and
'promiſed to have my letter ready the next day. My
'compliance, he ſaid, gave him ſo great a proof of my

'affection,

Digitized by Google

'affection, that he should never forget it, and added, 'that I should never repent of my compliance. Our 'marriage was introduced again into the discourse; he 'spoke a great many kind things; *look'd* a thousand 'things more kind; and with reluctance left me about 'twelve at night.——This was the last visit he paid me!

'The next day, as soon as breakfast was over, I sat 'down to write the answer I had promised; but as deep 'thought had made a remarkable impression on my 'countenance, my sisters, by their importunities, ex-'torted the cause from me. They are my witnesses, it 'was with an unwilling obedience I wrote my own sen-'tence. They dissuaded me from it; but in vain. 'Could I refuse SCOTUS any thing? had he asked my 'life, I would have given it him: and at his request I 'sacrificed my happiness to him, which was dearer than 'life.

'The messenger came. I delivered my letter with 'my own hands, and bade him tell his master, He was 'a villain. The man stood surprized, and asked me 'what I said: I repeated again with a louder accent, 'Tell your master he is a villain: satisfied that he un-'derstood my words, he went immediately; and with 'him went my comfort, my happiness, my all!

'Since that fatal day I have received none of SCO-'TUS's addresses. So industrious has he been to merit 'that title, which he requested me to give him. I 'have wrote to him—wrote to him with tears! but in 'his answers, coldness guided his pen, and perfidy 'dictated his sentences. He has by his own hand 'signed a resolution never more to renew his courtship, 'never more to ease my anguish, never more to retrieve 'his honour!

'Thus have I, through affection, cut that knot, 'which no soul could have untied; and through a de-'sire of making SCOTUS my own for ever, set him at 'liberty to be for ever another's.

I am,

Mr. CENTINEL's *humble servant,*

SYLVIA.

Digitized by Google

No. 47. *Tuesday, September 6th,* 1757.

Veluti in speculo.

AMONG the many opportunities which men have to acquire a knowledge of mankind, I have always considered the advantage of frequenting coffee-houses to be one of the greatest: a man of a speculative turn may draw more useful observations from what passes at one of these public places of resort, in one week, than he can in a twelvemonth's connection with a large circle of private acquaintance. In private company, every man is expected to bear a part in the conversation, which greatly withdraws his attention from the particularities in the characters of those with whom he converses: but in a coffee-house, you may sit silently, and attend to every individual, and your taciturnity will not be suspected.

The company at each of these houses, for the most part, is composed of different classes of men, which are all united at that grand capital the Bedford. Here stockjobbers, politicians, physicians, metaphysicians, philosophers, wits, fops, gamesters, authors, and critics (the terror of authors) form the various group. Here that dread tribunal, *The Court of Criticism* is held: at which GALLICUS sits as president.

GALLICUS is a wit from his residence: he is one of those formidable geniuses called *Templars*. In the morning, so soon as he rises, he goes to the coffee house, where you may see him surrounded with news-papers, and enveloped in observation: there he marks such passages as he thinks the discourse of the day most likely to turn upon, and he meditates a reply to whatever may be said on this subject.

GALLICUS

Digitized by Google

GALLICUS has ſenſe enough to diſcover the foibles of mankind: though his endeavours are not ſo much to know men, as to be known by all men. He is ſenſible that any thing particular in behaviour is ſtriking, and draws the attention of the unthinking, who are apt to miſtake ſuch an affectation of manners as a mark of latent wiſdom. He has therefore practiſed ſingularity 'till it is become natural to him. He is called by all who know him, *the odd* GALLICUS—and he is pleaſed with the appellation. His whole aim has been directed to acquire it, and he is happy in the acquiſition.

He is not one of thoſe voluble wits who are every minute attempting to be poignant: no, far from it; he avoids loquacity, leſt it ſhould lead him to reveal his ſentiments, and betray the depth of his underſtanding; for it is the whole ſecret of his conduct to appear profound and unfathomable: for this reaſon he ſeldom enters into argument, but ſits penſive and taciturn, 'till in the courſe of converſation he has marked ſome little impropriety of ſpeech, or ſome inadvertent reflection, which may make way for his well-timed apothegm. When he has ſpoke, he never fails to wink and ſimper, 'till one of the company, who knows the meaning of his ſtrange geſticulations, hails the joke; and then the reſt join in the laugh, and admire the drineſs of his wit. Aſk you where it lies? not in the words—you may ſearch 'till the Greek calends and not find it—they have no meaning—the wit lies in their utterance by an oddity, after an odd manner. Why I have known him gain the applauſe of a company for a whole evening, only by repeating three words after another man, with a quaint tone of voice, accompanied with a ſignificant wink. Whether it is the gift of Nature, or acquired by Art, is hard to determine; but GALLICUS is ſo happy in his countenance that you may read ſomething like wit in his face, though he ſays nothing.

But theſe are the leaſt of his pretenſions. GALLICUS is *heir* to Wit in the *collateral line*: nay, he is ſaid formerly to have wrote a letter or two in the news-paper himſelf: and then he has ſtudied (you have his own

Digitized by Google

word for it) nine hours every day for several years past. After this, dispute his being a wit you who dare

Here the debauched CLODIO makes his appearance. Who would take CLODIO for a married man? but to his shame, the world knows he is. His wife had beauty —he seeks for no other perfection in a woman. CLODIO was distracted to possess her: she inflamed his eagerness by opposition—he could not conquer her virtue. What was to be done? her birth was low, and her education mean; no matter—CLODIO must enjoy her at any rate—he desperately married her. The ardour of his passion soon abated; and satiated with her charms, he resolved to bury her from the world: he confined her to a convent, but the laws of his country obliged him to restore her to her liberty. Reduced to the disagreeable alternative of either living with her, or allowing her a separate maintenance, he affectionately made choice of the latter. It is sufficient that she is his wife, for him to detest her: had she been his mistress, CLODIO would have adored her.

There is not a prostitute in town but is familiar with CLODIO, and he glories in the familiarity. The whole business of his life is sensuality; and all his conversation is obscenity. With what pleasure he relates the successful progress of his amours, and expresses his raptures, that the crisis of his joy is near at hand. The wished-for hour comes—his mistress yields—and CLODIO has the mortification to recede, without enjoying the fruits of her compliance. But it is enough—he has the glory of debauching her mind. But let the unguarded maid beware—for though she may even repose herself in his arms, with security to her person, yet but to look at him is loss of reputation.

Though CLODIO always seems lively, and full of spirits, yet amidst all his forced gaiety he is restless and miserable.

At the bottom of an advertisement, inserted daily in the news-papers, by one *J. O.* is an admirable *nota bene*, by which he promises a cure for a most tormenting disorder, to which age is incident: and I seriously recommend CLODIO to his care: for though he is young,

Digitized by Google

yet as he has anticipated the effects of age by his incontinence, I advise him by all means to avail himself of the remedy.

The narrow limits of my paper will not suffer me to present the reader with many other portraits, not less ridiculous than GALLICUS, nor less vicious than CLODIO: but from these he may learn, that Affectation is so far from being a mark of Wisdom, that the discerning always esteem it as the mark of Ignorance: and that the paths of Sensuality are so far from directing the debauchee to real Pleasure, and true Renown, that they lead him quite distant from the road to virtuous Fame, and tranquil Felicity, and draw him into the vale of *Misery* and Contempt.

If any think themselves injured by these descriptions, let them not be offended at the author—but carefully compare the copy with the original; and when they find the likeness, their detestation of the similitude, will, I hope, produce such an alteration of conduct, as for the future will afford a most amiable contrast.

G

No. 48. *Saturday, September 10th*, 1757.

Sensit Alexander testa cum vidit in illa
Magnum habitatorem quanto felicior hic qui
Nil cuperet quamqui totum sibi posceret orbem.

JUVENAL.

SIR, To the CENTINEL.

'THERE was a time when in every wealthy 'family, a bell rung at noon to say, dinner is 'upon the table, and invite all that were within 'the sound. This was the old hospitality of our 'country; but as the honest Antigallican* says, since 'we have become *Britons*, we have forgot that we are 'ENGLISHMEN.

* Dr. FREE.

Digitized by Google

'The letter of our cuſtoms may remain when their 'ſpirit is loſt. The bell ſtill rings in many a noble 'houſe; but high walls and fierce maſtiffs, and French 'footmen and Swiſs porters, deny acceſs to thoſe who 'might fancy they were ſummoned. The unhoſpitable 'gates never open to the indigent, rarely to the worthy: 'for who now dines with the great, that wants or that 'deſerves it?

'The call reaches no farther than the circle of do-'meſtics; let its ſound be confined to the ſame place. 'Is there any reaſon that the noiſe ſhould not be kept 'within the bounds of his honour's walls, ſince his 'hoſpitality never exceeded thoſe limits? need a whole 'neighbourhood be informed by ſound of bell, that 'Mr. *What's-his-name* is going to dinner? or upon 'what authority has he the inſolence to diſturb a thou-'ſand people, who has not the humanity to invite one 'of them?

'I aſſure you, Mr. CENTINEL, I write from what I 'feel; and as there is no ſhame in honeſt poverty, I 'ſhall not bluſh to own it. Permit me to tell you my 'real ſituation; and you will find the complaint riſes 'neither from impertinence nor envy.

'Upon the word of a clergyman, I am honoured 'with that order; nor have I in ſix-and-forty years 'diſgraced it, unleſs by the holes in my robe. Theſe 'indeed were ſo numerous many years ago, that they 'gave occaſion for the wits to call me *Parſon Cullender*.

'I ſtudied in my younger days to qualify myſelf for 'preferment: but I miſtook my talents: I imagined, 'that the clergyman who underſtood his office, was 'what men call an able divine; but that title I have 'ſince found, ſignifies one who is able to live like his 'patron; and this I could not reach, being in part 'hindered by my health, and in part by my conſcience.

'I have long ſince, you may imagine, been a biſhop 'in my hopes; nay, I have arrived at the dignity of 'a prebendary by promiſe: but finding myſelf unquali-'fied for deſerving more from the great than the pro-'miſe of ſuch things, I have long ſince given up all 'theſe kind of expectations. I live as unknown in the

'world

'world as if I had not a name: and as content (that 'let me be bold to say) as if the king had dignified it 'with a title. My employment is doing out-door duty 'for curates and clerks in orders, of the rich parishes, 'in bad weather; and my allowance, moderate as they 'make it, is almost sufficient for my expence. I desire 'but one meal a day; and cloaths cost me very little, 'for I am never called upon to officiate but before or 'after day-light.

'One would think a man that desires so little, and 'gets very near as much, had a right to live in peace; 'especially as he keeps so many in idleness: but the 'tranquility I had long enjoyed is now broken, and 'disturbed daily by the offence of which I have com-'plained in the beginning of this letter.

'For the convenience of being near the parish of '*Saint George*, I have resided two-and-twenty years in 'Darkling-alley, Swallow-street. You will image 'to yourself the room and furniture, without my de-'scribing either: but to such a pitch of heroic content-'ment had I brought myself by philosophy, innocence 'and religion, that I slept sound, and waked chearful 'in this poor apartment; and when I welcomed some 'evening visiter in the same circumstance, have often 'received him with

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo.

'As the evening calls me to my duty, the afternoon 'I have accustomed myself to spend in study; and I 'have been used to enjoy that feast without interruption. 'The lighter my preceeding meal, the clearer my facul-'ties: and often has this food of the soul made me for-'get the want of that for the body.

'But, sir, these days of happiness are at an end. A 'person who has in trade acquired the fortune of a 'lord, has taken a house in one of these largest streets, 'whose back extends to our territories. A duke, who 'before lived there, never gave me any disturbance. 'Either he taught his family to know their hours, or 'the summons was rung within doors: but our new

'inhabitant

'inhabitant has hung up a huge bell over his ſtables; 'and at four this rings to ſay, Himſelf is ſitting down 'to dinner: at five it ſounds again, by way of grace 'to the ſecond table; and in half an hour more, for the 'rabble of the kitchen.

'Now, ſir, the peace of my life is wholly deſtroyed 'by this clamorous innovation. I have my reaſons not 'to remove; and what is to be my redreſs I know not, 'unleſs I may expect it from you: tell my lordly neigh-'bour nothing can be ſo cruel as the putting people in 'mind of dinner who have nothing to eat; and that if 'he will cauſe this bell to be rung, he ought to let in all 'that hear it; it is unfitting and unnatural that ſo ho-'ſpitable a ſound ſhould be in its effect ſo cruel.

'In a fair ſeaſon, or ſlackneſs of buſineſs from any 'other cauſe, when I have read my dinner in SENECA, 'and as perfectly forgot hunger as if Nature had given 'man no ſuch appetite, I am ſtartled by this ſound; 'when I have juſt got my philoſophical tea before me 'in a page of St. AUSTIN, the ſecond alarm breaks in 'upon me; and by that time I am beginning to recover 'from the third, the pariſh-boy, as ſtarved as myſelf, 'and almoſt as tattered, raps at my door for the duty 'of the evening. Study and contemplation are all I 'require: 'tis hard theſe ſhould be denied me. Can it 'be juſt or reaſonable, ſir, that he who indulges no 'part but the ſoul, ſhould be at the mercy of one 'whom Fortune, perhaps Fraud, have ſet at a giddy 'height, and who never found out that he had any 'thing but body.

'Tell the earthworm he is poor; for riches truly 'exiſt in contentment: bid him reſpect his betters, 'though the ſame Fortune have dreſſed them in rags, 'or lodged in lofts and garrets: inform him, that by 'this diſhoneſt noiſe, he is guilty of a robbery, though 'out of the letter of our laws; for that my peace and 'ſatisfaction are as much my own, as his plate and 'jewels, and of as much value.

'I deſire no more than I have, and human nature 'never had leſs; remind him that he ought in juſtice to 'leave me in the poſſeſſion of it; and add, for it is

'true,

Digitized by Google

'true, that he may then look upon this DIOGENES with
'the eyes of ALEXANDER; owning with that sovereign
'of the world, how much he is excelled in happiness
'by one who does not condescend to wish for riches.

W *Yours, &c.*

J. L.

No. 49. *Tuesday, September 13th,* 1757.

Siquæret pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam. HOR.

AS I was passing along the streets a few days ago, I was unavoidably witness to a scene with which I was most disagreeably affected. A rude mob were gathered around some ballad-singers, one of whom carried a figure seated in a chair, and which was intended to represent the person of the French king. It was dressed in all the fantastic modes which could be contrived to make it ridiculous, and excite the laughter of the populace: but not content to raise their mirth by dumb show, they sung a song, which was a vulgar kind of burlesque, adapted to ridicule the meagre emaciated figure which they bore aloft in the chair. I was displeased, but not surprized, at a practice of this sort in an uncivilized multitude, but I was astonished to observe this low kind of mummery applauded by several, whose appearance seemed to denote that they were of more than middling station in life.

No man has a greater detestation against the French, on account of their daring perfidious attempts, than myself; nor would any one more readily concur in chastising these foes to peace and honor: but though it is a duty which we owe to our king and country, to treat them as enemies, it is at the same time a justice which we owe to ourselves, to behave like men. We ought

Digitized by Google

ought to imitate the amiable moderation of our gracious sovereign. who. while he denounced war against the French king and his subjects, at the same time assured those, within the British dominions, that while they demeaned themselves well they should be intitled to his protection.

Possibly, it may not be politic at this time to check, or controul such a wrong-directed spirit among the vulgar: as they always act from passion, instead of reason, it may be right to permit them to vent their violence in their own preposterous manner, lest their ardor should subside, and leave them cool in the defence of their country at this alarming period. But those of higher class, who have had the benefit of education, should entertain more rectified notions; they should be sensible, that though it is an indispensible obligation on them to resent, and revenge the hostile attempts of these natural foes to Britain; that yet, notwithstanding, they ought to differ from the brutal multitude, both in the manner of their resentment and the measure of their revenge.

To make a crowned head the subject of mockery is an insult on royalty in general; and though we should detest, and by all possible means annoy any potentate, who is at enmity with our sovereign and his subjects, yet we ought not to vilify or ridicule majesty. The person of a monarch is not a theme for burlesque; for though we owe no obedience to foreign powers, yet we owe them respect as brothers to the sovereign to whom we are bound to pay allegiance.

All verbal invectives, all insults by mimic gesticulations, are unbecoming the dignity of a man: great souls war with the enemy, and not the man; they can distinguish between a resolution to procure just reparation, and a mean design of gratifying malevolence, by ignoble, unmanly resentment: they will exert their fortitude to obtain retribution for injuries sustained, but they will not do injustice to their own characters, by a misguided and unworthy retaliation: they will soften their indignant rage with the mildness of humanity, and temper just revenge with christian-like forgiveness: as they are more

nice

Digitized by Google

nice and tender of their honor than the vulgar, ſo are they more ſuſceptible of clemency and pity.

They who are not moved without cauſe, are more readily appeaſed, than thoſe who are offended, they know not why; for what terms of accommodation can be propoſed to a man who does not know wherein he has been injured? this is the caſe with regard to the precipitate mob: they know not wherefore they are irritated, and the object of their blind fury will therefore find them inexorable.

But though it may not at this time be prudent to damp their intemperate heat, yet in a nation of liberty like ours, the wrong-directed ſpirit and inſolent raillery of the multitude is greatly to be dreaded, if not timely reſtrained; for the moſt precarious event will alter their diſpoſitions, and render them as virulently ſeditious againſt the friends of their country, as they are now acrimoniouſly vindictive againſt its enemies. Let but the ſpirit of faction and ſedition whiſper in the ſofteſt ſtrain of diſcontent, and they will be as forward to carry the effigy of their beſt benefactor in mock proceſſion, as they are now to bear that of LEWIS *the fifteenth*.

This propenſity to Rude Inſult among the populace ſhould be checked in all governments. In abſolute monarchies it ſhould be curbed, leſt it ſhould gain an aſcendant, and deſtroy the power of the crown; in limitted monarchies, ſuch as ours, where Liberty flouriſhes in the full bloom of political felicity, it ought to be no leſs confined, leſt it ſhould ſubvert the happy conſtitution which inſpires its licentious vigor, and with unbounded frenzy riot into exceſs of anarchy. The vulgar, rude as they are, are to be guided with a thread, before they grow warm in their career; but when they are in the full ſpeed of motion, the ſharpeſt curb will not check their impetuoſity.

It is the office therefore of the cool and temperate to direct their motions; and the index to which the majority will infallibly attend—is Example: let thoſe, therefore, who have opportunities of judging in public and national affairs, form their concluſions with impartial judgment, and impart their opinions with honeſt candor.

Let

Digitized by Google

Let no falſe pride, or mean ambition, tempt them to bely the convictions of their conſcience, and miſlead thoſe who blindly and implicitly confide in their determinations. Let them inſpire the ardor of oppoſition, wherever they judge it neceſſary, that its ſpirit ſhould pervade; but when they attempt to rouze a turbulent paſſion in unruly breaſts, they ſhould at the ſame time endeavour to direct the manner of its operation: or the fire which they have indiſcreetly kindled, will blaze beyond all power of extinction.

As we have all along, during the whole courſe of the conteſt, in which the French have inſidiouſly engaged us, ſhewn ourſelves ſuperior to them in reaſon and argument, ſo let us prove ourſelves above them in breeding and magnanimity. Let us oppoſe and chaſtize them like men, and not mock and vilify them like women.

Inactive reproach and contumely, is the mark of a daſtard effeminate ſpirit: let Britons diſdain to incur the imputation of ſuch puſilanimity: let them carry their ſarcaſm in their ſwords, not in their tongues: let them prove the imbecility and unimportance of the French king and his ſubjects, on the *ocean* and in the *field;* and not meanly attempt to make him the mark of contempt, by expoſing a fantaſtic figure, equipped in all the mimic modes of vulgar imagination, through the ſtreets of London. We are marked throughout Europe for ſolidity: let us vindicate our characters, and leave ſuch childiſh revenge to our trifling enemies.

G

Saturday,

Digitized by Google

No. 50. *Saturday, September 17th, 1757.*

Felices errore ſuo. LUCAN.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

'I Like your paper; becauſe you ſtrike on the general 'ſubjects which are every day before us: and am 'not ſorry that you but ſeldom touch upon *politics*; 'for really they are at beſt but uncertain affairs; and 'even in the late affair of the embarkation; I don't 'know whether the delay has not been providential, 'even though we have loſt a few thouſand pounds by '*tranſport* contracts and *victualling* jobbs; for you ſee 'the weather is now calm and ſettled; whereas, had our '100, 90 and 80 gun ſhips, been on the coaſt of France 'in the hurricane of laſt Sunday ſe'nnight, I fear the 'whole expedition would have been abortive, with the 'additional loſs perhaps of half a ſcore men of war, 'and as many tranſports.——What ſays Mr. POPE on 'all human diſappointments?

And, 'ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's 'ſpite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

'But I deſigned giving you a hint of what I am ſure 'you have not yet touched upon, and which I think 'very neceſſary; and this is, that *ſevere* education, and 'the purſuit of *ſcience*, ſeems all at an end, and books of 'novels and pleaſantry, which don't fatigue the mind, 'are all the reigning mode.

'Formerly every great houſe building, or built, had 'a particular room ſet apart for a *ſtudy* or *library*— 'there is no ſuch thing now! for if there is a room 'larger than ordinary, it is a million to one if it is not 'a *dancing* room—at leaſt, the ladies of the houſe call

Digitized by Google

'it so. But if there is a room set apart by that name 'now, which is sometimes, though not often the case, 'what does it consist of?—China jars upon *brackets*, '*busloes* at the angles of every pediment; *bronzes* over 'every chimney, and *fire-arms* in the shapes of sun, 'moon and stars, in every pannel.

'I was visiting the other morning at a friend's house, 'when the following colloquy passed between a vene-'rable mathematical teacher and a very fine lady, in 'relation to her foolish eldest son, who sate by, with 'his *fluft gloves* and *target* on, and a *foil* in his hand, 'in expectation of his *fencing*-master every minute.—'You will soon find the lady is an *upstart*, though rich 'as a Jewess.

"*Lady.* Sir, I hear you are very *notified* in your "way for teaching mathematics. That is my son, "there—and a most ingenious boy he is—his dancing-"master and fencing-master give him such a character "that it would please you to hear them speak his praises. "He danced a minuet in three months—and he speaks "French like a native.——Pray, try him;—he will "have a vast fortune—for I was an heiress——pray "examine him.

"*Master.* Madam, I had rather not; unless it was "in something more essential to his welfare and happi-"ness than any of the *studies* you mention.——If you "call them by that name, I do not—they are but "ornaments at best—are the embroidery to the coat—"but that alone would not keep him warm, Madam.

"*Lady.* Lord, sir, you are the only man that ever "spoke against the *liberal* arts! I am mistaken, I find, "and must find out another.

"*Master.* You are very welcome, madam; for I "should not chuse to teach *science* where such trifles "bear the name of *liberal* arts.

"*Lady.* Well, sir, I warrant you there are masters "enough in your way—though I never shall suit myself "with such excellent ones as I have now for the other "studies.——But pray, sir, before we part (if we do "part) pray what may your *terms* be? I should like to "know how you rate yourself, however.

"*Master.*

Digitized by Google

" *Maſter.* Why, madam, five guineas a month, " and ten guineas entrance——I have oftener more " than leſs——nor does any one of my acquaintance " diſpute it, when the great uſes of mathematics are " properly conſidered.

" *Lady.* Ha, ha, ha! well——I ſhall laugh all " day, I find——Ha, ha, ha,—— five guineas a month, " and ten guineas entrance——Ha, ha, ha,——Why, " I pay my *dancing*-maſter but a little more than that " —Ha, ha, ha,—who comes in his chariot like a " gentleman.

" *Maſter.* Madam, I ſee you are diſpoſed to be " faſhionable—and ſo adieu.—I would not teach your " ſon for twenty guineas a month—and an 100l. en- " trance.—A perſon who will prefer the *heels* to the " *head* ſhall never have me a preceptor in their houſe."

' ——And ſo they parted.

' The old gentleman flapped his hat (as it rained) ' when at the ſame time the *dancing-maſter* and *fencing-* ' *maſter* came in ſedan chairs, and rudely ſhoved by ' him, as though he was the *dun* of ſome honeſt tradeſ- ' man.——This affair happened laſt week in ſight of ' the dial, and within the ſound (of courſe) of St. ' James's palace clock, on the 7th of September, in ' the year of our Lord 1757; which ought to be put ' down in the liſt of the almanac remarkables, more ' than half which are there.

Your conſtant reader,

CATO.

Mr. CENTINEL,

' I Flouriſhed and lived well, till my wife, who before ' marriage, was the greateſt coquet living, and ' the moſt careleſs about any life but the preſent, all ' of a ſudden turned *methodiſt*. I had rather of the ' two ſhe had turned a gameſter, a drunkard, and even ' worſe; for now I ſee ruin equally before me; and as ' in the former caſes I ſhould have gained a little pity, ' now if I fail, I ſhall rather, I fear, be laughed at. ' My houſe, which was once a picture to look at, is

Digitized by Google

'now never clean. If I seem to be uneasy at it, the 'immediate answer is, "what signifies an *earthly* man-"sion? fix your mind on an *heavenly* one, and never "concern yourself about such trifles, *poor worm!*" 'Well, all of a sudden the fishmongers, the poulterers, 'the butchers shops, are ransacked for a magnificent 'entertainment, and the pastry-cooks, confectioners 'and fruiterer, in their turn, for a desert equivalent to 'it. I of course expect some worthy family is invited, 'who may be of service to me in my way of trade, 'when to my surprise, in comes a solitary priest with 'my wife, says a prayer over the feast (at which I whet 'my knife, thinking as the showmen, that we are just 'going to *begin away*) and then telling us that Luxury 'is the reverse of Christianity, like SANCHO's wand, 'with a beckon, he orders all away to *beggars, prison-'ers*, &c. &c. and in their room has bread and butter, 'rice-milk, &c. &c. set before us, with high commen-'dations of Temperance and Frugality.

'Mr. CENTINEL, I am no enemy to Temperance 'and Frugality; but why must I first be at all this 'expence? if I tell them I shall be nothing less than a '*bankrupt*, they cry, "God send you may! misfortunes "are proofs of your being his *elect*, and even a jail is "a paradise, compared to the torments of the prison "hereafter, and happy is he who is so prepared for the "other in the world to come, by first having one here." 'Pretty comfort this! Mr. CENTINEL: I laid by a 'sum, hardly earned, the other day, to pay my land-'lord; next day it was gone: I was in hopes I was 'robbed in the common way, if robbed at all, and 'that I might get some of it back again, or punish 'the delinquents; but, alas! my wife's confessor had 'taken it to help on the propagation of the gospel, or 'build tabernacles with it. Sure charity should begin 'at home! What is to become of us? for all my 'children are ragged, while strangers are cloathed in 'rich array, and *fare very sumptuously every day*. 'When I talk of laying up fortunes for them, I am 'piously answered, "not to take any thought for to-"morrow." And the other evening, when I was in

'hopes,

Digitized by Google

'hopes, and had invited a friend to eat a blade-bone of 'a ſhoulder of mutton with me, I was told "it was "gone to the poor; *and that he who feedeth the poor* "*lendeth to the Lord.*" This is my unhappy ſituation. I 'ſhould have been a rich man had my wife been like the 'ladies of St. James's, who only ſpend a few odd 'guineas, or perhaps ſhillings, at cards, while I (by 'means of a religious wife) ſquander thouſands; for I 'think it may be called ſo, when not one of the per-'ſons relieved is expected to be grateful, and they cry, "ſo it ought to be; that proves the charity *real*, as "there are no hopes of a return.

Your humble ſervant,
MERCATOR.

HENCEFORWARD, The CENTINEL *will be publiſhed every morning (except Sunday) in the daily paper, intitled*, The CITIZEN.

No. 51. *Monday, September 19th*, 1757.

The rabble gather round the man of news
And liſten with their mouths.
Some tell, ſome hear, ſome judge of news, ſome make it,
And he that lies moſt loud is moſt believ'd.
DRYDEN's *Spaniſh Friar.*

YESTERDAY I received the following letter from my Couſin SENTRY, which without further introduction I offer my reader for this day's amuſement.

Coverley-Hall, Sept. 14th, 1757.

DEAR COUSIN,

'IN my laſt I gave you a liſt of the neighbouring 'gentlemen with whom I dined at the bowling-green 'meeting, and among the reſt mentioned 'ſquire TADPOLE, who is to be the ſubject of this letter. At the

Digitized by Google

'breaking out of this war there broke out in him such 'a rage for politics that his friends apprehended his 'reason to be in danger, and upon my settling here re-'quested I would be so kind as to reason with him upon 'the folly of such a passion, and the ill consequence 'the indulgence of it might produce. For this purpose 'I paid him a visit, and in course of conversation told 'him, that if he gave way to that extravagance much 'longer, his relations would be under the disagreeable 'necessity of suing for a commission of Lunacy against 'him. The fear of becoming a ward of the court of 'Chancery, and having the conduct of his fortune put 'into strange hands, contributed more than all the en-'deavours of his acquaintance towards restoring him to 'his senses; insomuch that for several days he continued 'a tolerable companion, would talk reasonably upon 'common occurrences, and could even read a journal 'without any extraordinary emotion.

'But alas! to his great misfortune, and my no small 'concern, Mr. TADPOLE's phrenzy is returned, and 'affects him with more violence than ever. The first 'symptoms of this relapse appeared about a month ago 'that he was in London, when his sleep was observed 'to be uncommonly uneasy; he arose much earlier than 'usual, and immediately went with great precipitation, 'especially on Saturdays, to a neighbouring coffee-'house, where his impatience for the public papers 'frequently got the better of his natural complaisance 'and good manners. Sometimes he would huddle as 'many as he could get together, place himself in some 'remote corner of the room, and would not be pre-'vailed on to part with one till he had read them all, 'though twenty persons were waiting for them. At 'other times, if he met with a furious declamation 'against the ministry, a subject to which he was re-'marked to pay a more particular attention, the whole 'company were obliged to hear it repeated by him, 'with additional comments on the justice of the abuse.

'The general fear that he would draw upon himself 'many inconveniences, induced his friends to join in 'their persuasions that he would return into the country; 'our intreaties succeeded, and the greatest care has been

'taken

Digitized by Google

'taken to prevent his coming at the ſight of any news-'paper, but unfortunately one evening upon a viſit to 'the curate (for the living is too good a one to engage 'the reſidence of the rector, who rather chuſes to 'mind the duties of his prebendſhip in London) he 'unfortuuately, I ſay, having behaved pretty well for 'about ten days, met with a diſtinguiſhed Evening 'Poſt that happened accidentally to encloſe ſome rib-'bands and other baubles imported into the country: 'he ſnatched it with great eagerneſs, and when he went 'home, appeared greatly confuſed; for ſome hours he 'continued traverſing his hall with lengthened haſty 'ſtrides, and was heard to mutter, "aye, I knew it "would be ſo; —— poor England —— miniſters —— "—— halters —— men —— meaſures," and many 'ſuch incoherencies, in a tone that expreſſed a mixture 'of deſpair and vehemence.

'Madmen as well as knaves have their degrees of 'cunning, which they fail not to make uſe of with great 'diligence for the attainment of their wiſhes. Being 'fully reſolved to gratify his paſſion for news, he found 'means to render ineffectual all our precautions to pre-'vent it. The barber of a country village is not looked 'upon as a perſon of the leaſt conſquence in it; to 'him Mr. TADPOLE applied, ſure of not being re-'fuſed any favour he condeſcended to aſk: ſince which 'he is regularly ſupplied with all the papers by a cor-'reſpondent of this barber's, who thereby has the 'honour of enjoying the 'ſquire's ſole confidence; an 'honour that promiſes at preſent to be not a little de-'trimental to the poor man's family.

'At Mr. TADPOLE's deſire, I laſt week took a ride 'to Tadpole-hall, which is about ſix miles from Co-'verley: on my arrival my friend received me with 'ſeeming chearfulneſs and compoſure; we paſſed the 'afternoon very agreeably, and with particular pleaſure 'I obſerved that he made no enquiries about public 'affairs: but towards evening he began to grow ſome-'what uneaſy: about eight o' clock he inveighed 'ſtrongly againſt the dilatorineſs of ſtage-coachmen: 'and as ſoon as ſupper was over he very civilly deſired

'me

'me to go to bed, by putting me in mind that perhaps I might be tired with my ride.

'I could not help being at first somewhat surprized 'at this sudden change in Mr. TADPOLE's behaviour; 'the occasion of which, as I afterwards was informed, 'was owing to his having heard of the arrival of the 'coach: however I acquiesced, and retired; and he 'made all possible speed to his confident, the barber, 'with whom he found a packet of news-papers, the 'perusal and remarking upon which busied him till 'about two in the morning.

'Being up sooner than the rest of the family, and 'finding the door of the study open, I thought to 'amuse myself with reading till called upon for break-'fast: the first object that struck me was, that instead 'of that neatness and regularity with which he used to 'keep his books, to see them scattered up and down, 'and the whole room in perfect disorder; but I was 'much more amazed to find upon the table several 'written papers folded up like lawyers' briefs, and en-'dorsed *Sejanus*, the *Spencers*, *Cavestion*, *Suffolk*, *Wolsey*, *Buckingham*, *Cabal*, &c. &c. On another 'part of the table lay a parcel of letters directed to 'Mr. ——— near ———: as I had never suspected 'my friend's disorder had arrived at so great a height 'as to induce him to commence author, curiosity pre-'vailed over good manners, and I ventured to exa-'mine his lucubrations. From the former of these I 'found he had employed himself in searching history, 'as well antient as modern, for weak administrations 'and wicked ministers, merely for the sake of making 'invidious comparisons. The latter were severally 'signed *Probus*, *Honestus* or *Britannicus*, and were 'calculated to load the ministry with all the odium of 'our late miscarriages.

'While I was thus employed, Mr. TADPOLE him-'self came in, and with an air of confusion said, "well, 'friend, I perceive you have discovered me, nor shall 'I make any secret to you of my design in these "writings. You know what sad times we live in; "should you call a great man a rogue or rascal *by name*, it "is fifty to one but that he will try to punish you by "law:

Digitized by Google

" law: it is neceſſary that ſomebody ſhould watch for " the public, and endeavour to open the eyes of the " people. This taſk I have voluntarily taken upon " myſelf; the *Monitor* is a ſpirited paper, and I intend " to make uſe of that channel for carrying my obſerva- " tions upon bad miniſters. As to the letters, you ſee " where they are directed, and I have had the pleaſure " of ſeeing ſome of my communications in print."

' I heard him with great calmneſs, and conſidering ' this as a lucid interval, was once about endeavouring ' to argue with him; but being interrupted by a ſum- ' mons to breakfaſt, had only an opportunity of obſerv- ' ing to him, that in my opinion, ſhould any body ' be inclined to ſue for a commiſſion, thoſe very papers ' and letters would be ſufficient evidence to juſtify any ' jury in finding him a Lunatic.

' Breakfaſt over, another and a more melancholy ' conſequence of my friend's infatuation offered itſelf ' to my notice. Having, in order to dreſs for dinner, ' occaſion for the barber, his wife came and made an ' apology for his not attending himſelf, and deſired to ' ſpeak with me in private; to which I readily con- ' ſented; when the poor woman told me, that the ' neighbours all inſiſted that her huſband was mad, ' that no body would be ſhaved by him, and that ſhe ' was afraid ſhe and her five children muſt come to ' the pariſh. I enquired into the ſuppoſed cauſe of his ' madneſs, and how long he had been affected with it; ' her reply was, that he was as good a man and as well ' beloved as any one in the country, till 'ſquire TAD- ' POLE laſt came down: but, to uſe her own expreſſion, ' that ſince thoſe curſed news-papers came to their houſe, ' he has never been his own man: that he is now ' always railing at the times, though, thank God, ſays ' ſhe, we live well enough; and that no longer ago ' than the preceding Wedneſday, being at market he ' had occaſioned a general tumult, by giving out, that ' a French fleet was come as high as Staines bridge, and ' would be at Oxford the next day, where they were to ' be joined by twenty thouſand Frenchmen landed at a ' ſea-port town in Bedfordſhire.

' I did

Digitized by Google

'I did intend to have offered a few reflections upon 'the above cases; but fearing I have already tref- 'paſſed on your patience, ſhall for the preſent conclude 'with aſſuring you that you may believe me,

Your affectionate kinſman,

and humble ſervant,

ROGER COVERLEY SENTRY.

No. 52. *Tueſday, September 20th,* 1757.

Parua leues capiunt animos——— OVID.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

'MY caſe is truly melancholy, if you knew all; 'I am going to be ſacrificed in marriage, to 'an old fuſty, plain-ſhirted, worſted-ſtocking 'tradeſman, and don't know how I ſhall be able to 'eſcape the ſnare my father has laid for me—If I marry 'againſt his conſent, I fear he will never forgive me; 'and conſent, I cannot, where he would have me; ſo 'that, unleſs you can throw out a letter into the world 'againſt cruel and unkind parents, I ſhall, as ſurely as 'I now live, be found in *Roſamond's Pond* ſome Spring 'morning, or pendant in my garters on a tree near it.

'My love, Mr. CENTINEL (and I may ſurely truſt 'you with the ſecret) though only a dancing-maſter, is 'the ſweeteſt, the neateſt, and compleateſt of all human 'creatures. Every day he ſmells of a different *ſcented* 'water; he wears a white ſtock, red-heel'd ſhoes, 'carries a tall ſtick (as miſs LUCY ſays, to knock 'any one down who inſults me) and has his hair 'dreſſed every day after a new manner by his charming 'ſervant, whom he calls his *valet de chambre*—no 'common *Engliſh* ſkip I aſſure you.

'But,

'But, what I cannot resist, is his delightful method 'of *dancing*, and his mincing French words with his 'English so prettily, that one would really think they 'were made one for the other——Lord! Mr. CENTINEL, what must the French be, if these, who 'only endeavour to imitate them, are so charming? 'They talk of the French coming over to conquer us; 'it will be an easy conquest, I am sure, if my sex are 'like me; and sure we have absolute power over one 'man, if not more: and when we are all united and 'sincere, who can oppose the dear charming creatures? 'Why, if they come, they won't kill us; they love our 'sex I hear; for all their lives are spent in *gallantry*, 'and all their books wrote upon *love* and *love-stories* '—oh, charming! besides, we shall then have all their 'fashions at the first hand, and drink their charming 'wines, without nasty duties laid on them by my beastly 'countrymen, by which means, now, they are only 'the *lot* of a few, and a very few, though, thank 'God, and my papa's purse, I am one of them.

'Somebody drank *confusion to the French* yesterday at 'our house: I hated him at once, and killed his wife's 'favourite lap-dog with *arsenic* at night, because of 'his impudence. Only think of me, who have *limbs* 'and a *grace* for dancing before a king, and am never 'to appear but at a *city ball* or *sheriff's feast*. If the 'French come we shall *dance* always, I hear, and when 'we are tired, *sing*: so that every day we shall have 'diversion enough: the Lord send them here soon, 'and for this reason—because my dear love is a French-'man born, though bred here: and if my father does 'not consent to my having him, I will speak to the 'commanding officer of the French army to force my 'father into compliance, or burn his house about his 'ears; and then, where is he, Mr. CENTINEL?

'The French, I am sure (when they come) can re-'fuse me nothing. I have alway wore their fashions, 'and at the head of my father's house promoted their 'wines, and made up all their dishes from French 'receipts; so that I am sure, they will not use me ill, 'if they do not even assist me: then I know enough 'of their tongue to ask for what I want—and that shall

be

Digitized by Google

'be first to make my father give me *monsieur Fromont* 'for a husband, or take the consequence—for I can 'further say to them in French, *Brules ſa Maiſon*, 'and, I am sure, they will think themselves safe in 'doing it, when his daughter, and only daughter 'desires it.

'However, suppose at first we begin by gentle 'means, which is publishing a very severe letter against 'parents sacrificing their daughters to interest, or rather 'selling them so much a pound (like oxen in Smithfield) 'and as he reads the letter at breakfast with pleasure 'or pain, so he shall be treated hereafter, by

His most dutiful,
and obedient daughter,

Hampstead. CELIA BUCK.

'*P. S.* I hope we lie on the proper high road, if the 'French come among us——Lord! to hear M. SAXE's 'minuet played as they march along will be fine. 'Their flags, I am told, are all white and silver, like 'a *bride*'s wedding-garment. Oh, charming! Adieu.

No. 53. *Wedneſday, September 21ſt*, 1757.

——*Were I*
A ſpirit, free to chuſe for my own ſhare,
What caſe of fleſh and blood I'd pleaſe to wear;
I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear;
Or any thing but that vain animal,
Who is ſo proud of being rational. ROCH.

WHEN CARTER had finiſhed the account, which I related in my twenty ſecond paper, I opened the trunk, and found in it ſeveral packets: the firſt was a ſmall one, containing only a bottle of drops, and a letter dated from ——, and ſigned by the principal phyſician, and a juſtice of peace of

of the city, informing me that a person had arrived there sometime before, who assumed the title of a graduate physician, and dispersed printed bills, recommending an essence of his own composition, whereof the present bottle is a specimen, as an universal balsam, and an infallible remedy for all diseases, having instantly restored great numbers labouring under the most dangerous distempers, after being given over by very eminent physicians: for the truth of this he produces a long string of witnesses, and a catalogue of all the diseases he had ever heard of, which he asserted, in the most solemn manner, had been all, without exception, radically cured by his incomparable essence. The advertisements and printed bills of this quack wrought highly upon the imagination of the common people; and their faith and expectation being once raised, every distempered person among them had recourse to this great doctor: but what is more extraordinary, even people of fashion and of quality catched the infection, and were not behind the rest in credulity, for they also purchased and made use of this essence, with no small confidence of success: but time discovered that its real virtue consisted in shortening man's days: many it killed outright, and has rendered many more unhealthy for life. As few or none were relieved by the doctor, notwithstanding the great assistance his medicine received from the patient's strong faith in him; and as the people were not only cheated of their money but robbed of their health, it was thought it might be of service to the public to deliver this universal medicine into the hands of CARTER, who has charged himself with the loading of human follies. The letter concludes with complaining heavily, that no effectual method has been hitherto found to prohibit and restrain the most ignorant and knavish quacks from dispensing the most destructive physic, though such wretches justly deserve the punishment of murderers, for destroying the lives or healths of men with the felonious design of picking their pockets, under pretence of selling cures for diseases.

The next packet was larger, and contained a padded-waistcoat; the owner whereof informs me, that till very lately he has lived in a perpetual state of uneasiness

Digitized by Google

of mind, on account of a natural deformity in the make of his ſhoulders; inſomuch that he dreaded the going out of his own houſe, or aſſociating with company; ſo greatly was he diſturbed about his hump. When obliged to go abroad, he imagined all eyes were fixed on him; and if he happened to perceive any one looking at him, he bluſhed and was confounded, thinking his deformity to be the object of their contempt. He was continually reflecting upon his misfortune, and contriving ways and means to conceal it: for which purpoſe he ſometimes wore a monſtrous large bag upon the oppoſite ſhoulder, and ſometimes ſtuffed out his coat with a cuſhion. Upon coming into company he endeavoured to avoid ſhewing his back, and uſually contrived to ſtick his hump in a corner of the room: but having at length duly conſidered his own caſe, he is reſolved, for the future, not to think of his misfortune, being ſenſible that his hump is no diſgrace to him, as he did not procure it by any fault of his own; and that the conformation of this part of his body doth not influence the operations of his nobler and immortal part. He knows very well that mean and low people will laugh at, and teaze him; but he is determined to deſpiſe all ſuch fools, and will laugh and jeſt at himſelf when others are determined to make themſelves merry with him. In ſhort, he is reſolved to think and act as if he had no hump at all; and therefore has willingly reſigned his padded waiſtcoat to CARTER.

The third packet conſiſted of a very large manuſcript, the author whereof, judging it to be an extremely uſeful and valuable work, imagined that no man, who can read, would be without it; and therefore publiſhed propoſals for printing it by ſubſcription, that the bookſeller might have a leſs ſhare in his profits: but after waiting in vain a whole year, for ſubſcribers, he offered the copy to ſix bookſellers ſucceſſively, aſſuring each of them that he was the only one to whom it was offered; and ſetting forth the peculiar excellencies of the work above all other treatiſes on the ſame ſubject, as being the produce of many years labour and deep meditation. From ſome of theſe gentlemen he received no anſwer; others refuſed his offer with civility, excuſing themſelves

Digitized by Google

ſelves from engaging with him, on account of the great works they had already in hand. This ſo kindled his indignation againſt them that he repreſented them to his friends as a ſet of mercenary blockheads, who did dot know the value of a good book, and minded only what they ignorantly ſuppoſed to be their immediate profit, without any regard to the improvement of knowledge. As a laſt expedient, he wrote to no leſs than eight famous authors, to beg they would give him a preface, and recommend him to a bookſeller. In this application he met with a very unexpected diſappointment; for after all the reſt had declined the taſk, one out of friendſhip undertook to ſhew him that the publication of his work would not be for his honour: this ſo ruffled him that he was ready to break off all friendſhip with the gentleman: but while he was conſidering the reaſons which his friend had layed before him, happening to ſee CARTER paſs through the ſtreet, he ſuddenly came to the heroical reſolution of throwing his copy, with his own hand, into the cart; thus delivering himſelf from the pride and vanity of being an author, and from his anxiety of mind for the ſucceſs of his work. Indeed, CARTER was afterwards informed, that when the cart was paſt he ſhewed a little remorſe, and inſtantly reſolved to write me a letter, begging of me to recommend him to my bookſeller; but CARTER driving on, and not hearing him call, he had not time to finiſh it.

C

No. 54. *Thurſday, September 22d,* 1757.

——*Per multas oditum ſibi ſæpè figuras*
Repperit—— OVID.

THE fourth packet which CARTER brought, contained a ſelect collection of poems upon various occaſions, which their author had learned by heart, and entertained all companies with the nauſeous repetition of. He even thought them ſo valuable,

Digitized by Google

that he presented copies of this collection to several gentlemen and ladies of his acquaintance. A friend happening to be with him, whilst my cart was passing by the window, took up the author's original and gave it to the driver: the poet swore revenge against his friend, and is determined to bring an action at law against him for a robbery.

In a little box I found a watch-chain, a cane-string, a lady's picture, and a withered nosegay, without any account whatever. I conjecture they belonged to a gentleman in love, who being by some strange accident brought to his senses, in token thereof thought proper to send me these presents of his fair one.

I now proceed to give my readers an account of the packets belonging to women. In one I found a large book, well preserved and neatly covered. Eagerly turning it over, I perceived it to be a collection of receipts and remedies for most diseases, with the methods of preparing and giving them; and directions for distilling all sorts of spirits and cordial-waters. Between the leaves I found a letter to me from a gentleman, informing me that the book belonged to his wife, and had descended to her as a family-legacy; but that he had privately stole it, and delivered it to CARTER; for which he had several justifiable reasons. His wife, he tells me with a heavy heart, had been for some time extremely good, minded the affairs of her family, and gave him no cause of discontent; but that this cursed book coming into her possession had quite spoiled her, and transformed her into a different creature: for after perusing it she must needs turn doctress. She first began to visit, in that capacity, the sick in her neighbourhood; prescribing to them according to the directions of this book. He forbears to mention all the mischief she has done by undertaking the cure of diseases of which she was totally ignorant; and the sums of money she squandered in preparing her medicines; but what afflicts him much more is, that being a complete mistress of the art of making all sorts of drams, she constantly keeps her still employed; and by frequently tasting her compositions, has acquired such a liking to them that she cannot now be without them; and consequently is seldom

Digitized by Google

seldom sober. 'Hence,' says he, 'the affairs of her 'family are neglected, and her own health destroyed; 'for she is already grown pale, thin and hagged, and 'has a consumptive cough, which, shall I say I hope or 'fear, will soon bring her to the grave; for if she re- 'tains her senses, her memory will readily supply the 'loss of her book, whose directions she has so often 'read and put in practice.' His resentment, he adds, against the cause of all this mischief, is so great, that he would not suffer it to remain under his roof, and therefore sent it to me.

The next thing I found in the trunk was a box, containing several sorts of paint, both white and red, a large quantity of patches, a pocket-looking-glass, a book, and the following letter:

SIR,

'I joyfully embrace the present opportunity of deliver- 'ing all my follies into your hands. I am a gentle- 'woman, but have no great estate. Nature gave me a 'fond heart, but neither beauty nor wealth enough to 'make any man fall in love with me. The supplying 'my defect of beauty by art hath long employed my 'thoughts. I spent many hours every day at my toilet, 'endeavouring to hide the faults, and heighten the 'beauties of my face, with paint, patches, and other 'little artifices: but finding them ineffectual, and that, 'after all my pains, the men rather laugh at than 'admire me, I determined to send you all my follies, 'which I must own have been greatly increased by a 'constant reading of this famous French treatise upon 'the art of preserving beauty, wherewith I was highly 'delighted: but I hope I am now entirely cured of 'those follies, and am determined to acquire, in their 'room, such accomplishments as may fit me, though no 'beauty, to make a good wife. I should despise the 'man who would have me for nothing but beauty; 'and am, sir, &c.'

CARTER informed me, that one evening, when he inn'd at ———, a young gentlewoman, in a night-dress, delivered him a packet; but when she was gone a

Digitized by Google

little way from him, came back haſtily, and with a deep ſigh, begged of him to return it to her. CARTER learnt from her maid, 'that the packet contained a 'ring and a letter; both which ſhe received from a 'young nobleman, whilſt he was at the univerſity; 'that the ring he made her a preſent of, when he gave 'her a promiſe of marriage; that in the letter he re-'news his promiſe, but that it was not likely he will 'keep it, notwithſtanding all the favours ſhe has 'granted him.'

I now looked upon my trunk as empty, when CARTER produced another letter, and a box containing a biſhop's gown and lawn ſleeves, which, the letter acquainted us, belonged to a young ſtudent in divinity, who having a great opinion of his own abilities, expected to be nominated, in a ſhort time, to ſome biſhopric, and ordered this gown to be made beforehand, that, by wearing it in his chamber, he might accuſtom himſelf to it, and ſee what a noble figure he made in it. But, after pleaſing himſelf ſome years with theſe ſweet lulling hopes, he found himſelf obliged to accept of a poor curacy, where ſuch a dreſs would by no means ſuit him. He now laments his folly, and the unneceſſary expence he put himſelf to; and, to ſhew his true contrition, ſends me his epiſcopal habit; to be returned him whenever he may really want it.

Mr. CARTER deſires my leave to have drawings made of this his firſt loading; and to diſpoſe of the prints in his future expeditions; but of this I ſhall farther conſider; though he has already been pleaſed to ſit for his own picture, with all the *inſignia* of his office about him. C

Friday,

Digitized by Google

No. 55. *Friday, September 23d,* 1757.

Garrulus hunc quando consumet cumque. Loquaces Si sapeat, vitet.

HOR.

To the CENTINEL.

SIR,

'I HAVE read in TAVERNIER, or some other traveller, of an English merchant who was cured 'of an inveterate gout, by a severe bastinado pre-'scribed by a Turkish chians in his return to Constan-'tinople with the head of an unfortunate bachau. It 'was, doubtless, a severe remedy, and not very easily 'administered; but it proved so effectual that the patient 'never failed, during the remainder of his life, to 'drink every day to the health of his musselman-phy-'sician. Though I never underwent such painful appli-'cation, I myself have been cured of a bad habit by a 'very unpalatable medicine; to use the phrase of 'SHAKESPEAR, a certain person *gave me the bastinado 'with his tongue.*

'You must know I am a middle-aged man in good 'circumstances, arising from the profits of a creditable 'profession which I have exercised for many years, 'with equal industry and circumspection. At the age of 'twenty-six I married the daughter of an eminent 'apothecary, with whom I received a comfortable 'addition to my fortune; the honey-moon was scarce 'over when we mutually found ourselves mismatched; 'she had been educated in notions of pleasure; and I 'had flattered myself that she would be contented with 'domestic enjoyments, and place among that number 'the care of her family: for my own part, I had been 'used to relax myself in the evening from the fatigues 'of the day, among a club of honest neighbours who 'had been long acquainted with one another. The

'conversation

'converſation was ſometimes enlivened by quaint ſallies 'and ſly repartee; but politics formed the great topic 'by which our attention was attracted like the needle 'by the pole; on this ſubject I had the vanity to think 'I was looked upon as a kind of oracle by the ſociety; 'I had carefully peruſed RAPIN's hiſtory, together 'with the preſent ſtate of Europe, and pored over 'maps, until I knew *ad unguem* the ſituation of all the 'capital cities in Chriſtendom. This branch of learn-'ing was of great conſequence to the members of our 'club, who were generally ſo little acquainted with 'geography, that I have known them miſtake the '*Danube* for a river of Aſia, and *Turin* for the metro-'polis of Tuſcany. I acquired ſome reputation by 'deſcribing the courſe of the *Ohio*, in the beginning of 'our American troubles; and I filled the whole club 'with aſtoniſhment by ſetting to rights one of the 'members, who talked of croſſing the ſea to Scotland. 'During a ſuſpenſion of foreign intelligence, we ſported 'in puns, conundrums and merry conceits, we would 'venture to be inoffenſively waggiſh in bantering each 'other; we ſometimes retailed extempore witticiſms, 'which between friends, we had ſtudied through the 'day; and we indulged one or two ſenior fellows in 'their propenſity to record the adventures of their 'youth. In a word, we conſtituted one of the moſt 'peaceful and beſt affected communities in this great 'metropolis.

'But the comforts of this and all other club-con-'verſation were in a little time deſtroyed by a ſtranger, 'whom one of the members introduced into our ſociety; 'he was a ſpeculative phyſician who had made his for-'tune by marrying a wealthy dowager, now happily 'in her grave. The eſſence of all the diſputants, 'goſſips and attornies of three centuries, ſeemed to 'enter into the compoſition of this ſon of ÆSCULA-'PIUS; his tongue rode at full gallop like a country 'man-midwife; his voice was loud, flat and monoto-'nous, like the clack of a mill, or rather like the ſound 'produced by a couple of flails on a barn floor; our 'ears were threſhed moſt unmercifully; we ſuppoſed he 'was an adept in all the arts depending upon medicine;

'and

Digitized by Google

'and a politician of courſe, by the courteſy of Eng-
'land; but all ſubjects were alike to this univerſaliſt,
'from the moſt ſublime metaphyſics to the myſtery of
'pin-making: he diſputed with every one of us on
'our ſeveral profeſſions, and ſilenced us all in our turns;
'not that he was maſter of every theme on which he
'pretended to expatiate: on the contrary, we ſoon diſ-
'covered him to be ſuperficial and miſinformed in divers
'articles, and attempted to refute what he had advanced
'by breaking out into divers expreſſions of diſſent,
'ſuch as, "but pray, ſir,—I beg your pardon, ſir,—
"give me leave, ſir,—I will venture to ſay you are
"miſinformed in that particular;" and other civil checks
'of the ſame nature; but they had no effect upon this
'hard-mouthed courſer, except that of ſtimulating him
'to proceed with redoubled velocity: he ſeemed both
'deaf and blind to the remonſtrances and chagrin of
'the company; but daſhed through thick and thin, as
'if he had undertaken to harangue by inch of candle.
'We were ſo overborne by the tide of his loquacity,
'that we ſat for three ſucceſſive evenings half petrified
'with aſtoniſhment and vexation. Sometimes we were
'cheared with a glimpſe of hope that this torrent would
'ſoon exhauſt itſelf; but, alas! we found him a peren-
'nial ſource of noiſe and diſputation. I could not help
'repeating with HORACE,

Ruſticus expectat dum deſluat amnis: at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

'The moſt provoking circumſtance of this nuſance
'was, that he did not ſpeak either for the entertainment
'or information of the company: he had no other view
'but that of diſplaying his own ſuperiority in point of
'underſtanding; his aim was to puzzle, to perplex and
'to triumph; and by way of manifeſting his wit, he ex-
'tracted a wretched quibble from every hint, motion,
'or geſticulation of the ſociety. Overhearing one of
'the members ſumming up the reckoning, he denied
'that five and three made eight, and undertook to
'prove the contrary by mathematical demonſtration.
'When I called for a bowl of punch, he affirmed there
'was no ſuch thing in nature; that bowls were made of
'porcelain, earthenware, wood or metals; but they

'could

Digitized by Google

'could not be made of punch which was a liquid, ergo, 'I had confounded the *majus* with the *minus*; for *omne* 'majus in se continet minus. An honeſt gentleman who 'ſat by the fire, having burned his fingers with a hot 'poker, the doctor aſſured him that the accident was 'altogether an illuſion; that fire did not burn, and 'that he could not feel pain which was not a ſubſtance 'but a mode; ergo, not cognizable by the ſenſe of 'touching.

'As we were naturally quiet and pacific, and in truth, 'overawed by the enormous length of his ſword, as 'well as by his profound ſkill in the art of manſlaying '(the fellow is an Iriſhman) which he did not fail to 'promulgate, we patiently ſubmitted to the ſcourge of 'his impertinence, praying heartily that he might ſuc-'ceed ſo far in his profeſſion as to become a practiſing 'doctor. Sometimes we enjoyed an intermiſſion for 'half an evening, congratulating ourſelves upon the de-'liverance, and began to reſume our old channel of 'converſation, when all of a ſudden he would appear 'like the Gorgon's head, then every countenance fell, 'and every tongue was ſilent: his organ forthwith 'began to play, and nothing was heard but his eternal 'clapper; it was not diſcourſe which he uttered, but a 'kind of *talkation* (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) 'more diſſonant and diſagreeable than the glaſs alarm-'bell of a wooden clock, that ſhould ring four and 'twenty hours without intermiſſion. To ſupport our-'ſelves under this perpetual annoyance, we had recourſe 'to an extraordinary pint, and ſmoked a double pro-'portion of tobacco; but theſe expedients inſtead of 'diminiſhing, ſerved only to increaſe the effect of his 'clamour. Our tempers were gradually ſoured; we 'grew peeviſh to every body, but particularly ſullen 'and moroſe to the doctor, who far from perceiving 'the cauſe of our diſguſt, believed himſelf the object 'of our eſteem and admiration: he was too much en-'groſſed by his own impertinence, to obſerve the 'humours of other men.

'For three long months did we bear this dreadful 'viſitation; at length the oldeſt member, who was in-'deed the moſt egg, died, and the other individuals 'began

Digitized by Google

'began to drop off. Nothing could be more disagreeable than the situation to which I was now reduced; 'I was engaged in fatiguing business all day, out of 'humour all the evening, went home at midnight extremely ruffled, with the head-ach, heart-burn and 'hicop, and ruminated till morning on my family discomforts. Upon recollecting all these circumstances, 'I pitied my own condition, and my compassion was 'soon changed into contempt. This roused my pride 'and resolution; I determined to turn over a new leaf, 'and recover the importance I had lost; I with great 'difficulty discontinued my attendance at the club, and 'my absence contributed in a great measure to its dissolution. The doctor was in a little time obliged to 'harangue to empty chairs, and the landlord became 'a bankrupt.

'Thus was I delivered of the worst of plagues, an 'impertinent and talkative companion. I have now 'bid adieu to clubs, and am grown a family-man: I see 'myself beloved by my children, revered by my servants, 'and respected by my neighbours. I find my expences 'considerably lessened, my economy improved, my 'fortune and credit augmented; and in the fullness of 'my enjoyment, I cannot help drinking to the health 'of the loquacious doctor, who is likely to perform 'much more important cures with his tongue than ever 'he will be able to effect by his prescription.

'If you think, Mr. CENTINEL, that these hints may 'be serviceable to others labouring under the distemper 'of which I am so happily cured, you may freely communicate them to the public by the channel of your 'paper, which has been the source of much amusement to

SIR, your very humble servant,

G MISOLALUS.

No. 56. *Saturday, September 24th,* 1757.

LOOKING over the heap of packets which I have lately received from my numerous correspondents, I found the following letter.

Mr. CENTINEL,

Digitized by Google

Brentford Butts.

Mr. CENTINEL,

'WE don't take your paper in at our town; but I often read letters of yours in the LONDON EVENING and CHRONICLE, which give me pleasure; and I wish I had interest enough to introduce the CITIZEN (in which your papers are inserted) into our morning assembly: but, alas! at the very mention of another paper, you hear nothing but Tax, Tax, Tax, with as little change in the sound as the hammer of a copper-mill: so now I give it over, and take my chance of those occasional, but excellent letters, which are *recruited* into other papers, and which I am glad to find they are not ashamed to own of late, though formerly they would fain have palmed them on the town as their own pieces of genius and pleasantry, which Dean SWIFT so prettily speaks of on another occasion:

Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ.

'But to the point—You told us the other day, that the universality of the French Language would pave the way to their universal monarchy—I do believe it: you might have added, that their Fashions would help it on no less. A few years ago, a gentleman in a white cloth coat would almost have been insulted, if not pelted, in the streets of London, and called a *bougre Francois*: now, at our assembly, and all other neighbouring ones, you scarce see any other colour. Observe that *white* is worn by the French as the field of their arms, or indeed the very coat itself; the *lilly* being the whole burden of their honour, dignity and glory at home, and in every part of the world.

'Don't let us blame ministers for this: lay the saddle on the right horse; it is ourselves, our individual selves, that create this universal depravity: fond of being distinct (from the taylor) as it is generally called, and keeping clear of the *journeyman*, we wear cloaths which they as yet have not attempted, though I shall not be surprised to see all the common people on Sundays, soon dressed in white; and I hope (to

'expose

'expose them more to my resentment, and that of a 'whole populace) with *white sword-knots*.

'As to the ladies, they have not a scented water, a 'ribbon nor a wash, which has not a French name to 'it; and I hope to see the mob of Old England take 'down gently a certain sign in Coventry-street (which 'a milliner has lately hung up to invite customers to, 'knowing the present inclinations of the gay and polite 'world) which is the *fleurs des Lis*; and her hand-'bills have the same impression.

'This, I think, is carrying things on swimmingly, 'as it is called. I shall not be surprised to see a tavern 'soon with the sign of *Versailles*, the *Louvre* or *Lux-'embourg*; since the cook, though not a French one, 'is taught to speak broken English, and every sauce he 'has is christened with a French name. But I saw this 'stronger the other day than I could have imagined, 'in a family which a few years ago were curtesying be-'hind a *compter* for the small returns of tea and sugar 'delivered out to the beggars of St. Giles's.

'This family had not long since a 10,000 l. prize—'they quitted business, and are now a kind of starving 'gentry in some new street of Westminster, where, 'French like, they starve within doors, to have the 'outward and visible sign of dignity by a large house 'and gilt-equipages. There are many such, Mr. CEN-'TINEL.

'Calling on this family about noon the other day, I 'found by the equipage and postilion mounted at the 'door, that they were going out of town, so I only 'proposed wishing them a good journey and safe return, 'according to the English way: but on my coming up 'they insisted I should do as they did—which was to 'eat *a flying dinner*, as they called it, as they had not 'time to prepare a better. Curiosity led me now to 'ask what it was, and whether I did not lay them 'under a necessity of getting something extraordinary; 'they said, no: that it was only intended for th ir own 'family *en passant*, for they were to dine thirty miles 'off, and therefore they had only ordered some *mintenon* 'chops with *poover* sauce. This was as near the sound 'as I can write; though were you to hear it, it would

Digitized by Google

'found more ridiculous. In France they have *coteletts* 'a la maintenon and *ſauce des panores*; the latter being 'nothing but what poor people eat, namely, *chalats* 'and *vinegar*. Adieu, and join with me in wiſhes for 'better times, for I think they can't well be worſe.

Yours, &c.

SPECTATOR.

'*P. S.* We ſhould perhaps here call it *beggar* or '*gypſy-ſauce*, as eating a cold dinner under a tree is 'commonly called *gypſying*. G

No. 57. *Monday, September 26th,* 1757.

Quis circum pagos & circum compita pugnax,
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmæ? HOR.

IT is a pleaſure (though but a melancholy one) to ſee in the country towns of England the ſhifts *ſtrolling ſets* of players are put to, in order to imitate their betters in London. The bills ſtuck up againſt *meeting-houſe* doors, or the turnpike (leading into the town) are *by command of ſeveral people of faſhion*, and quality; though of the latter, perhaps, there is not one within twenty miles; and likewiſe variety of *ſinging and dancing*; though perhaps the whole is an *horn-pipe* or *drunken peaſant*, or a Scots ballad between the acts.

The diſtreſsful tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* is now exhibited in every barn, with *a dirge and proceſſion to the monument of the Capulets*, after the manner of both theatres royal in London. As both theatres differ in their methods of raiſing your ſorrow; the one by fine *church-muſic*, the other by a melancholy train of *mourners*; one would think this barn was to exhibit *both* under one.

I beat lately at Andover, in my way to London from Saliſbury, and was not ſorry at ſeeing there was a [illegible]

of a well-ſpent evening for once, though in the main I am ſorry the country towns ſo univerſally abound with pleaſures.

At the end of the act the proceſſion was to begin, we were delayed near half an hour, as I imagined by the neceſſary preparations; but the truth was, the *unroyal theatre* was over the ſtable, and a broad-wheel waggon was juſt arrived from the Weſt, whoſe horſes muſt be fed, and it was neceſſary to wait this circumſtance over, leſt the noiſe of their *kicking* while they were dreſſing and feeding ſhould any wiſe diſturb the ſolemnity of the dirge, and proceſſion to the *monument of the Capulets*. At length the curtain drew up; the apothecary's *mortar* (not a little cracked with *ill-placed ſtrokes* of the peſtle) gave us to underſtand *the corpſe* was coming: there was a ſolitary fiddle, who ſtruck the open ſtrings with his *thumb*, by way of *thorough baſs*, and the pariſh-boys, with napkins over their ſhoulders as heralds coats (like FALSTAFF's deſcription of his *thieving* ſoldiers) ſung a kind of rhiming ſtanza to a pſalm-tune, with common green *ruſh* candles in their hands by way of taper.

The proceſſion, by the theatrical trick of the ſame boys *paſſing* and *repaſſing* over the ſtage, was not very ſhort: the *mortar* ſtill tolled, the fiddle ſwelled his *diapaſon*, and the *tapers* ſtill burnt, when all was at an end; for *Romeo* was apprehended by a warrant for having ſtole ſome linen, perhaps the better to act the part; and 'tis pity it had not been made up, as he wiped his tears during the whole performance with a checked handkerchief.

But every body did not know this fatal ſecret—and ſtill, in imitation of their betters, an apology was made that *Romeo* was very ill, and begged the part might be read to the audience; which it was by a man in a *cinnamon coat* and *leather breeches*, the mayor inſiſting on it that *Romeo* ſhould be brought before him as he was, leaſt by a ſcheme of undreſſing he might *ſlide* away from juſtice.

The tragedy and proceſſion *fairly* over (if one may uſe the expreſſion for ſuch *foul* performers) I went to my inn; and, while my ſupper was getting ready, amuſed

Digitized by Google

amuſed myſelf with ſitting down by many of them; when I found in that ſmall company of eleven men, there were the remains of three lawyers clerks, four apprentices to very conſiderable merchants, two handicrafts, and the remaining two *quondam* ſtudents of one of our two famous *univerſities*. By this means I prove pretty plain, I think, my firſt hint, that it was a *pleaſure*, though a *melancholy one*. The ladies, who were *three* in number too, being the daughters of reputable people, who read *novels* inſtead of *prayer-books*, and *plays* when they ought to have ſtudied the art of *cookery*.

However, ſo far I was pleaſed, as they all ſeemed happy (ſuch is Providence!) which put me in mind of Mr. POPE, in his proving the equal diſtribution of Happineſs to man.

See the blind beggar *dance—the* cripple *ſing!*
The ſot *an hero,* lunatic *a king:*
The ſtarving chymiſt, *'midſt his golden views,*
Supremely bleſs'd—the poet *in his muſe.*

I take this opportunity to inſert a letter I received laſt week, which relates an extravagance of *imitation*, in another caſt than that complained of above.

Mr. CENTINEL,

'EVER ſince mother MIDNIGHT firſt ſet up her *Acheron* and helliſh tricks, I have never been able to keep a *broomſtic* or *mop-handle* to myſelf, for parlour or kitchen, nor —— My journeyman is the very *broomſticado* at the little theatre in the Hay-market. One of my apprentices plays the *wooden ſpoons*, and the other the *ſaltbox*. I broke the latter yeſterday in a paſſion, on account of his neglecting my buſineſs, and he threatens me with an *action*. He ſwears his *ſaltbox* was a true Cremona one, and fairly worth 50l. "What!" ſays he, with the air of a firſt fiddle, "you thought it was only good to hold *ſalt* in—the *tretts* were more perfect than any *guitar*, "and I am ruined by the loſs."

'To crown all, my maid has nailed ſome braſs wire to the handle of the warming-pan; and coming home with

'with a cold the other night, I wanted the assistance of 'that machine, when I found it was turned into a 'guitar or *pandole*, though she calls it by names as 'opposite as a *firitter* or a *condole*.

'This is my unhapy situation! I have nothing but '*strum-strum* and *hum-hum*; and if they strike up a 'dance, it must be HOLBEIN's, and I never expect a 'better. There is such a buz in my kitchen, after my 'shop is shut, that a passer-by would think the *silk mills* 'were there.

G *Yours, &c.*

No. 58. *Tuesday, September 27th,* 1757.

Learn the arts of Courts——*this is the way,*
This only, to be safe in such a world as this.

ROWE.

MR. ADDISON made himself very merry in one of the Spectators, with a design which the late French king had at that time of establishing an Academy of Politicians; and seemed to look upon a seminary for breeding up statesmen in a regular way by precepts and instructions, as a ridiculous attempt. But I must beg leave to dissent from that excellent writer; and cannot help thinking that the business of government may be much more easily learned by rules and rudiments, than any other art or science whatsoever. A man must have a natural genius to arrive at any perfection in Poetry, Oratory, Painting or Music, because there are things required to excel in those arts, which cannot be attained by all the industry and instruction in the world; such as a lively and fruitful imagination, a graceful elocution, a quick eye, a masterly hand, and a delicate ear: but the political art, which consists chiefly in Forms, Precedents, and Knowledge of the World, is subject to every man's understanding, and requires nothing more than assiduity and information. The

Digitized by Google

ſociety of Jeſus is known to be rather a political than a religious inſtitution, and hath furniſhed the Catholic courts of Europe, for an age or two paſt, with their ableſt miniſters and ſtateſmen. The court of France hath been particularly obliged to this great ſeminary of politicians for the figure which ſhe hath made in the world. She hath been long famous for her ſkill and management of intrigues; and hath often retrieved by negotiation in the cabinet, what ſhe hath loſt in the field. On the other hand, we Britons (by I know not what fatality or negligence) have always been more remarkable for our own courage than our policy; and from being the terror of all Europe in the field, have often ſuffered ourſelves to become the dupes and bubbles of all Europe in the cabinet. Now, for my part, I cannot impute this to any thing ſo much as the want of a regular inſtitution in ſtate-affairs; for the genius of our countrymen, in general, ſeems to be ſo naturally inclined to politics, that it hath been obſerved, from a nation of Saints, as England was once called, we are become a nation of Stateſmen. Our coffee-houſes and taverns are full of them. Nay, we often find them cramped up behind counters, or immured in ſtalls, garrets and night-cellars: but our misfortune is, that this national genius, for want of due cultivation and improvement, is apt to grow wild, and ſhoot up into ſchemes and projects, which expoſe us to the inſults and contempt of the world about us. I would therefore propoſe it to the wiſdom of my ſuperiors, whether it would not be highly for the honour and intereſt of the nation to put ourſelves upon an equality with Popiſh countries, by erecting a Proteſtant Academy, for the inſtruction of young gentlemen in the art and myſtery of Government. If this propoſal meets with any approbation or encouragement, I doubt not that variety of plans will be laid before the public for that purpoſe; but, as it may be expected that I ſhould offer ſomething of this nature, I would humbly propoſe the following model, which occurred to me on my firſt thoughts on this ſubject; declaring, that I ſhall chearfully yield to any thing better, which may be hereafter propoſed.

I would

Digitized by Google

I would have a large edifice erected, at the expence of the public (unleſs any private perſon hath a mind to immortalize himſelf by ſo noble a benefaction) conſiſting of ſeveral ſchools, like thoſe in both our univerſities; in which the ſeveral branches of political knowledge, neceſſary to the formation of a ſtateſman, ſhall be particularly explained to a certain number of ſtudents, by able profeſſors, who ſhall be appointed by the government with handſome ſalaries for that purpoſe.

In the firſt, or loweſt of theſe ſchools, I would have the ſtudents taught to read, write and caſt up accompts; for really a man makes but a pitiful figure in one of the chief poſts of an adminiſtration, who is not maſter of theſe ordinary accompliſhments.

The next ſhould be the ſchool of Modern Languages, eſpecially French, which is almoſt abſolutely neceſſary for converſing with foreign miniſters, either at home or abroad; though it muſt be confeſſed, that there are exceptions to this general rule: and that we have had inſtances of ſome men who have made a ſhining figure, even at the French court itſelf, without the leaſt knowledge of their language or manners.

The third ſhould be a Dancing-ſchool; which may ſeem, perhaps, to ſome perſons, a very unneceſſary apartment in a political academy; but I muſt deſire theſe gentlemen to conſider that addreſs and a graceful appearance have ſome influence in all courts, and often contribute to the carrying of great points. It is at leaſt, very improper that a perſon inveſted with a public character, which repreſents his ſovereign, ſhould be ſo far deſtitute of all breeding, as not to know how to come into a room with tolerable grace, or to behave himſelf when he is there. In this ſchool might likewiſe be taught the ceremonies and punctilios of honour, which ought to be obſerved in converſation with ladies, or other perſons of high rank.

I would likewiſe have a Geographical School; in which our young ſtudents in politics ſhould be inſtructed in the knowledge of the globe and maps. They ſhould eſpecially be taught to diſtinguiſh between the four great quarters of the world; particularly America; which being the laſt diſcovered part, ſome miniſters have fallen into

Digitized by Google

into great miſtakes about it, and diſcovered to the whole world that they took Portobello and La Vera Cruz to be the ſame place, though they lie at ſeveral hundred leagues diſtance from each other. A geographical profeſſor would therefore be very neceſſary in this ſeminary, to prevent ſuch egregious blunders for the future. He might alſo be obliged to give his aſſiſtance to our adult ſtateſmen in any of their enterprizes or expeditions, whether at home or abroad.

The fifth ſhould be the Ambaſſador's School; where I would have monſieur Wiquefort's book upon the functions of that high office, carefully explained to the ſtudents; and no perſon ſhould ever be ſent abroad with a public character, who is not a tolerable proficient in the intereſts, manners and characters, of the chief perſons of that court, at which he is to reſide. The profeſſor of this ſchool ſhould take great pains to inſtruct his diſciples not to be impoſed upon and led by the noſe (as ſome ambaſſadors have been) by the tricks, ſubtleties and fineſſe of artful miniſters; eſpecially by delays and procraſtinations, which are always dangerous in political negotiations, when the party on whom they are practiſed, is kept at a continual, vaſt expence, with his hands bound down, and inſulted by his enemy, without any power of defending himſelf, or making repriſals; and yet we have known ſome ambaſſadors, whoſe whole negotiations have conſiſted of nothing but delays; which they ſeemed to look upon as deep reaches in politics, for no other reaſon that I can gueſs, but becauſe the Roman dictator once carried his point by them, in a particular caſe of great extremity.

Unus homo nobis cunctando reſtituit Rem.

But I believe it will be found upon examination, that delays have done more miſchief to ſome countries than they ever did good to Rome; and a certain gentleman, who affects to imitate FABIUS in this particular, muſt not expect to be honoured with the title of MAXIMUS upon that account.

In another ſchool I would have the whole modern art of Treaty-making explained by a profeſſor, well acquainted with this part of political knowledge.

He

Digitized by Google

He muſt be a man of ſubtle, prevaricating genius, a perfect maſter of ambiguities, double meaning, and equivocal expreſſions; which are of great uſe, when it is not proper to let the ſenſe of the contracting parties appear in public. He muſt likewiſe be well verſed in ſecret and ſeparate articles, ſaving clauſes, and counter-ſtipulations; which make the greateſt part of modern treaties, and give either party an opportunity of breaking through them when occaſion requires, without any apparent violation of public faith, by diſtinguiſhing between the letter and the ſpirit of a treaty. I would only recommend one rule to the profeſſor and ſtudents in this ſchool; and that is, not to project any treaties, conventions or alliances, between two nations who have no mutual intereſt concerned; for it is ridiculous to ſuppoſe that any words, however formal or ſolemn, will bind a prince or ſtate againſt their real intereſt. I hope, therefore, that this rule will be of ſome ſervice to the world in preventing wild, blundering treaties, and unnatural alliances, which are the ſource of ſo many national misfortunes and calamities.

In the higheſt ſchool of all ſhould be taught the buſineſs of the Finances and other affairs, which relate to the office of a prime miniſter; ſuch as the method of keeping public accounts, and making an advantage of national debts; the myſtery of ſtock-jobbing, taxes, ways and means, deficiencies and arrears; the uſe of ſpies, ſetters and informers; the art of managing public aſſemblies; breaking promiſes without falſhood; and bribing, or being bribed, without corruption; as alſo the great ſecret of deceiving princes, and making them anſwerable for the miſmanagement, blunders and iniquities of their ſervants.

I have the vanity to believe, that a Political Seminary, formed upon this plan, would prove of excellent ſervice to my country; eſpecially if it is eſtabliſhed at this time, when we have ſo many gentlemen in power who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves both at home and abroad, by their capacities for public buſineſs; and, as his late moſt Chriſtian majeſty propoſed to put his academy under the protection of the marquis de TORCY, miniſter and ſecretary of ſtate, I doubt not that one of our moſt eminent

Digitized by Google

eminent ſtateſmen would undertake the ſame office, and initiate our young politicians in thoſe great arts by which they have ſo remarkably ſignalized themſelves.

I ſhall only add, that if it ſhould be found difficult to raiſe money for this purpoſe, it might not be improper to confiſcate the eſtate of ſome great offender; and thus turn the treaſure, which hath been plundered from the public, to the ſervice and emolument of the public.

W

No. 59. *Wedneſday, September 28th*, 1757.

Scilicet in vulgus manent exempla regentum.
CLAUDIAN.

THERE is nothing more requires the pen of animadverſion than the luxury of Citizens wives and daughters, on that day which is commonly called a day of *reſt*; but is, in general, a day of the greateſt *labour* and *fatigue*, to half the world of London. If one calculates the heavy load of cloaths they wear that day, to what they do in common; the very long journies they take, and late hours they always keep after their arrival, becauſe they are *arrived*, and that it is a pity to *part* ſo ſoon!

I happened to be at a certain tavern by Hampton-court, laſt Sunday, when two poſt-chariots, of two poſtillions each (and of courſe four horſes) ſtopt. The burthen of both were ladies—for their huſbands were ſtill in London, employed, perhaps, as Mr. POPE ſays of ſir BALAAM,

His compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday morn.

I wiſh I could ſay of them too, as that ingenious author ſays in the next lines of him, namely,

Seldom at church—'twas ſuch a buſy *life!*
But duly *ſent his family and wife.*——

Well, as ſoon as the ſtep was let down, and they had ſhook their cloaths a little, the landlord, with a title of

Digitized by Google

of *ladyſhip* at every other word, aſked what they choſe for dinner—for that, on Sundays great tribes of hectoring cits came from London; and that an hour hence, perhaps, he might not be able to give them their reſuſal of his larder. On this they ſaid, 'pray tell us 'what you have, *man!*'—"Won't your ladyſhips ſee "my larder?"—'Oh!' ſays one, 'I hate the ſight of 'skinned rabbits:' another cries, 'I faint at the very 'idea of *undreſt* meat:' and a third concurred with the remaining fourth, that 'larders were nothing bet-'ter than ſmall fiſhmonger's, poulterer's, or butcher's 'ſhops—and they hated *ſhop-keepers* in general.'

So far ſo good.——My landlord, who has the eye of an hawk, looked at me and ſmiled, as much as to ſay, "*I know my cue*, and theſe are the very quality I "pay my rent by: for real quality and gentry, who "dine well at home, ſeldom want any thing delicate: "mutton is their harveſt."

The time now arrives when one diſliked meat, another fiſh, and the remaining two, fowls or rabbits; ſo that at laſt the dinner was a moſt expenſive banquet of game and paſtry, with a deſert in character; and the whole country was ranſacked, as they thought, for pheaſant, quail, wheat-ears, partridge, land-rail, and what not; though, among friends, the quails (which they ſaid they muſt have, or they would leave the houſe) were only thruſhes and black-birds with their heads off; and the pheaſant nothing but a fowl of that ſize, dreſt pheaſant-faſhion, of which they all eat hearty, drank perry, by the way of champaign; elder wine for burgundy; currant wine out of ſquare bottles, for cape (it having firſt been poured over tarr;) and when the bill came they, ſo far from taking off a farthing, even added, by not taking the odd ſilver.

As I was planted in the very next room I often heard the toaſts they drank; and my landlord often ſtept in and laughed with me, ſaying, "if they were pretty I "ſhould think they were girls of the town;" but they are all, as OTHELLO ſays, *in the vale of years*.—— "But," ſays he, "I will lay any wager, if it was worth "while to trace them all home, they are all the very "thing they deſpiſe."

It was

Digitized by Google

It was on this hint that I myſelf (tolerably ſpeculative) ordered my horſe, and without a ſervant followed them to town. On the road they often ſtopped to aſk for the moſt coſtly wines in vain; at London I concealed myſelf ſo as to trace them all to one ſtreet, where I found that ſhe who diſliked *meat* was a *butcher's* wife; ſhe who railed at *fiſh* was a *fiſhmonger's* ſiſter; and the remaining two, who forbid *fowls* and *rabbits*, were old maiden daughters of a *poulterer*.——Thus ends the hiſtory.

I would now gladly know if we are not in the high road to ruin and deſtruction: I would fain aſk any reaſonable man if it will take up much time or pains to ſubdue a country like this. The environs of this great metropolis are crouded with ſuch, though perhaps not quite ſo expenſive. But I ſhould tell my reader, that, on enquiry at an alehouſe in the ſame ſtreet, I found that two of theſe people's families had been bankrupts within a few years: and I ought to tell my reader alſo, that one of their chief toaſts was,

Careleſs maſters *and cunning* ſervants.

By which, I ſuppoſe, they meant they loved families who did not dive into their houſekeeping-expences; and where the ſervants were to be bribed to ſecrecy. I am ſorry to relate this; but am determined to publiſh it for the good of all cits in particular, and the kingdom in general. C

No. 60. *Thurſday, September 29th,* 1757.

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris
Horruit in maculas.—— STATIUS.

I DID not imagine that any of my ſpeculations, or correſpondents favours, eſpecially thoſe wrote in a ſprightly, good-humoured ſtrain, could have the ill conſequence which, I find by the following letter, my 56th paper has produced.

Mr. CENTI-

Digitized by Google

King's Arms tavern,
Mr. CENTINEL, Pall-mall, Sept. 29.

'I Happened to dine at this very tavern, on or about 'the 24th inſtant, September, in the year of our 'Lord 1757, when the ADVERTISER of that day '(which ever it was) lay before me. I remember I 'then and there ſaw a ſtrange kind of advertiſement, 'in relation to a certain milliner in Coventry-ſtreet; 'who I found had taken no ſmall umbrage at your 'kind, very kind admonition, concerning her French 'ſign of the *flower de luce*, and her hand-bills, with 'a picture of the ſame.

'As you are the only daily friend, who act as *Cenſor, Corrigidor* and *Reformer-general*, of the manners of 'the age, I think you did right. Mr. FITZ-ADAM 'performed your office once! But he has let *The World* 'alone for ſome time paſt; from a principle, perhaps, 'too common in the *World*——" What has the *World* "done for me?"

'This is odd reaſoning, Mr. CENTINEL, and while 'you continue your daily labours to *amuſe* and *reform*, 'as you certainly wiſh to do, a very retrograde age, I 'ſhall join my mite of aſſiſtance always, as I do now; 'and never drink a diſh of coffee, where they do not 'oblige me with a ſight of your paper. But to the 'point.

'The *fair* lady (authoreſs no doubt of the advertiſe-'ment in queſtion) ſeems to grow very *red* of a ſudden, 'in relation to your animadverſion on her ſign. I have 'paſſed it often, and am a little ſurprized, that as 'her plea is, that the *flower de luce* is the Engliſh arms, 'ſhe ſhould not have tacked a *lion* to it, or an *harp*; all 'which I diſtinguiſh very plain, from the dining room 'window of the King's Arms aforeſaid, in Pall-mall. 'A lion trampling on a *flower de luce* would have 'been in character. A lion eating a *flower de luce*, or 'two hundred at one mouthful, would have been more in 'character. And (ſaving your preſence, *fair* readers) 'his laying his tail on a *flower de luce* would have been 'ſtill more *a propos*, than any thing I can at preſent 'think of.

Digitized by Google

'But there are (if she must have a *flower* at her door, 'by way of sign) *roses* in the arms of England, and 'even a *thistle* bears no unsightly look, when in its 'bloom, and this also may be found in the arms of 'Great Britain. She may plead anon, that she never 'saw the English arms. If so, as I am an old married 'man (and therefore her dear reputation can't suffer) I 'invite her, and all her English apprentices (which she 'rests so much upon) to dine with me here; and my 'wife shall be one of the company, to prevent further 'reflections.

'Then, from this window shall she see, unless she 'is blind, the arms of this our glorious and flourishing 'kingdom, with a certain proof intermixed, that once 'the lillies of France were pale: and, though the tavern 'is at the court end of the town, I do assure her, 'the dinner shall be (in spite of her nice stomach) 'roast beef, Dorking fowls, and Hampshire gammon, 'a Michaelmas goose from Salop—remove. Thames 'salmon—and so on, in the plain English way. And 'her liquors (whether they agree or no with her palate) 'shall be Dorsetshire beer, Devonshire cyder, Glouces-'tershire perry, and a double jug of London porter.

'I lodge in Thatched-house court, St. James's street, 'and am known there by the name, style and title, of '*The Strange Gentleman*; so if she likes my treat, let 'her make the appointment in English, and I'll provide 'accordingly.

Yours, &c.

X. X. X.

'*P. S.* Pray let all the English misses come; I shall 'provide for a proper number: but let them not call 'any thing they see there a *kick-shaw*, because that is 'the corruption of the two French words *quelques* 'choses, which they never knew before, being all na-'tives of Great Britain, as she says, though living at 'the sign of the *Flower de Luce*.

Friday,

Digitized by Google

No. 61. *Friday, September 30th,* 1757.

Audi alteram partem.

I AM rejoiced that the frequency of my publications has increaſed the number of my correſpondents, from one of whom I received the following letter.

Dear CENT.

'YOU ſeem of late to be entirely on the plan of The SPECTATOR, TATLER and GUARDIAN, 'which I like much; you tell us things which come 'home to preſent practice, and I ſet my conduct for the 'day very much by your paper of the day. Had I 'known your intent to explain the inconveniencies which 'have and will follow thoſe who are followers of your 'Methodiſts, I believe I could have matched you with 'my huſband, as you have found out an inſtance of a 'wife who has the wrong turn, of which I hope there 'are but few: but to the point I want to lay before 'you.

'We are jointly concerned in the buſineſs of Robe-'making, and indeed got a very tolerable ſubſiſtence in 'that branch, ſufficient, as the country people ſay, to 'keep ourſelves and a *pig*. We had often ſpare money 'to enjoy ourſelves on a Sunday at Holloway, and fre-'quently indulged ourſelves with Dorſetſhire at JENNY'S 'whim: but alas! thoſe days are over. Since my ſilly 'huſband, *poor dear man!* has taken it into his head 'to follow morning prayers at Moorfields and Totten-'ham road, our buſineſs drops apace. Seven biſhops 'have left us, hearing of his folly, and we daily expect 'the remaining three to do the ſame. When cuſtomers 'come, if I am not in the way (which I am as often as 'as I can) journeymen give ſurly anſwers——drive 'people away, and then afterwards ſecure them to 'themſelves. Two of theſe have ſet up againſt us; and

Digitized by Google

'as our sign is the Two Bishops at Prayers, they dare 'not, in the very same neighbourhood, have quite the 'same, and so have two bishops painted taking snuff, 'and shaking hands, like the sign of a *salutation* tavern.

'But this is not all; the bad debts we contract by 'the clergy of the sect called Methodists are endless; 'and in spite of all their pretended humility when 'they pray and preach, and the true, very true, apostolical garb they wear on those occasions, I assure you, 'when they visit, no silk is too good for their cassocs, 'scarfs and sashes; as we too fatally have experienced. '*Vide* our debt books.

'The other day when my husband came home, I 'told him, that Mr. W——D and Mr. W——Y had 'been there, and bespoke new robes, which I refused 'them, shewing them by the books, that there was an 'unpaid list of theirs in the books as long as their *scarfs*. "Why, you infernal b—ch," said my dear husband to 'me, "I shall never be saved by your cursed tongue: "he that *gives* to the church *lends* to the Lord, and "you have refused those *men of God* common necessa"ries;—I wish they have not, according to the Scrip"ture, *left their dust at our door*—if so, we shall be 'ruined soul and body." Observe only, Mr. CENTINEL, that these very pious men can swear and be in a 'passion; for I assure you, I have given you his very 'identical words, as they dropp.d from his *dear* 'mouth.

'I now very meekly (and sure that is the true Christi'anity) answered, why, my dear, whether we are 'ruined as to our souls or no, I can't tell; you are the 'best judge of those things: but as to our bodies, I 'am very sure we are ruined. I have not had money 'to go to market with for this week past, and am sure 'my cloaths are worse than than those of LAZARUS in 'the tapestry there, for ours being a very old-fashioned 'house, there is a great deal of that furniture in it.

"What! profane the Scriptures, you b—ch, by "mentioning names out of *Holy Writ* in common talk "—I'll sell off all my goods, says he, and put you to "board at your uncle's, the *face-painter's*, where you "will live and perish together, a fellow that supports "himself

Digitized by Google

" himſelf by breaking the ſecond commandment every " day, which expreſsly ſays, that no *likeneſs* is to be " made of any thing. God forgive you and him as I " do."

' My dear, ſays I, he ſupports his family; and that ' is a Chriſtian's part and duty.——" Prithee, ſays he, " don't talk to me: the devil will have him and you, " and I hope he will. Where, though you will not " fulfil the whole of *weeping and wailing*, I'm ſure " you'll perform one part of the ſentence, which is, " *gnaſhing your teeth.*" I have never ſeen him ſince. ' This it is to be bleſt or curſt with an over religious ' huſband.

Your daily Reader,

JANE PRUDENCE.'

No. 62. *Saturday, October 1ſt,* 1757.

Quam multi Libyco volvuntur marmore fluctus.

VIRG.

SINCE Sieges, Encampments and Secret Expeditions, are become the faſhionable topics, a few remarks on the ſubject of Caſtrametation, I hope, will not be diſagreeable to the reader.

As I was walking not long ſince, within a few miles of London, accompanied by a particular friend, we obſerved a number of tents pitched upon a ſpacious green, which were ſo numerous that they ſeemed to form a camp of themſelves. Curioſity led us to enquire the names and uſes of each in particular: but as I cannot recollect all the ſeveral diviſions, nor the account we received of them, I ſhall content myſelf with relating the information we obtained concerning thoſe which appeared moſt remarkable.

They were not yet ranged in proper order, but ſtood ſtraggling aſunder in ſeeming confuſion. The *firſt* and largeſt covered a great extent of ground; the top of it

Digitized by Google

was ornamented with painting, repreſenting *flaming ſwords, bunches of grapes*, and *wreaths of laurel*; and the inſide was lined with a curious cotton, which was fine enough to make a morning *trollopeé* for a dutcheſs: this, we were told, was THE DINING-ROOM. Next to this ſtood a *ſecond*, little leſs than the former, which was likewiſe embelliſhed at the top, and was called THE BED-CHAMBER: the bed had all the appearance of elegance and luxury; the furniture was made of a beautiful printed cotton, and every figure ſtamped upon the curtains diſplayed an air of gaiety and wantonneſs. It ſeemed rather calculated to receive the delicate limbs of a languid Sultana, than the vigorous body of an active warrior; and looked more like the ſoft downy pavilion of CUPID, than the hard-tented bed of MARS. Somewhat beyond this ſtood a *third*, for the accommodation of ſervants and attendants. Near this was a *fourth* with a latticed top, which, as we were informed, was THE KITCHEN. At a ſmall diſtance from this there was a *fifth*, which was called THE LARDER. A little further on was placed a *ſixth*, which, as we underſtood, was for the reception of POTS AND KETTLES, &c. And at a ſmall remove from thence ſtood a Bell-tent, which was to be a repoſitory for the Arms: with many others, which were ſo ſmall and inconſiderable that they have eſcaped my memory.

Upon viewing this magnificent apparatus, we were led to enquire for whom it was deſigned; and being told that it was deſtined for the ſervice of a young gentleman of faſhion, we were tempted to aſk what rank he held in the army, and were further informed, that he bore no higher commiſſion than that of Lieutenant Captain. Upon this information, my friend, who is a man of great judgment and reflection, pulled me by the ſleeve, and pointing to the ſpreading tents, aſked me—if I did not think the ſcene before us looked like *the foppery of war*. I was pleaſed with the juſtice of this appoſite ſarcaſm, and it led me to conſider the ſtrange impropriety of introducing the ſoft conveniencies of Eaſe, and all the delicate improvements of Luxury in a camp.

The

Digitized by Google

The leſs diſtinction there is between the ſoldiers and the ſubaltern officers, with the more readineſs and alacrity will the former ſubmit to the fatigues and dangers of war. When they ſee their ſuperiors ſhare ſome part of the hardſhips to which they are expoſed, they will not think their own lot ſo deplorable. But when they find that the apartments of their Captain are extended to the circumference of a village, and that he can indulge with his doxy in a ſpacious down bed, while they are cooped under a ſcanty canvaſs, which covers but a few feet of earth, and doomed to crowd within thoſe narrow limits, ſeven in a heap, with only a bed of ſtraw to reſt upon: ſurely this vaſt inequality muſt render them diſpirited and diſcontented. There ought certainly to be a reaſonable difference in their ſituation in camps as well as in towns; but when it riſes to ſo great a diſproportion, it becomes both unjuſt and impolitic.

The tent of the General indeed ought to be magnificent, but no marks of ſoftneſs and luxury ſhould appear even there. The Romans, who will ever remain the unrivalled models of military and patriot virtue, baniſhed all appearances of effeminate eaſe from their camps. They preſerved the niceſt decorum and moſt ſevere diſcipline, with the ſtricteſt attention to the duties of religion, without which it is impious to hope for ſucceſs in battle. The *prætorium*, or general's tent, conſiſted of few diviſions, but the moſt remarkable part of it was the *augurale*, which was ſet apart for offices of devotion: not far from the *prætorium* was a ſpot of ground called the *principia*, where they placed their altars and the ſtatues of their gods. Thus they did not neglect the duties of piety even in the camp; and there is no doubt but that their ſolemn regard for religious obligations, contributed greatly to inſpire them with that faithful conſtancy and perſevering valor, which made them maſters of the world.

But in our camp, who ever heard that the leaſt portion of earth was dedicated to the ſervice of religion. I do not like to propoſe Pagans for the imitation of Chriſtians: but if they were more fervent in ſacred acts of devotion, than we who boaſt the light of revelation,

Digitized by Google

tion, then it is virtue to commend their superior zeal, and condemn our inexcusable impiety.

Military skill and valor are not more essential requisites in a general than piety and temperance; nay, piety and temperance are the fosterfathers of conduct and courage. If there is truth in history, the ancients excelled in both: as to their piety, they were scrupulous in the practice of it, even to a superstitious observance; nor were they less conspicuous for their temperance.

CATO *the younger* leading his army over the burning deserts of Libia, they endured the greatest extremities of thirst; at length, coming to a little rivulet, a soldier offering him some water, he threw it on the ground, and made every one in the army drink before he gratified his own thirst.—SCIPIO triumphed over his desires, and returned a beauteous captive, undefiled, to her lover. —MASSINISSA, king of Numidia, was content with the bread which he allowed his soldiers.—And of later days, CHARLES the XIIth of Sweden made himself remarkable for sharing the hardships of the field in common with his men.

It is to be hoped therefore, that our campaigners will endeavour to imitate these heroes. And if a mistaken tenderness of education has so mollified their constitutions, that they cannot be so hardy as their forefathers, they may at least be as temperate: and temperance, which gives peace to the mind, will not fail to add strength and vigor to the body.

Let not therefore, our camps be made the scenes of riot and revelling in the day-time, nor of debauchery and incontinence at night; lest they should appear more like itinerant brothels than flying camps.

Digitized by Google

No. 63. *Monday, October 3d,* 1757.

Natio Comœdia eſt. JUV.

THE letter inſerted in my 57th paper, complaining of the diſturbance in a family by the ſervants being all mock-muſicians, has produced the following letter.

Mr. CENTINEL,

'BEING acquainted with the perſon who repreſents 'himſelf under the moſt melancholy dilemma, by 'means of his mock-muſical family, I paid him a viſit 'the other day, when I aſſure you (before I left him) 'he declared and concluded, my ſituation to be the 'moſt unfortunate of the two.

'I am, Mr. CENTINEL, a very conſiderable manu-'facturer; I muſt be excuſed ſaying in what, or in 'what part of the town, as I don't chuſe to be known 'while I make ſo ridiculous a figure; for I hate being 'laughed at, and that I know muſt be my fate if I am 'known.

'My houſe are all mad, and 'tis but very lately that 'I got to the bottom of my miſery, by finding out how 'my fellows all came, as the Scripture ſays, *to be of 'one mind in an houſe.* But I find that whenever any 'man did not ſuit them, they made his life uneaſy, and 'ſo I often left the finding out a freſh one to themſelves; 'when to be ſure, they always choſe one of their own 'kidney, for want of which I ſometimes waited months 'without a *principal* hand in my manufactures: thanks 'to their impudence!

'I both read and ſaw a farce called The Apprentice, 'and indeed it hit my ſituation ſo pat that I really 'thought the author, whoever he was, meant it at me; 'nay, I am not convinced he did not yet! but I aſſure

'you

'you his medicine and prescription has not answered, at least with me and mine.

'My house then are all Tragedians: my maids (who 'are hired by them for the very same purpose) neglect the 'house-business to appear as ZARA's, MONIMIA's, 'BELVIDERA's, CALISTA's, PORTIA's and DESDE-'MONA's. The boards of my best room are all started 'with the fall of heroes in the hour of death, or the 'battles of MACBETH and MACDUFF in the field of 'Dunsinane, I am positive, and why? my wife unhap-'pily likes these things, and I have no body to thank 'but myself for it. Having once unluckily forbid her 'going to plays, which ordonance I wish I could recal, 'for now she would not go, if I bid her, and gave her 'money, as she says "they perform them better at "home."

'Where's ATKINSON (says I, the other day) who 'is a clever fellow, and my foreman? bid him come to 'me. "Sir," says the maid, "I am sure he can't, "for he plays OTHELLO to-night, and his face is "already blacked."

'Well, says I, patience! patience!—But send MOLLY 'to me to make some tea. I am quite feverish.—"MOLLY, sir, does DESDEMONA, as BETTY is not "well, and her head is so well dress't by my mistress's "own hands, that she would be ashamed to come down "now. Besides, the warehouse, I mean the theatre, "is quite full of company, and the first music is over!"

'—Pretty music this! to my ears at least: my daugh-'ters are all taught already to wear breeches, as my 'sons are too big for paps, and are already arrived at 'the honour of characters, though dumb ones; for they 'are senators in *Othello*, slaves in *Oroonoko*, thieves in '*The Beggars Opera*, and Dominican or other friars in '*Juliet's procession*. This is kindly contrived by my 'wife, who says in time they will speak tragedy well, 'they being under a good *tutorer* (as she calls him) 'and that they ought to be *manured* to an audience 'afore they begin to speak, lest it should damp their 'first essays on the stage; for that BARRY or 'GARRICK are fools compared to her son BOBBY. As 'I have luckily saved money, and have no chance

but

Digitized by Google

but quitting buſineſs, and retiring into the country at once; I would fain purſue buſineſs longer for my children's ſake, but fear they will be ruined; a ſmall fortune, with a country education far from this metropolis, is better than a larger one when the morals are corrupted. Theſe are my notions, and I purpoſe ſending for carpenters to-morrow to deſtroy all their ſcenery and machinery, the dogs having had the impudence even to eſtabliſh a Harlequin entertainment in the very warehouſe where my father and grandfather got ſo many thouſands. Adieu! As ſoon as I have ſent my wife and children away, I purpoſe ſending for Mr. Juſtice F——G, who, when he catches them in the fact, I hope will perſuade theſe kings and princes that they are but men, and not only ſo, but poor, beggarly journeymen, and ſend them to Bridewell, where, if they want truncheons, they may uſe the handle of their hammers, and then I hope the keeper will give them that dreſſing they ought to have given to their hemp. However, whenever I ſettle in the country I will ſend for your paper.

C *Your humble ſervant,*

S. L.

No. 64. *Tueſday, October 4th,* 1757.

Criminibus debent hortos. JUV.

DON QUEVEDO, the witty and ingenious, in diſtributing his puniſhments fairly and equally to mankind in the ſhades below, tells us, that Poets were condemned to hear each other's works; imagining that to be a much greater and ſeverer ſentence than any that could be hit on through the whole calendar of ſufferings. I think politicians might be ſerved the ſame way. I mean the politicians of this country, till very lately one aroſe like the juſt man (could he have been alſo found) to ſave Sodom and Gomorrah from ruin

Digitized by Google

ruin and deſtruction. Every body knows, I believe, who I mean. The only man that would ever keep a ſecret himſelf, or employ thoſe who will do it for him, when he cannot with them. Can you gueſs now?

But take away this man, and then think what a puniſhment it would be now in the infernal regions of darkneſs, amidſt wailing and gnaſhing of teeth, to hear the late ſir R———T, and Mr. P———M, reciting to each other the ſeveral tricks they played with a moſt worthy and generous nation; the plans they have laid for freſh duties, exciſes, oppreſſions, and (as SHAKESPEARE ſo prettily terms it)

——Wringing from the hard hands
Of peaſants, their vile traſh;

or which is ſtill better, agreeable to the Pſalmiſt, heaping up riches, without being able to tell who ſhall gather them.

Sure no two Poets, according to DON QUEVEDO, could be half ſo tireſome to each other, as two ſuch blundering, yet deſigning Politicians. I can imagine their looks, their geſture of uneaſineſs and vexation, as well as if I ſaw them. Whence ſhould Mr. P—T, and Mr. L—GE, be condemned in that manner, they would ſit like the Angel and ADAM in MILTON, and ſay with the latter,

With thee *converſing I forget all time,*
All ſeaſons, and their changes.—All pleaſe alike.

Though I don't uſually walk in the path of Politics, which I may be ſaid to do at preſent, there are many things daily occur which might be ſmothered, if the preſs and papers of this kind, were not open to receive them: and notwithſtanding my plan is, that common ſubjects of life only are to be treated on after the manner of *The Spectator*, yet I will not refuſe admittance, ſometimes, to what may be ſo well intended as the following letter.

SIR,

'I FEAR this letter, not being conſiſtent with the 'deſign of your paper, will be thrown on the 'left hand, as ſome folks do their promiſe in the 'atmoſphere

Digitized by Google

'atmosphere of St. James's, and others of their con-
'science in the circuit of the Two Temples. For
'citizens are always honest! always conscientious!
'always pious! particularly the latter, if one might
'judge by the number of steeples, as a man passes up
'and down the Thames, compared to the small shows
'of them in and about Westminster. So much for that!

'It is reported of king CHARLES the IId, that
'when any victualling contracts were agreed on, he
'always ordered samples of the bread, beef or pork, to
'be laid before him; and retiring to his closet, by
'himself or with a friend, he always used to have his
'favourite dogs sent for; and by throwing the provision
'among them, by that simple circumstance, was ever
'able to find out which was best, sweetest and whole-
'somest, for his good subjects.

'This prince, who knew by various distresses what
'it was to be a man, often said, that one hour in a day
'was sufficient to be a *king*, and I am truly of his mind:
'for kings, as kings, are often deceived, but as men
'they stand the same chance as others.

Palace-Yard, Westminster — *Your constant reader,* F. T.

I have no proof that victualling contracts are ill performed, but by hearsay; and that is not to be depended on. Common *Fame* is a liar, and I hope common sailors are the same when they grumble, as they often do, on account of ill-provided stores.

The only way to prevent an Englishman from languishing after his country, is to feed him so well with the produce of his country as to make him believe himself to be at home. And I can easily, very easily, imagine a piece of Sussex or Hampshire beef, to give a double flow of spirits and courage, when eat before the walls of a French fortification in America; when the garrison, perhaps, are at best languishing over pulse, roots and animal food, in a state of putrefaction. When I can prove any fraud in victualling, which my honest dogs shall be my guides in, as they were guides to the king, mentioned by my correspondent, I will as kindly declare it as any vice I know of.

Digitized by Google

No. 65. *Wednesday, October 5th,* 1757.

——Non corpora tantum,
Verum animos etiam valeant mutare liquores.

OVID.

IT is a truth universally admitted by a learned faculty to which I belong, that one animal may live of the blood of another, so that those which want or have corrupt and morbid blood may be supplied from others with a sufficient quantity of such as is good and laudable. From a conviction of this we may probably imagine that the learned doctor Lower conceived his idea of transfusion, of which he is generally esteemed the inventor, and which he has given us an accurate description of in his excellent book *de Corde*. This method, like others, has, we know of late years, met with considerable improvements: in the philosophical transactions we have accounts of the success of various transfusions practised at London, Paris, Italy, &c. where we read not only of life prolonged, and health restored, but also of astonishing changes made in the nature and dispositions of several animals by this ingenious practice: the blood of a young dog was transfused into an old one almost blind with age, and scarce able to stir, who immediately after the operation frisked about with all the appearance of health, youth and vigour. The blood of an English mastiff being poured into a Bologna lap-dog, and the lap-dog's transfused into the mastiff, they became on a sudden creatures intirely different from what they had been, and exchanged natures with their blood. An old lion in the same manner, having been so far tamed by age as to admit of the transfusion, his veins were filled with lamb's blood, and he became as gentle in a few weeks as the harmless animal itself.

From these and many other similar facts, I could not but be of opinion that this transfusion might be practised also

Digitized by Google

alſo on the human ſpecies; if the nature and qualities of the brute creation could receive ſo extraordinary a change from a *mutatio ſanguinis*, or difference of blood, no good reaſon can poſſibly be aſſigned why the tempers and diſpoſitions of men may not admit of an equal alteration from new juices poured into the body at proper times and ſeaſons.

Whatever the world may think, I am thoroughly ſatisfied that every diſeaſe and every habit, both of mind and body, is ſeated in the blood; not only every diſorder incident to the human frame, but every vice and folly that can corrupt the human heart is derived from this ſource: if a method could therefore be found to keep this fountain pure and unpolluted, or any means diſcovered to correct and leſſen this pollution when contracted, they would ſurely deſerve the thanks and the admiration of all. Such a method then I have had the good fortune to find out, and by adopting doctor LOWER's tranſuſion, have, as I ſhall prove to a demonſtration, proceeded much farther than all the moraliſts of former ages in the reformation of mankind.

But as there is no philoſophy like that which is founded on fact, I ſhall here preſent my reader with a brief abſtract of a few of my experiments in the transfuſion of blood, which, to ſay the truth, more than anſwered my moſt ſanguine expectations.

The firſt experiments I made were in my own family; who, for their own advantage, voluntarily ſubmitted to the operation. I have two maiden ſiſters: SOBRINA, the eldeſt of them, from an hereditary torpor in the blood, together with ſome acid juices that had by ſome means or other inſinuated themſelves into the capillary veſſels of the brain, had from her infancy been remarkable for a ſour and gloomy diſpoſition, which increaſed with her years, and had by degrees fixed on her the character of a prude. FLIRTILLA, the younger, was on the other hand of a nature moſt eſſentially different, her blood abounding in volatile ſpirits and fiery particles, flowed with the utmoſt rapidity, which, joined to a moſt inchanting form, had inclined her to a gaiety ſometimes not altogether conſiſtent with prudence, and which, added to a family-pride, had inſenſibly formed her into a finiſhed coquette.

Digitized by Google

There could not be a fairer opportunity of doing honour to the memory of doctor LOWER than that which here offered itself to me. I immediately therefore tied up the carotid artery of my two patients, prepared my quills, &c. and pursued my operation till half the mass of blood was changed in each subject. The effect was astonishing, for in a few hours after the very first bleeding, I perceived a manifest alteration in them both. SOBRINA's features softened into an unusual smile, while FLIRTILLA's composed themselves into a solemnity which I had never before observed in her: SOBRINA in the space only of one day talked for two minutes, and FLIRTILLA held her tongue for four. By repeating my new method of phlebotomy for about a fortnight, they became both, from contemptible and ridiculous, the most amiable creatures in the universe; and after having despaired, from the absurdity of their behaviour, of their ever getting husbands, I had the pleasure to see them both happily married in less than a twelvemonth.

The next experiment which I made was on an old man in my neighbourhood, and his son; the former complaining to me of his boy's extravagance, the latter of his father's avarice; I promised to cure them both, and having accordingly brought them together, which was no easy matter, I proceeded to my transfusion; the miser's drops of blood came from him like so many guineas with the utmost reluctance, whilst the prodigal bled so freely that I began to think his life in danger. I contrived however at last to make the necessary exchange of saguinary property, which was of singular service to both parties, and attended with the consequences which I wished for; the covetous man in short grew generous, and the spendthrift prudent; the father made his son happy by bestowing on him those riches which he could very well spare, and the son gave his father pleasure by the frugal œconomy which he observed in the distribution of them.

But my third experiment (the third is always critical) was indeed a *chef-d'œuvre*. The 'squire and parson of the parish where I live, though next door neighbours, had during the space of twenty years been utter strangers, and irreconcileable enemies, the one being what is generally called

Digitized by Google

called a staunch whig, and the other a rank tory. I knew their blood to be greatly inflamed by party-heats, and in a constant state of fermentation: after taking away therefore a large quantity from each separately, I brought them, not without difficulty, to a meeting, and having emptied their vessels into each other *secundum artem*, turned them into the town-hall together at the last grand election, where, to the great surprise of the whole county, they embraced in a very cordial manner, shook hands, agreed to serve their king and country without regard to prejudice or party, and are now, from bitter foes and angry disputants, become as moderate men and as hearty friends as any in the three kingdoms.

Experiment fourth, June 24th, 1756, I took three quarts of blood from a lean courtier, and inserted them into the veins of a rich citizen, who the very Sunday after came to court, and made his bow with the air and address of a man of quality, whilst the same quantity being by agreement returned by the citizen to his friend at St. James's: so surprising was the effect, that his lordship was observed the very next day to enter into conversation with his steward, and actually, to the great astonishment of his family, paid a tradesman's bill in less than a fortnight afterwards.

EUGENIO had two sons, for whom he bought commissions; one of them turned out a genius whom everybody hated, and a coward whom every body despised; the other was a dull plodding fellow whom no body liked, and so rashly brave that nobody would keep him company; they submitted to the transfusion, which mixed their juices so successfully, that the wit in a short time grew amiable, and the coward valiant; the plodder became bright, and the bravo calm; they both now serve his Majesty as colonels of foot, and are looked on as two of the best officers in the army.

The improvements which I afterwards made, in this noble art of transfusion, and the advantages resulting from it, would fill a volume; there is indeed scarce a vice or folly in the constitution of man which I have not thus softened and corrected by the contact with its opposite. If I had room in my paper, and nothing else to fill it with, I could tell how out of a solemn disagree-

Digitized by Google

able Spaniard, and a noisy impertinent Frenchman, I made two very rational beings; or divert my reader with the method I took with a free-thinker and a methodist, whom I bled into two very good christians; together with many other accounts equally true and entertaining; but my time and paper are too precious. I shall therefore conclude with earnestly recommending this my new art to the favour of the public.

C

No. 66. *Thursday, October 6th,* 1757.

Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit
Tempore crevit amor. OVID.

HISTORY, I think is called philosophy, teaching by examples. Perhaps the following story, told in the artless simplicity of truth, may be as effectual a vindication of the virtue of the age, as more refined reasonings of mere speculation. I can assure my readers no false colorings are attempted: every circumstance is strictly true; some, indeed, have been omitted, that were not less affecting, but might have pointed too particularly. If the beauty of virtue can tempt imitation, I shall think the trouble I have taken in preparing this for the public well rewarded.

A gentleman, in the West of England, dying suddenly, some years ago, left an only son, whom we shall call HORATIO, about ten years old; the care of whom, and of his large estate was, by the providence of the law, committed to the proper hands, the father having made no will. There had been a long and real friendship between the deceased and EUBULUS, a clergyman of distinction in his neighbourhood, which now descended to the son, and was exerted in the most anxious attention to his education; a care, though not immediately his, yet most willingly submitted to his inspection, in consideration of his abilities, worth, and regard for the father.

Digitized by Google

father. As soon as the necessary confinement of infancy was relaxed, HORATIO, in compliance with the kind invitation of EUBULUS, was permitted, by his guardians, to spend the most part of every Summer at his house; where health, the first blessing of life, was established by temperance and exercise, and virtue recommended by example. The paternal tenderness of this good man made such an impression on the grateful heart of HORATIO, that he returned it with the fond respect of filial love, looking on him as a father, the name by which he always called him. EUBULUS had an only daughter, a child when HORATIO first went to his house, who grew up in his love, as a sister; for robbed of the connections of nature, when he had scarce begun to feel them, he gladly placed his tenderness on the family of his benefactor. CALISTA, the daughter of EUBULUS, received the fondness of HORATIO with the warmth of infant-love: every person perceived the mutual attachment; and though a difference of near twelve years, left little probability of his waiting for her, yet none could forbear wishing such an union.

When HORATIO had regularly finished his studies at the University, he made the tour of Europe; and, in the ruins of Greece and Egypt, read the vanity of human grandeur. He constantly corresponded with EUBULUS; and as the unmeaning curiosity of seeing sights, was not the motive of his travelling, by the justness and depth of his remarks, gladdened the good heart of his friend. After six years, thus agreeably and usefully spent, he returned to England, improved with the knowledge, and untainted with the vices, of the many countries he had seen. He was now in his 28th year, and marked to public notice by every striking advantage of fortune, person and understanding; but with all these, I would not be thought to draw a character speculatively faultless. Youth, health and affluence, often hurried him into excesses, which reason cannot justify, though the interested complaisance of the world will scarce allow them to be faults. In him, indeed, the indulgence of natural appetites was never aggravated into a greater crime, by perfidy or force; and the superior reason, which

Digitized by Google

which governed every cooler moment, promised soon to bring even these irregularities under its obedience.

The first visit of his inclination, after his return, was to EUBULUS, where he was most agreeably surprized to find CALISTA, the sister of his choice, grown to a state of perfection he had never seen before. He viewed her with delight, but ever with the eyes of a brother, as she did him with those of a sister. That affection had taken so deep a root in their hearts, no beauty could raise a desire to supplant it. After a fortnight spent in the most sincere happiness, HORATIO returned to London, where a constant succession of pleasures dissipated every serious thought: but while his time stole thus unheeded away, a scene was acted in the family of EUBULUS, that rouzed him from this delusive dream.

Soon after HORATIO left the country, a gentleman had been in the neighbourhood of EUBULUS, whose name was LOTHARIO. His father had, from a low beginning in some of the public offices, risen to employments that enabled him to amass a considerable fortune. In the course of this success, LOTHARIO was educated about the court, with a view of pursuing it: he was handsome; and a flow of mirth and spirits made his conversation entertaining. The death of his father, just as he was of age, enabled him to imitate the lives of those, whose rank and fortune had always been proposed to his ambition. He plunged into every expence which is called genteel at home, till he had distressed his affairs; and then, to complete his character, went to travel. HORATIO had met him abroad, but their different turns prevented any connection: while merit, and a desire of improvement, introduced HORATIO to all of real eminence; profusion and debauchery distinguished LOTHARIO in every court of Europe. Such a life soon finished the ruin of his fortune; but that he disregarded; many examples made him hope to repair it in the very way it was first raised, by getting into some employment, which his extensive acquaintance among the great flattered him he was secure of. With this view, he returned to England a year or two before HORATIO; when he put every scheme in practise, but without success. A small estate near EUBULUS, almost all that remained of

Digitized by Google

of the earnings of his father's life, brought him into that country, where his shewy appearance, and the novelty of his conversation, soon caught the public notice: ignorance and inexperience were dazzled and delighted; but EUBULUS soon saw the man through all this tinsel, and behaved to him with that distant civility which is due from, and to, every gentleman. Happy had CALISTA seen with his eyes, or never seen LOTHARIO! She was then in that most critical point of life when Inclination begins to rebel within, before the younger sister Prudence has got strength to restrain her; and Man, with all his wiles, assails without. LOTHARIO no sooner saw her, than her beauty tempted his desires, and her fortune his necessities; but he had observed her father's coolness to him; and to elude his penetration, required the nicest art. He met CALISTA but in public; but soon saw that she returned his general complaisance with a smile of pleasure and approbation. The encouragement raised a hope, which he was sensible depended on surprize: he, therefore, gained her maid, and by her means wrote to CALISTA in the most passionate strain, professing his love, and complaining of some cross circumstances in his affairs, which made it improper for him to declare openly what was the glory of his heart; but promised to do it very soon, in a manner that should meet the approbation of her father, and prove his sincerity. Stale as this deceit was, it caught her inexperience: she believed him, answered his letter, and begun a correspondence that led her insensibly into ruin. In short, she was prevailed on first to give him a private meeting; and then, on the most sacred assurances of immediate marriage, to go off before him to London.—Through this whole intrigue, he had behaved with the most consummate art; he had never been at her father's, and even affected to slight his acquaintance; of CALISTA he never spoke, but in the loose phrase of common liking, never shewed any particular notice of her when they happened to meet, nor any surprize when she was missed; after which, he even stayed some days in the country, to prevent all probability of suspicion. When he had her safe, his mind was at ease; he did not doubt but her father would give his fortune to induce him to marry her; or if he

Digitized by Google

if he would not, such beauty was a temptation to any thing, and might assist his hopes in another not uncommon way.

At this very time, HORATIO was on a private party of pleasure in the country, on his return from which, he was astonished with an account that CALISTA had disappeared, and was suspected to have gone to him. The aggravations of such an affair from his friends were unnecessary to a delicacy like his, wounded to death by the bare suspicion, not to mention what his heart felt for the grief of her father, for the loss of her so sincerely dear to him. Bursting with the conscious indignation of injured virtue, he wrote to his friends in the strongest terms of exculpation, he flew to EUBULUS, but there he could gain no admission. Direct proof against him there was none, but many circumstances confirmed a presumption, little short of it. His avowed love for CALISTA, his constant warm praise of her, his eagerness in the pursuit of pleasure, his turn for intrigue, and above all, his absence at the very time of her elopement, which the nature of the party he was engaged in, would not admit his honor to explain (for on her disappearing, her father had dispatched a trusty friend to look after him) had scarce left a doubt of his having been the betrayer of her innocence and inexperience. Indignation alone supported HORATIO in this shock. He resolved to find CALISTA, if possible by any human means; and returning directly to London, set every emissary on the enquiry, that seemed to promise the least shadow of success; but all his endeavors were in vain. This disappointment, and despair after six months incessant search, added such a weight to his distress, that he sunk under it, and resolved to leave a country where such a charge was against him, beyond the power of innocence to refute. He told this resolution to his friends, and had it communicated to EUBULUS, who would receive no letter directly from him, and was just ready to go, when an unexpected event altered his design.

C

Digitized by Google

No. 67. *Friday, October 7th,* 1757.

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis. VIRG.

AS soon as LOTHARIO followed CALISTA to London, he rushed into her arms with all the eagerness of passion, and obtained by surprize and force the enjoyment of those charms, his perfidy had before brought into his power. Professions of eternal love soothed her complainings, and a pretence of necessity always answered her urging the performance of his promise of marriage.

In a little time, possession sated his desires, and then the vicious perverseness of his nature would not permit him to carry his first scheme into execution. Desperate as his fortune was, he could not think of marrying her, and so resolved to make her beauty the means of recovering his interest, which he could plainly see fallen, with his acquaintances about court. But here there was a new difficulty: though CALISTA had been betrayed by him, her heart was still invariably virtuous, nor could all his art draw vice in such a light, that she did not always turn from the sight with horror. A new deceit must therefore be practised; to accomplish which he feigned the most passionate tenderness, but in the midst of it, would drop broken hints of uneasiness that put her soul upon the rack. When she had been tortured thus for some time, he one day with looks of deepest concern told her he must go into the country for a few days. Her situation was then deplorable, left a prey to her own reflections and fears, without society, comfort or advice, for she never would consent to be seen by any person, since she came to London. The third morning of his absence, she was surprized at a visit from a gentleman, to whom she was a perfect stranger. At first she thought it must have proceeded from mistake, but

Digitized by Google

but his addreſſing her by her name, and preſenting her a letter from LOTHARIO, opened the ſcene of horror. The letter was in theſe words — "My deareſt CALISTA "will do juſtice to the anguiſh that tears my ſoul, as I "write this letter. Your father is inexorable, I am "ruined, and obliged to fly England for ever. But let "what will be my fate, yours I muſt ever be anxious "for; and as the only means in my power, have re-"commended you to the kind protection of lord BELL-"MOUR, who will deliver you this letter. In his "love may you enjoy happineſs, uninterrupted by the "thought of my miſery, which death ſhall ſpeedily put "an end to."—At this word ſhe ſunk in a ſwoon. On her recovery ſhe found herſelf alone with her maids, lord BELLMOUR having withdrawn to leave them more at liberty to aſſiſt her, with a promiſe of calling to ſee her in the evening. This was ſome comfort; and after a flood of tears had given eaſe to her grief, ſhe at once ſaw into the ſcheme of ruin laid for her, and immediately took a reſolution worthy of the virtue of her education. She wrote theſe words directly to HORATIO; "HORATIO is called inſtantly to the reſcue of his once "loved ſiſter, CALISTA." This billet was delivered to HORATIO, the very day before he meant to ſet out for France. He flew with the meſſenger, received CALISTA to his heart, and on the firſt hint of her ſituation, removed her directly to the houſe of a lady, whoſe virtue and diſcretion he was aſſured of. As he judged that his preſence muſt diſtreſs her, he left her inſtantly; and as ſoon as he got home, wrote her the moſt comforting aſſurance of his protection and regard, recommending the lady ſhe was with, to her confidence. The firſt motions of his heart prompted him to ſeek LOTHARIO directly; but a moment's reflection made him write firſt to EUBULUS for his advice, in an affair of ſuch delicacy. The behavior of HORATIO reſtored CALISTA to as much tranquility as her ſituation would admit. Penitence and gratitude for her eſcape poured balm into the wounds of her ſoul. She wrote to HORATIO next morning, by the lady ſhe was with, and referred him for her unhappy ſtory to her, as a proof of the confidence ſhe placed in his recommendation. He heard it with

Digitized by Google

with the utmoſt pain, and by the moſt tender delicacy reſolved not to ſee her, till things ſhould be ſome way ſettled. A few days brought him the anſwer of EUBULUS, whoſe grief and reſentment had ſo overpowered his reaſon, that he thought the ſtory of LOTHARIO all a fiction, and that HORATIO, ſated with enjoyment, wanted to complete his perfidy, by throwing CALISTA back upon her father. In this perſuaſion he anſwered his letter with the higheſt reſentment, diſclaiming in bitterneſs of heart all future connection with him, or her. Severe as this was to the heart of HORATIO, he had no remedy. He reſolved to provide for CALISTA, but was much at a loſs how to do it, in the manner moſt effectual to ſecure her happineſs. Fortune aſſiſted him. He had a large eſtate in Ireland, the tenant of which came at that very time to him, for a renewal of his leaſe. He was a gentleman of worth, who had been long and happily married, but without children. HORATIO immediately broke the affair to him, and his wife, who had come with him to ſee ſome relations in London, and agreed with them that CALISTA ſhould go to Ireland with them, as a relation of his wife's, and that he ſhould allow him 100*l.* a year, for her and her ſervant's board and lodging. He ſettled beſide 200*l.* a year, for her other occaſions, for the payment of which, for her life, he gave her an aſſignment on his eſtate in Ireland. He wrote word of this to CALISTA, who embraced it eagerly, objecting only to the largeneſs of the appointment; but this he over-ruled, and waiting on her himſelf, the firſt time he had ſeen her ſince he had placed her with his friend, he introduced her future guardian, and his wife, to her, with whom in a few days ſhe ſet out for Ireland, where they arived without any accident.

It is now proper to look back at LOTHARIO! As his going into the country was all a fiction, he heard immediately of HORATIO's taking CALISTA; but though this diſconcerted his infamous deſigns upon her, he dared not claim her from him. Tenderneſs for her character alone preſerved him from being made a public example of infamy, by the reſentment of HORATIO; but as ſoon as ſhe was gone to Ireland he wrote him

Digitized by Google

this letter —— " Sir, if your death could have been " any reparation to CALISTA, for your baſeneſs, you " ſhould have heard from me before this, in another " manner; but as it would be rather a deliverance from " the horrors of your heart, to them I leave you This " only I muſt tell you, that if you make any attempt to " diſturb the retreat I have provided for her, or to add " to the diſtreſs of her family, by ſpreading your vil- " lainy, and her misfortune, no power on Earth ſhall " protect you from HORATIO!"

Though LOTHARIO, in the madneſs of a life of riot, had given many inſtances of bravery, conſcience here made a coward of him. He dared not call HORATIO to account for ſuch a menace; he ſunk in his own eyes, and ſeeing himſelf forſaken, by the friends of his fortune, and diſappointed in all his hopes, he directly ſold the poor reſidue of his eſtate, and left England for ever.

By this time the reſentment of EUBULUS had given place to reaſon. He enquired into the account ſent him by HORATIO, and found it true; on which he came up to London to do juſtice to his virtue, and conſider of ſome proviſion for CALISTA. HORATIO met him with unaffected tenderneſs; he remembered all his friendſhip, and juſtly charged his ſeverity to nature. EUBULUS was ſtruck with his generoſity: he inſtantly paid him the expence he had been at for CALISTA, and ſecured to him the annuity he had ſettled on her: though HORATIO was far from deſiring this, there was no refuſing to accept it from a father. The place of retreat was approved; and EUBULUS was prevailed on to write her a letter of forgiveneſs and bleſſing. This compleated the happineſs of CALISTA, whoſe youth, health and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, had almoſt got the better of her grief before, and made her dear to all who knew her. Far different was the ſtate of LOTHARIO! remembrance of paſt pleaſures, and conſcious guilt, made life a real hell to him; and to complete his miſery, he found he loved CALISTA, when he had loſt all hope of ever ſeeing her more.

Near two years paſſed on thus, when lord LOVEWORTH, a nobleman in the neighbourhood of CALISTA, fell in love with her. Her beauty, her accompliſh-

Digitized by Google

accomplishments, and the splendor of her appearance, made him think her a match not unworthy of him. He spoke to her, and asked her leave to apply to her friends: this was a severe difficulty. She was not insensible to his merit; but her delicate sense of honor would not permit her to receive any addresses: she therefore candidly told him, that any application would be in vain, as some uncommon circumstances in her life made it probable she should never marry. Such an answer but inflamed him more: he would not be refused; she could not explain. In this embarrassment she wrote to HORATIO, with whom she constantly corresponded, with the freedom of a sister, and owned ingenuously her liking for lord LOVEWORTH, but declared absolutely, that she would never enter into any engagement while LOTHARIO lived, whose oaths she had always looked on as equal to the most solemn marriage. He communicated her letter to her father; and they both admired and approved her conduct. Lord LOVEWORTH, in the mean time, pressed her so earnestly, that she had no way to repress his importunity, but by discovering to him the real truth, though under an honest disguise. She told him that she had, when very young, been deceived into a marriage with a man unworthy of her, who had fled England; on which she had been sent to Ireland, till time should soften her father's resentment, and wear off the remembrance of her folly: she added, that she was convinced her husband would never return, but she had reconciled herself to her fate; and now that his lordship knew her real situation, should be glad of his friendship on a proper footing. This confidence, at the same time that it destroyed his hopes, confirmed him hers for ever; he told her so, with a positive asseveration, that he could never think of another woman: to which she as generously replied, that were she mistress of herself, he should be her choice of all men. As she never concealed any thing from HORATIO, he began to tremble for her. He knew the danger of friendship between the sexes, and feared lord LOVEWORTH might have designs too common: he communicated his fears, and put her on her guard. A year had passed thus, when HORATIO acquainted CALISTA, that LOTHARIO had ended his

Digitized by Google

days miserably in a monastery in Spain. The news affected her: she could not think of him without concern, notwithstanding his baseness; and a flood of unmerited tears were paid to his unhappy fate. But now a new difficulty embarrassed her; she saw lord LOVEWORTH constantly; to own the death of her husband, would give him a right to the preference she had acknowledged; to conceal it, was continuing in voluntary distress. She wrote to HORATIO, and to her father, for advice, who, in confidence of her own discretion and virtue, left her to herself. Her situation was now delicate, indeed; but the sincerity of her temper took the way most worthy of her. She wrote lord LOVEWORTH the account of LOTHARIO's death; and, at the same time, a faithful history of herself. He was struck with true greatness of mind——He went to her directly, and claimed her promise. She referred him to her father, whose approbation was not long delayed. He and HORATIO went over, where every circumstance was concluded to the happiness of all parties. Not long after which, by the interest of his son-in-law, EUBULUS was promoted to a bishopric in that kingdom, where his merit and virtue have gained him universal love and respect, and where his happiness is compleated in that of his daughter, and her numerous family.

C

THE

Digitized by Google

THE

INDEX.

A

ACADEMY, a proposal for establishing a political one, N. 58.
Accident, a tragical one, N. 44. Productive of a strange discovery and a happy union, *ibid.*
Age, the present, a round of folly, N. 7.
Allegory, exposing the folly of indulging hopes of success in lotteries, N. 3.
Arthur's knights of the round table, the modern ones more famous than those of the old British worthy, N. 1.
Ashley (Mr.) a great friend to the public, N. 12.
Authors, the difficulties they have to encounter, N. 3. The danger and disgraces that attend them, N. 21. Those of modern ages not able to buy applause, *ibid.* Not competent judges of their own performances, N. 53. Troublesome by the repetition of their works, N. 54.

B

BATH, intelligence therefrom, N. 9. There contrarieties are reconciled, N. 14. The benefit of that city to the nation, *ibid.* More conducive to the wealth and power of Great Britain and Ireland, than any six towns in his Majesty's dominions, *ibid.*
Bath waters, no friend to poetry, N. 14.
Bath (*History of the Revolutions of*) by Mr. *Nash*, considered, N. 35.
Battle between *Truth* and *Falsehood*, described, N. 4.
Beau monde, Nature intended there should be such a class, N. 35.

Digitized by Google

Beauty, ought to be but an immaterial conſideration in the choice of a wife, N. 54.

Bickerſtaff (*Iſaac*) Eſq. a ſecret virtue in his tobacco-box and ſtopper, which the CENTINEL is maſter of, N. 15.

Brown (Mr.) a player at Bath, his performances extolled by Mr. *Sentry*, N. 14.

C

CAMP, a deſcription of one near London, N. 62. The impropriety of introducing the conveniencies of eaſe and luxury into a Camp, *ibid.*

Cato the younger, anecdote of him, N. 62.

CENTINEL, his office: the ſuperiority of his dignity above military Centinels: Greek and Roman Centinels, how qualified: The perfection of his faculties: His ſubordinate Centries, where ſtationed: His manifeſto, N. 1. His advice againſt embarking in Lotteries, N. 2. Various conjectures of the public concerning him, N. 3. His papers attributed to the authors of the WORLD, *ibid.* His meditations on the combat between Virtue and Vice in every age and nation, N. 4. His dream in conſequence thereof, *ibid.* His deference for the Fair, N. 5. His cenſure of ſuch gentlemen as betray the confidence of young ladies, to whom they cannot return Love for Love, *ibid.* His condemnation of a fond mother's indulgence to her ſon, N. 6. The reality of his perſon diſputed, N. 15. His notice of publiſhing twice a week, N. 24. His advice to *Amelia* concerning her lover and the Marriage-act, N. 34. His journey through the head of a modern writer, N. 39. His thoughts on ſubordination of power, N. 43. On Wit, N. 45. His remarks on Tranſfuſion, and experiments therein, N. 65.

Chaplain, account of a finical one, N. 28.

Character, of the Univerſaliſt, N. 3. Of *Ned Flutter*, N. 7. Of *Imperia*, N. 10. Of Mrs. *Deborah Watchum*, N. 13. Of Mr. *Quin*, *ibid.* Of Beau *Naſh*, *ibid.* and N. 35. Of Sir *John Wimble*, N. 28. Of Doctor *Turtle*, *ibid.* Of *Gallicus*, N. 47. Of *Clodio*, *ibid.* Of 'Squire *Tadpole*, N. 51.

Charles

Digitized by Google

Charles II. ſtory of him, N. 64.
Church, the folly of aſpiring at promotion therein, N. 54.
Citizens' wives, their luxury, N. 59. Story of a company of them upon a party of pleaſure, *ibid.*
Clodio, his character, N. 47.
Coffee-houſes, the beſt ſchool to acquire a knowledge of mankind, N. 47.
Companion to a lady, an invention to ſupply the place of one, N. 25. The qualifications neceſſary, *ibid.*
Cook's Journal, or *Kitchen Gazette*, N. 45.
Countryman, his artleſs relation of a lady whom he thought to be naked, N. 32.
Courage, natural to the Iriſh, N. 38.
Court of *Apollo*, a poem, N. 23.
Criticiſm, modern, what it is, N. 21. Can be contracted into a ſmall compaſs, *ibid.*

D

DAVID, an admirer of Muſic, N. 30.
Death of others makes ſmall impreſſion on us, N. 20. Moſt affected when dying, by the thoughts of the pleaſures we muſt quit, *ibid.* The beſt leſſon a perſon can read, is to ſee a man in the vigor of youth on the bed of Death, *ibid.* How to prepare for it properly, *ibid.*
Deformity of body by Nature, no diſgrace, nor ought it to be conſidered as a misfortune, N. 53.
Dialogue between a Boar and a Sow, N. 37. Between a lady, mother to a young gentleman, and a teacher of the Mathematics, N. 50.
Digeſtion, an invaluable ſecret to help it, as practiſed by a Divine, N. 28.
Doctor of Phyſic, an account of a moſt loquacious one, N. 55.
Dreams, the CENTINEL's, N. 4. 39. 41.
Drunkard, an account of one, N. 42.

E

EASTERN ſtory, N. 18.
England, its Games, more in number and oftener exhibited than thoſe of antiquity, N. 33. Excel likewiſe in their variety and intent, *ibid.*

FABLE,

Digitized by Google

INDEX.

F

FABLE, of a Lottery, from *La Fontaine*, N. 2. Substance of another of his on Matrimony, N. 12.
Falsehood's battle with *Truth*, N. 4.
Flutter (*Ned*) his character, N. 7.
Fortune (the goddess) employed in destroying her votaries, N. 2.
Fortune (people of) what deters them from becoming patrons, N. 21. Their method of keeping authors at a saving distance, *ibid.*
Free-thinker, history of one, N. 42.
French, Sir *William Temple*'s observation on their designs, N. 27. In what manner they attack Britain of late years, *ibid.* Their language and dress, spoke and worn in England, marks of conquest, *ibid.* Their fashions also, likely to pave the way, N. 56.
French heels, description of those wore by the ladies, N. 31. Shews great dexterity their being able to walk on them, *ibid.*

G

GALLICUS, his character, N. 47.
Games of ancient Greece and Rome compared with those of modern England, N. 33.
Gawze handkerchiefs, their use, N. 11. Protested against by *Will. Foxchase*, *ibid.*
Genius, men of, how greatly sunk in estimation, N. 21.
Gigardini (Sir *John*) his melody applauded, but unrewarded, N. 27.
Governesses, the present race in general, have none of the requisites to form the growing mind, N. 10.
Gout, cured by an uncommon application, N. 55.
Green Man, the original meaning of the sign, N. 27.
Green, the Paris color, adopted in England, N. 27. Humorous remarks thereon, *ibid.*

H

HISTORY of a Free-thinker, N. 42. Of Miss *Molly Packington*, N. 44. Of *Horatio*, *Calista* and *Lothario*, N. 66. 67.
Horse-racing, remarks upon it, N. 33. Encouraging of which shews the true Patriot, *ibid.*
Husband, account of one become a Methodist, N. 61.

IMPERIA,

Digitized by Google

INDEX.

I

IMPERIA, her character, N. 10.
Insensibility of the Fair, censured, N. 17. Instanced, *ibid.*
Instrument, one proposed to silence impertinence, N. 30.
Intelligence from Bath, N. 9. From Lady *Ruffle*'s drum, *ibid.* From *Arthur's*, *ibid.* From the *Bedford* and several other coffee-houses, *ibid.* From Covent-garden Theatre, *ibid.* To illustrate observations on the taste for musicians and singers in England, N. 30.
Journey, the CENTINEL's, through the head of a modern writer, N. 39.
Ireland, courage hereditary there, N. 38. The value of that kingdom, *ibid.*
Irish Brigade, the most terrible to the English of any part of the French forces, N. 38.
Irish footman, relation of a duel between one, and a French valet, N. 38.
Isaiah, a passage in his writings paraphrased by Mr. *Mason*, N. 29. The sublimity of the Prophet's expression above the Poet's, *ibid.*
Justices of the Peace, what sort of people, N. 19. Remarks on the conduct observed in the choice of them, N. 43. The nature of their office, *ibid.* Tradesmen best qualified to fill it, *ibid.* Their want of learning a recommendation to their being vested with the charge, *ibid.* The necessity of their being able to read exemplified by a story, *ibid.*

L

LANGUAGE of Beasts, observations thereon, N. 37.
Law-case, an extraordinary one, N. 15.
Lawn petticoats, the wearing of them proposed, N. 11.
Letter to the CENTINEL, from *Simon Hopeless*, complaining of the goddess *Fortune*, N. 2. From *S. G.* confessing his abuse of a young lady's love, N. 5. From a travelling Tutor, relating the adventures of his Pupil upon the Grand Tour. N. 6. From *Virginius*, complaining of the present race of governesses to young ladies, N. 10. From *Roger Coverley Sentry* at

Digitized by Google

at Bath, with an account of himself, characters of Mrs. *Deborah Watchum*. Mr. *Quin*, and Beau *Nash*, N. 13. From the same, containing an account of the different motives of the resorters to Bath, and description of a company of players there, N. 14. From the CENTINEL to *Roger Coverley Sentry* at Bath, thanking him for his correspondence; acquainting him that people doubted of his [the CETINEL's] being, &c. N. 15. From *Brotophilus*, informing the CENTINEL of his having retired from trade with hopes of enjoying tranquility in the country, but is disappointed: relates an affecting story of a widow and her daughter; and concludes with reflections on the reigning management of public affairs, N. 16. From a father and mother in the country, to their son, 'prentice in London; introduced by the CENTINEL as a specimen of rural truth, and simplicity in writing, N. 17. To a young gentleman from a friend, advising him not to commence author, N. 21. From *Vice Carter*, requesting to be appointed moral purveyor to the CENTINEL, N. 26. From *Roger Coverley Sentry*, containing an account of his return to Coverley-hall; of the present neighbours; of the parson of the parish: characters of Sir *John Wimble* and Doctor *Turtle*; account of a venison feast; a valuable secret to help digestion; account of a match at bowls, and a list of the gentlemen's names, N. 28. From *Philharmonicos*, complaining of the small encouragement given to fidlers and singers, N. 30. From *Nic. Pryabout*, relating an odd story, N. 31. From *T.* against the ladies wearing French heels, *ibid.* From an *Old Briton*, on the Games and Exercises of England, N. 33. From *Amelia*, relating her passion for a young gentleman, and her unhappy situation caused by the Marriage-act, N. 34. From *R. R.* concerning the publication of Mr. *Nash*'s History of the Revolutions of Bath and Tunbridge, N. 35. From *Deparcus*, relating a conversation he heard between a Boar and a Sow, N. 37. From *Britannus*, on the gallant behaviour of an Irish footman, N. 38. From *T. K.* containing the price of Votes, &c. at a country election, N. 40. From *M. C.* containing a curious epistle

Digitized by Google

epiſtle from a ſea-port girl to her ſweetheart, a ſailor, *ibid.* The ſame turned into verſe, *ibid.* From *Sylvia*, relating the perfidiouſneſs of her lover, N. 46. From a poor clergyman, a curate's deputy, complaining of being diſturbed daily by the ſound of a nobleman's bell in the neighbourhood of his hovel, which rings at every meal, N. 48. From *Cato*, obſerving on the neglect of the ſciences in modern education, and the preference given to dancing, fencing, &c. N. 50. From *Mercator*, relating the unhappy ſituation of his family, occaſioned by his wife becoming a Methodiſt, *ibid.* From *Roger Coverley Sentry*, with an account of 'ſquire *Tadpole*'s rage for politics, N. 51. From *Cælia Buck*, acquainting the GENTINEL with her fears that ſhe will be ſacrificed in marriage to a tradeſman; though ſhe is in love with a French dancing-maſter, N. 52. From a lady with all her implements for beautifying, N. 54. From *Miſolalus*, relating the impertinence of a loquacious doctor of phyſic, N. 55. From a perſon who ſubſcribes himſelf *Spectator*, againſt the uſe of the French language, dreſs and manners, N. 56. From ——, with an account of a burleſque concert performed every night in his kitchen, N. 57. From *X. X. X.* animadverting on a milliner's advertiſement againſt the GENIINEL, N. 60. From *Jane Prudence*, on her unfortunate ſituation by her huſband's being a Methodiſt, N. 61. From *S. L.* relating his diſtreſſes, from his family being all players, N. 63. From *F. T.* on victualling-contracts, N. 64.

Longinus, a remark of his, N. 29.

Loquaciouſneſs, a nuſance in company, N. 55.

Lotteries, the folly of indulging hopes of ſucceſs in them, and forming plans of life which cannot be executed without the event anſwers thoſe hopes, N. 2.

Lycurgus inſtituted nakedneſs among the Spartan virgins, N. 11. The reaſon of the inſtitution, *ibid.*

M

MAN, never ſatisfied with his condition, N. 18. Exemplified by an Eaſtern ſtory, *ibid.*

Marriage-act, the grievance of it, N. 34.

Digitized by Google

Maſon (Mr.) a ſtanza in his ode *On the fate of tyranny*, compared with a paſſage in *Iſaiah*, N. 29. Character of his odes, *ibid.*

Matrimonial ſherbett has commonly too much acid in it, N. 12. How to make it more agreeable, *ibid.*

Matrimony compared to unſkilful rowers of a boat, N. 12. A ſimile on this head, touching the travellers in a ſtage coach, *ibid.*

Methodiſt, an account of a Wife become one, N. 50. Of a Huſband in the ſame road, N. 61.

Middleton (Doctor) anecdote of him, N. 3.

Militia-bill, ironical animadverſions on it, N. 24.

Mingotti (Signora) ungratefully treated by the nobility, N. 30.

Miniſters of ſtate, the proper puniſhment for evil ones in a ſtate of future rewards and puniſhments, N. 64.

Miſchief, the power of doing it the ſource of reward, N. 35.

Mockery of the King of France, by the mob carrying through the ſtreets of London his effigy, cenſured, N. 49.

Mock Muſicians, account of a band of, N. 57.

Monarch (the perſon of a) no theme for burleſque, N. 49.

Moral Philoſopher, hiſtory of one, N. 42.

Mothers propoſed as tutoreſſes to their children, N. 10. Diſapproved of by the CENTINEL, *ibid.*

Muſic a divine perfection, N. 30. Preſerved the chaſtity of *Clytemneſtra*, *ibid.* Held in great eſteem by the wiſe and holy men of antiquity, *ibid.*

N

NAKEDNESS of the Ladies, humorouſly applauded, N. 11.

Naſh (Beau) his *Hiſtory of the revolutions of Bath and Tunbridge*, conſidered, N. 35. The uſe of ſuch a hiſtory, *ibid.* Would be productive of a confuſion of fathers, *ibid.* Character of the author, *ibid.* Deſerves public protection, *ibid.* His charities, *ibid.*

News-monger, account of a female one, N. 42.

News, ſeveral humorous paragraphs in imitation of thoſe in the public papers, N. 22. 45.

ODE-

Digitized by Google

O

ODE-WRITING, observations thereon, N. 29. Olympic Games, upon what occasion established, N. 33.

P

PACKINGTON (Miss *Molly*) her history, N. 44. Parents advised to make their children rather happy than great, in the person they chuse they should espouse, N. 5. Condemned for too much indulgence to their children, N. 6. To their negligence is to be attributed the depravation of manners of their daughters, N. 36. Ought not to give way to an unforgiving temper, *ibid.*

Parnassus, the rendezvous of almost all who are disordered in their understanding or fortune, N. 21.

Pindar, his poetry bears the nearest resemblance to the Scripture, N. 29.

Populace, their propensity to rude insult ought to be restrained, N. 49.

Pressing men into the service, the tyranny of the practice, N. 19. The necessity for it would not have occurred had the ministry taken proper cautions, *ibid.* The unparalelled distresses of a man so pressed, *ibid.* The custom impolitic, *ibid.*

Q

QUACK Physicians, destructive to the public, N. 53. *Quin* (Mr.) his character, N. 13.

R

RAILLERY and Ridicule, considered as enemies to Truth and Virtue, N. 8.

Ranelagh compared to Life, N. 7.

Repository of Ideas, description of it, N. 39.

Romans, an account of the disposition of their camps, N. 62.

S

SARACEN's head, an account of the one mentioned by the Spectator, N. 28.

Scipio, anecdote of him, N. 62.

Digitized by Google

Scriptures, ſuperior to all other writings, N. 29. Their language not enough conſidered, *ibid.*

Senſes (our) forbid the enjoyment of their natural innocent gratifications, by the vitiated manners of the age, N. 17.

Senſe, the ſtandard whereby to know true wit from falſe, N. 45.

Senſibility (tender) a pleaſing mark of it in a country maiden towards a part of the brute creation, N. 17.

Simplicity, want of it in writing, owing to our want of it in manners, N. 17.

Singing, a divine perfection, N. 30.

Spectator, a ſecret virtue in his reading-glaſs, which the CENTINEL is in poſſeſſion of, N. 15.

Strolling Players, humorous deſcription of a company of them in a country town, N. 57.

Subordination of power, animadverſions thereon, N. 43. *Hobbes* and *Monteſquieu* differ in their thoughts on this ſubject, *ibid.*

T

TADPOLE (Squire) Mr. *Sentry*'s account of his extravagant fondneſs for news, N. 51.

Tattle (*Timothy*) a ſubordinate CENTINEL, his petition on being preſſed on board a tender, N. 19. Complains of the miſeries of his confinement, *ibid.*

Temple (Sir *William*) an obſervation of his on the deſigns of France, N. 27.

Tranſfuſion of blood, remarkable experiments therein, N. 65.

Travelling, pernicious to a ſtate, N. 32.

Truth's battle with *Falſehood*, N. 4.

Turtle (doctor) his character, H. 6.

Tutors, their character, N 6.

U

VARIETY, the ſweet of life, N 7.

Veniſon-feaſt, account of one, N. 28.

Vice, a method to make it promote Virtue, N. 7.

Vice-Carter, his petition to the CENTINEL for employment, N. 26. His hiſtory, *ibid.* His qualifications for a moral purveyor, *ibid.* His firſt loading, N. 42. Continued, N. 53. Concluded, N 54.

Virgil,

Digitized by Google

Virgil, the 6th book of his Æneid a favourite with the CENTINEL, N. 39.
Univerſaliſt, his character, N. 3. Well acquainted with every body in eſteem, *ibid.*

W

WAR with France deſtructice of modern education, N. 32. Prevents us from improving in faſhions, *ibid.*
Wedding Ring, verſes ſent with one to a lady, N. 12.
Wife, account of one become a Methodiſt, N. 50. Of another turned doctreſs, and the miſchievous conſequence thereof, N. 54.
Wimble (Sir *John*) his character, N. 28.
Windſor, prices of votes and other commodities at the election there, N. 40.
Wiſdom of Ulyſſes, a poem, N. 7.
Wit, Mr. *Locke*'s definition of it, N. 45. Reaſon of its degeneracy, *ibid.* A ſpecimen of falſe Wit, *ibid.*
Women, to be ſeen, their firſt deſire, N. 25. A propoſal for redreſſing a grievance they lye under, *ibid.* Thoſe of the preſent age not more abandoned in their nature than formerly, N. 36. Become ſo by evil education, *ibid.* Permitted to viſit public places without a perſon more advanced in years, one cauſe of their profligacy, *ibid.* Imitating the dreſs of *Fanny Murray*, another, *ibid.*
Wreſtling, a remarkable ſtory of a match between two Grecians, N. 33.
Writing (itch of) epidemical at Rome, N. 21.

Y

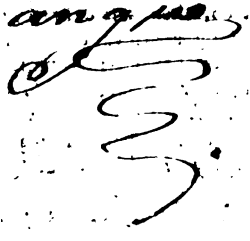
YOUNG gentlemen, the baſeneſs of their profeſſing a regard for a lady, when they have not ſerious thoughts of love, N. 5.
Youth of this age ſpoiled by parents' criminal indulgence, N. 6. Illuſtrated in the hiſtory of *Clodio*, *ibid.*

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

Digitized by Google

ERRATA.

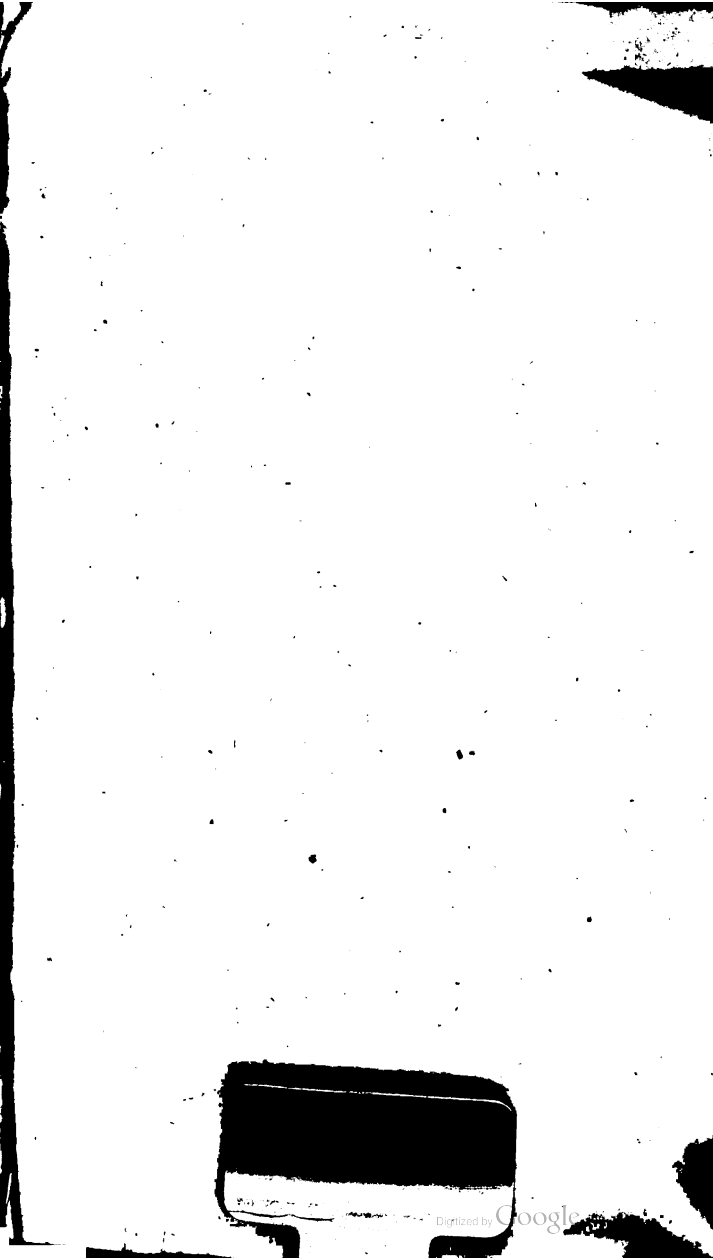
PAGE 225, in the motto to Numb. 49, for *Siquæret* read *Si quæret*, and for *Subſcribi*, read *Subſcribi*. Page 275, in the motto to Numb. 64, for *hirtos* read *hortos*.



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google